

February 1933

It is Even Worse in England

Beer and Whiskey are Better Here than There. See page 136

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

Golf is a Poor Man's Game
What the American Votes For
The Racket on Capitol Hill
The Life of the Adopted Child
School Trouble
Portrait of a Mexican Statesman
A Freshman at Fishbone
The Movement Toward the Left
Treasure
First Communion
Strategy

Kenneth Payson Kempton
Albert Jay Nock
Hilton Butler
Martha Vansant
Dorothy Thomas
Roberto Piña
James Stuart
John Alroy
Thyra Samter Winslow
John Fante
W. R. Burnett

A New Department: The State of the Union
[Reports From Pennsylvania, Missouri, Texas, Nevada]

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher*

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Aren't We All?

Who hasn't wanted to get up on a soap-box (figuratively at least) and tell somebody (the government maybe, or the boss) where he gets off?

Who hasn't wanted to complain about something (high taxes or low wages or maybe the cost of liquor and wives) some place where he can be heard by enough people to make it worth while?

For that matter, who doesn't like an argument occasionally?

Alas, the soap-box urge in most of us is suppressed and who knows how great the cost may be in mental health! Complexes of all kinds: we begin to talk aloud to ourselves, mumble in our sleep, make unexpected and unintelligible gestures in church.

The American Mercury, that benevolent institution which has always been so solicitous about the welfare of its readers, is now doing something about it. A department known as The Soap-Box has been established, free to anyone who wants to complain or argue about anything at all. Here you may cut loose to your heart's content (providing that your cutting loose does not exceed 300 words at any given time). Call the editor names, describe your own utopia, write anything you want that will help you get rid of the soap-box itch, and if you don't want to write, you can read what your neighbors are worrying about.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE OF The American MERCURY ● ● ●

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD. Mr. Mencken's editorial this month exposes the amazing cost of public school education in the United States. American taxpayers, he points out, pay more for fancy school buildings, baseball fields, and courses on domestic science than for the Army and Navy, the police, and the enforcement of Prohibition!

IT IS EVEN WORSE IN ENGLAND, by H. W. Seaman. "Dry" America really has better beer and whiskey and far more congenial pubs than "wet" England, says the author, a newspaper man who has lived in both countries. What England needs, he concludes, is Prohibition!

GOLF IS A POOR MAN'S GAME, by Kenneth Payson Kempton. "A rich man's game," is what the average man calls golf. But Mr. Kempton shows that this is not so. In fact he claims that it is because many clubs have tried to make it a rich man's game that they are now on the verge of bankruptcy. He suggests a return to the good old days when golf was played for golf's own sake—and cost very little.

WHAT THE AMERICAN VOTES FOR, by Albert Jay Nock. Mr. Nock discusses, with particular reference to the late election, the spread between what the people vote for and what they are likely to get. He contrasts the American system with the English system. The conclusion is that voting is largely a futility.

ST. LOUIS SEES IT THROUGH, by Samuel Tait, Jr. St. Louis is surviving the depression better than any other town in the Middle West mainly because Prohibition gave it a great blow in 1920. At that time the wise citizens of St. Louis trimmed their sails very considerably and the city was thus ready for the Hoover Horrors.

NEVADA'S TRIAL OF LICENSED GAMBLING, by Anthony M. Turano. Nevada is now wide open as far as gambling is concerned. Is the State rapidly going to Hell, as the Puritans predicted it would? It is not. The plan is working very well, the State is collecting a handsome revenue from it, and nobody's morals are being impaired.

THE DOWNFALL OF A DRY MOSES, by Allen Peden. For 16 years Old Tom Love of Dallas was the practical boss of Texas politics. A Puritan and a Dry, he led Texas against Al Smith in 1928 and carried the state for Hoover. He went too far. His constituency turned against him and destroyed his hegemony in the recent political wars.

PHILADELPHIA ACQUIRES A GOOD NEWS-PAPER, by Henry Tellow. The newspaper referred to is the *Record* under the ownership of J. David Stern. This brief article tells about some of the tricks and stunts he has done to make his paper the liveliest and most interesting in Philadelphia.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD THE LEFT, by John Alroy. This is a short but very pointed sketch. It purports to be the monologue of a recent literary convert to Bolshevism. It is a good portrait and good satire.

PORTRAIT OF A MEXICAN STATESMAN, by Roberto Piña. Mexican politicians are thought of by most Americans as wily blood-letters, but Mr. Piña shows that they are inclined to be Machiavellis. This describes a typical career, with rather extraordinary anecdotes.

TREASURE, by Thyra Samter Winslow. Mrs. Winslow's "treasure" is her colored cook and this is an account of her life—curious and amusing, and at the same time a revealing picture of the nonchalant life of her people.

FIRST COMMUNION, by John Fante. Mr. Fante will be remembered for his superb story "Altar Boy", which appeared in the August issue of *The American Mercury*. In his new story he remembers, with fine irony and humor, his first confession and communion at the age of nine.

THE LIFE OF THE ADOPTED CHILD, by Martha Vansant. Much has been written about orphan asylums but very little about the adopted child. Miss Vansant discusses the situation of such a child very sensibly, and with interesting examples.

CENSORSHIP AMONG THE LEARNED, by M. L. Radoff. Every now and then the citizens of some Western or Southern State rise in righteous wrath to accuse their State university of participating in a huge scheme to destroy the morals of its students. Unfortunately, this is not true. Dr. Radoff shows that the vast majority of professors are, if anything, too respectable and are intent upon making their students paragons of virtue.

THE RACKET ON CAPITOL HILL, by Hilton Butler. The grafting that goes on on Capitol Hill, especially on the Senate side, is astonishing, says Mr. Butler. It is picayune and not at all subtle and yet the total sum is enormous. Mr. Butler presents some fantastic but typical expense accounts of Senatorial committees and shows how the public money is wasted upon cosmetics, mineral waters, blackhead removers, etc.

Also in this issue: STRATEGY, a story by W. R. Burnett, THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN PIANO INDUSTRY by William Braid White, SCHOOL TROUBLE, a story by Dorothy Thomas, A FRESHMAN AT FISHBONE by James Stuart, The Soap-Box, The Library, Americana, the Check List of New Books, and Editorial Notes.

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

THE MECHANISM OF CREATIVE EVOLUTION.

By C. C. Hurst. *The Macmillan Company*
\$6 7½ x 9½; 365 pp. New York

Dr. Hurst believes that the first life appeared on earth in the form of what we now call genes—the minute organizations of matter which make it certain that a hen's egg will hatch a chick, and not a gosling. At the start they were probably undifferentiated, but under the influence of the earthly and cosmic environment—heat, chemical combinations, light rays from the sun, etc.—they underwent changes at different times and places, and so started separate lines of evolution. Dr. Hurst believes that these changes are still going on, and that, in consequence, new species will appear hereafter, some of them far in advance of anything yet seen on earth. He believes, in fact, that "successors of man will be evolved in whom the influence of matter has been almost, if not entirely, obliterated," and that these successors may "leave the earth to people other planets." The book is best in its least speculative parts. It gives a good account of the genetic process. There are many illustrations, a good bibliography, and an index.

ENDOCRINE MEDICINE.

By William Engelbach. *Charles C. Thomas*
\$35 6½ x 9½; 3 vols.; 460 + 473 + 862 pp.
Springfield, Ill.

Until the turn of the century pathology looked outside the body for most of the causes of disease, and illness was thought of mainly as a form of external injury, partly by living organisms and partly by mechanical and chemical forces. But now it is realized that the body itself is a producer of powerful chemical substances, and that either an excess of them or a deficiency may cause grave disorders. A great deal has been learned about these disorders during the past few years; in fact, the accumulation of knowledge has been so rapid that keeping up with it has become difficult. In the present work Dr. Engelbach tries to reduce it to something approaching order. His task is a formidable one, for the literature of the subject is almost endless, but it has been studied diligently and summarized skillfully, and the result is a valuable contribution to medicine. The three volumes are lavishly illustrated

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and beautifully printed. A fourth volume, containing a comprehensive bibliography and index, will be published soon.

THE HYGIENE OF MARRIAGE.

By Millard Spencer Everett. *The Vanguard Press*
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 248 pp. New York

Books such as this one begin to appear with noticeable frequency, and all of them follow the same pattern. The first two or three chapters are given over to the anatomy and physiology of the human organs of reproduction, and after them comes a brief treatise on parturition and another on the venereal diseases. There follows the main matter of the work, commonly called, as here, the hygiene of marriage, *i.e.*, of lawful sexual relations. After that there is a chapter on birth control, almost always taking the position that it is moral and ought to be encouraged. Apparently there is a large market for such books, and they seem to be written and read in a quite serious spirit. This one is rather above the average in accuracy and good sense. The author is not a medical man, but a Y.M.C. secretary. There are prefaces by Dr. Clara M. Davis, a physician at the Children's Memorial Hospital, Chicago, and by Dr. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago. At the end is a good index.

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By Morris S. Viteles. *W. W. Norton & Company*
\$5.50 6 x 9¼; 652 pp. New York

Industrial psychology is still a science in the cradle, but already it has given enough proof of its practical utility to induce many large employers of labor to seek the advice of its practitioners. Of those practitioners Dr. Viteles is one of the most ingenious, and in this large volume he sets down the results of his observations. They cover a wide range and are very interesting. Job analysis, intelligence testing, training technique, the elimination of fatigue, accident prevention, and the evaluation of talent and character—all of these things are discussed, and usually in an illuminating manner. Large parts of the book will be out of date in a few years, but its fundamental chapters will probably survive. They show that Dr. Viteles is a competent biologist as well as a shrewd psychologist. The volume is well illustrated, heavily documented, and fitted with copious indexes.

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

THRILLS OF A NATURALIST'S QUEST.

By Raymond L. Ditmars. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 5 1/4 x 8 1/2; 268 pp. New York

Dr. Ditmars has been curator of reptiles at the New York Zoo since 1899 and of mammals since 1910. He has written a number of books on zoology, including a standard work on snakes. In the present volume he presents some interesting and amusing recollections, chiefly from his earlier years. He began collecting snakes as a boy, and by the time he was twenty he had a large and dangerous collection at the Ditmars family home, to the great uneasiness of his parents. Later he went into far parts on the same quest, and one of his best stories tells how he stole fish from a public fountain in Rio to feed a beautiful crimson serpent with yellow rings, penned up in his hotel room. He has a chapter on the cost of wild animals, and another on the length of their lives. His book has some good illustrations from photographs. An index is lacking.

ESSAYS

AMID THESE STORMS.

By Winston S. Churchill. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3.50 5 3/4 x 8 1/2; 320 pp. New York

Turning away for the moment from his heavy historical labors, Mr. Churchill has here written twenty-three essays in the well known manner of retiring or retired English statesmen. He begins with a glowing chapter on life in general, and gives the following as his mature judgment: "Let us be content with what has happened to us and thankful for all we have been spared." He has kind words to say about the newspaper men and cartoonists he has encountered. The first he has always liked, and the second he has "always loved." Then come chapters on the heroes of the late war. His highest praise he gives to Foch and Clemenceau, "the two greatest Frenchmen of this awful age." At the end there is a paper on hobbies. Here he makes a profound contribution to human wisdom. He says: "To be really happy and really safe one ought to have at least two or three hobbies," and not just one, as previous thinkers have held. There are many illustrations, but an index is lacking.

TO THINK OF TEA!

By Agnes Repplier. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$2.75 5 1/2 x 9; 208 pp. Boston

These are fragile but pleasant enough essays, written in Miss Repplier's familiar style. The titles

sufficiently describe them: "On the Coming of Tea to England," "On the Drinking of Tea in England," "On the Praise and Dispraise of Tea in England," "On the Smuggling of Tea into England," "On a Tea-Drinker of England," "On the Blue-Stocking Tea-Drinkers of England," "On the Banishment of Tea from the English Colonies of America," "On a Sad Tea-Drinker of England," "On a Gay Tea-Drinker of England," "On the Drinking of Tea in the East," "On a Group of English Tea-Drinkers," "On Some Recent Tea-Drinkers of England," and "On the Drinking of Tea Today." The book is beautifully printed, and has an index.

A HALF-DAY'S RIDE, *or, Estates in Corsica.*

By Padraic Colum. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2 5 1/2 x 8; 218 pp. New York

There are twenty-four fugitive papers here, dealing with as many subjects, from Miss Europe to "Moby Dick," and from the Marriage License Bureau in Manhattan to the place of Robert Burns in English poetry. They can hardly be called essays; they are rather prose poems, depicting a mood or a fleeting idea. The writing, as usual with Mr. Colum, is pleasant. A slight book, but a charming one.

BIOGRAPHY

MARY LINCOLN.

By Carl Sandburg. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 357 pp. New York

The portrait that Mr. Sandburg draws of Mary Lincoln is a sympathetic one. No one can doubt, after hearing the evidence he brings to bear, that she was really insane, and that her famous tantrums were thus pathological. The important thing about her was not that she made both her husband and herself miserable by her behavior, but that she loved him devotedly and had, from the beginning, a fanatical belief in him and urged him incessantly toward a larger career than that of a State politician. Mr. Sandburg gives a highly plausible account of their marriage, which Lincoln intuitively sought to escape, and shows that, for all their trials, husband and wife had also their moments of happiness and understanding. The documents which support the argument comprise fully half the book, and are edited by Paul M. Angle. There are many illustrations, and an index. In his acknowledgments Mr. Sandburg pays tribute to Dr. William A. Evans's "Mrs. Abraham Lincoln" which was published after the manuscript of this volume was ready for the printer.

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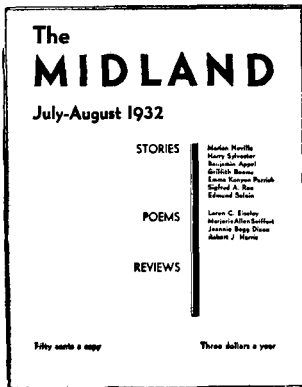
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

By Harold Jefferson Coolidge & Robert Howard
Lord. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4.50 6¼ x 9¾; 368 pp. Boston

Dr. Coolidge died on January 14, 1928, at the age of sixty-one. He was graduated from Harvard in 1887, and a few years later got his Ph.D. at Freiburg. For a while he served in the American legations in Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. In 1893 he joined the history faculty at Harvard, soon was promoted to a professorship, and held that post till his death. He was one of the American experts at the Peace Conference at Versailles, and he was the founder and first editor of *Foreign Affairs*. He wrote very little, and then mainly for the historical journals. He was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt père and Charles Evans Hughes. Way back in 1915 and 1916 he was a strong advocate of preparedness, and when the United States declared war on Germany his joy knew no bounds. He "put himself in the hands of the government to do what it pleased with him, and then impatiently sat chafing in his office, waiting for the personal summons to come." There is a brief bibliography, and also an index.

DAVID HUME.

By J. Y. T. Greig. The Oxford University Press
\$3.75 5¾ x 8¾; 436 pp. New York

J. H. Burton's two-volume biography of Hume, published in 1846, is a mine of information, but since his day much new material has been unearthed. The only other comprehensive biography of the philosopher published in the Nineteenth Century is Thomas Henry Huxley's, and to those who know, it is an abyss of obtuseness. Dr. Greig's work is so excellent that it will probably displace Burton's. It is thoroughly up-to-date in its facts, it is ably written, and it betrays a happy familiarity with philosophical literature, of which Huxley was ignorant. Hume was unquestionably the greatest of all English philosophers. Without him Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" probably never would have been. His two masterpieces, "Treatise of Human Nature" and "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" were so stupidly received when published that he thought seriously of changing his name. It was his far inferior "History of England" that brought him recognition. There is a bibliography, followed by an index.

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LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Edited by Charles C. Osborne.

E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¾; 205 pp. New York

Dickens first met the Baroness Burdett-Coutts sometime in 1835, and for the next thirty years or more carried on an extensive correspondence with her. Extracts from a number of his letters are published here for the first time; the years covered are roughly 1841-1864. The letters will plainly be of great value to students of Dickens. They include comments on America, on contemporary British politics, on his own feelings about some of his books, and on such subjects as poor wayward girls, the clergy, and religion. A good many of them deal with the baroness's proposed Rescue Home for Girls, in which Dickens was greatly interested. He was eager to make the Home a genuine reformatory, and not an institution for punishment. He said: "I am a reformer heart and soul." He had a great distrust of clergymen as guardians of wayward girls, though he was rather polite in his strictures against them. Mr. Osborne contributes a biographical sketch of the baroness. There is an index.

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI.

By Viola Hunt. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$4 5¾ x 8½; 339 pp. New York

Miss Hunt here describes the tragic figure of Rossetti's wife, not only from documentary evidence and the internal evidence in Rossetti's works, but also from her own memory of the conversations she overheard as a child and a young woman among the Pre-Raphaelites whom she knew very well through her father, Holman Hunt. Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, Rossetti's model, became his wife ten years after he first knew her. Though Miss Hunt is sympathetic in the extreme, and the facts of the Sid's life (as she was called by the Pre-Raphaelites) bear her out in part, there can be no doubt that she was a most difficult character. She was addicted to laudanum (from which she finally died), she was probably ill all her life with tuberculosis, and if she was not quite as ruthless as Rossetti, she was certainly as abnormal. She was a Pre-Raphaelite herself after a fashion, for she painted badly and wrote bad verse in the style of her master. Miss Hunt has done her full justice in a book which is valuable for its picture of the era. There are numerous illustrations and bibliographical notes, and an index.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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MARY BAKER EDDY. *The Truth & the Tradition.*
By Ernest Sutherland Bates & John V. Dittmore.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$4 6 1/8 x 9 3/8; 510 pp. New York

The materials for this book were assembled by Mr. Dittmore; the writing was done by Dr. Bates. Mr. Dittmore succumbed to the Christian Science claptrap in 1902, and soon became an important figure in the movement. In 1908 he was appointed head of the publication committee in New York, which is to say, director of the Christian Science propaganda there, and a year later he was elected a director of the Mother Church in Boston, a position which he held for ten years. On the death of Mrs. Eddy he became a trustee of her estate, and was put in charge of her official biography. He thus knows her as few ever knew her, and has had free access to most of her private papers. The picture of her that he draws does not differ in any essential from the picture drawn in 1929 by E. F. Dakin, but it is much richer in detail. One sees a shrewd, grasping and far from scrupulous old woman, eager only for power. She rows with her followers, she resorts to all sorts of gross mountebankery, and she does not hesitate to lie boldly when it will serve her ends. The record, indeed, is an appalling one, and it effectively disposes of whatever shred of serious consideration Christian Science could claim. But it is set forth without rancor. There are appendices and an index, beside a number of portraits and other illustrations.

VOLTAIRE.

By André Maurois. D. Appleton & Company

\$2 5 1/4 x 7 7/8; 148 pp. New York

M. Maurois has here written a very good book. Indeed, it is difficult to think of another biography of Voltaire of the same size that compares with it. It is probably the best piece of writing that he has done to date. It deals with every aspect of the philosopher's life and works, and the criticisms are invariably sound. Voltaire, as M. Maurois points out, never achieved any truly monumental work. His histories, his verses, his plays, his novels were nearly all second-rate. Even "Candide", good as it is, falls far short of being a great satire. Surely it is inferior to "Gulliver's Travels." Voltaire lives because he was the greatest dilettante of all time. He was the supreme editorial writer of an age when editorials had more power than they have ever had in human history. There is a bibliographical note, and also an index. The book belongs to the series

of Appleton Biographies. The translation is by Hamish Miles.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.

By Burton J. Hendrick.

Doubleday, Doran & Company

\$7.50 6 3/8 x 9 3/8; 2 vols.; 434 + 425 pp. New York

Mr. Hendrick obviously admires Carnegie almost as much as he admires Walter Hines Page, but apparently the severe criticisms that were made against his extravagant praise of the latter have made him a bit cautious in his dealing with the iron-master. He even goes so far as to admit that his hero could occasionally be angry and unjust, but for his basic philosophy he has only warm words. He supports the little Scotsman's handling of the Homestead strikers in this way: "The men who had taken possession of property not their own were malefactors. The defiance they displayed was aimed not primarily at the Carnegie Steel Corporation, but at the process of government." The book as a whole is dull, but a good deal of the material in it, particularly the correspondence, will be of value to future biographers. There are several illustrations, and a bibliography and index are appended to Volume II. Elihu Root contributes a foreword, in which he speaks of Carnegie as "an idealist with a vision of the future."

THE PENNS OF PENNSYLVANIA & ENGLAND.

By Arthur Pound. The Macmillan Company

\$3.50 6 3/8 x 9 1/2; 349 pp. New York

This family history covers more than 200 years, from Captain Giles Penn, who lived in the early part of the Seventeenth Century, to 1869, when the last male Penn, the Rev. Thomas Gordon Penn, died. The family was an average one, made up mostly of mediocrities and wastrels. The only member of real distinction was William Penn, the Quaker, who founded the Colony of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pound devotes nearly two-thirds of his book to him. He has confessedly unearthed no new material about him, but his narrative is fairly complete and readable. He thinks that Penn was a great political and social thinker, and that mankind "will turn back toward the Quaker ideal of individual and group self-government." Unfortunately, Mr. Pound forgets to say precisely or even approximately when this turning back will take place. There is an appendix of documentary material, including a genealogical table, followed by a bibliography and an index.

Continued on page x

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page ix

FORTY YEARS FOR LABRADOR.

By *Wilfred Grenfell.*

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4 6 1/8 x 9 3/8; 372 pp. Boston

In 1923 Sir Wilfred published a volume of autobiography under the title of "A Labrador Doctor," dealing mainly with his adventures as a medical missionary on the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts. The present volume is a rewriting of it, bringing the narrative down to date. The author is too well known to need any introduction. His extraordinary capacity for interesting people in his work, and for raising money to sustain it, has made his name familiar in England and the United States, and indeed all over the world. Thanks to his efforts, the forlorn fishermen of the bleak northern coasts are now better cared for than most poor people at home. When he went among them in 1892 they were living almost like savages, but now they have hospitals, schools, radios, and all the other trappings of civilization, including a large and energetic outfit of pastors. The book has twenty-seven illustrations, and a good index.

ADVENTURES IN LIVING.

By *Muriel Jaeger.* *William Morrow & Company*
\$2 5 3/8 x 7 7/8; 216 pp. New York

Miss Jaeger observes in her introduction that very few human beings have resolution enough to live out their lives according to a plan: the great majority are veritably creatures of circumstance. But now and then there arises a man or a woman who is tough-minded enough to adopt a life programme and stick to it, and with five such molders of fate Miss Jaeger here deals: Cato, St. Francis of Assisi, Lord Chesterfield, Thomas Day (a young Englishman set afire by Rousseauism), and George Sand. These examples are well selected, and there is sufficient sympathy and understanding in the way they are dealt with. What Miss Jaeger has to say about them is seldom new, but it is usually very interesting. The book would be more useful if it had running headings and an index. The short bibliographies indicate that the author confined her investigation to sources in English.

JOE BAILEY. *The Last Democrat.*

By *Sam Hanna Acheson.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5 3/8 x 8 3/4; 420 pp. New York

Joseph Weldon Bailey (1863-1929) was born in Mississippi, but lived there for only a few years. He

early moved to Texas and there achieved fame in the law and in politics. He represented his district in Congress from 1891 to 1901, and for the next eleven years he was a United States Senator. An independent Democrat and an orator of considerable eloquence, he had a hand in much of the legislation during the administrations of McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. He was highly influential in the railroad regulation and income tax reforms, and was a severe critic of Federal Prohibition and of the enfranchisement of women by constitutional amendment. President Wilson was one of his pet abominations, and he was one of the few public men to argue against America's entrance into the World War. Altogether, a lively, colorful, somewhat erratic, but useful man. Mr. Acheson's biography of him is competent, but it is far from brilliant. A bibliography and index are appended.

MY CONFEDERATE GIRLHOOD.

By *Kate Virginia Cox Logan.* *Garrett & Massie*
\$3 5 3/4 x 9; 150 pp. Richmond

Mrs. Logan, who was the wife of General T. M. Logan, C. S. A., and the daughter of Judge James M. Cox of Virginia, here describes her life during the Civil War and Reconstruction. Though her memoirs do not compare in content with Mrs. James Chesnut's "Diary from Dixie", they nevertheless contain details of considerable interest to the social historian. Lily Logan Morrill, the author's daughter, who edits the book, has contributed an introduction and some chapters at the end, including a biographical sketch of General Logan. There are numerous illustrations, appendices of source material, a bibliography, and an index.

EARTH HORIZON.

By *Mary Austin.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$4 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 381 pp. New York

The quality chiefly revealed by this book is courage. We see a woman, always alone, fighting her way to the achievement of that career in writing which she dreamed of as a child, and developing into a distinguished personality, and the friend of many of the eminent people of her generation. Mrs. Austin emerges triumphantly from the personal tragedies that throttled her,—life with an unsympathetic mother and an irresponsible husband, the birth of a child of unsound mind, the death of a favorite sister, and numerous painful illnesses. The book is well written and very interesting.

Continued on page xii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

LEE OF VIRGINIA.

By *Walter E. Brooks.* The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$3.50 5¾ x 8½; 361 pp. Indianapolis

Dr. Brooks, who is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Morgantown, W. Va., has nothing new to say about General Lee, either as man or as soldier. He talks a great deal about the "more human" side of Lee but throws little light upon it. What, for instance, of the relations between Lee and George E. Pickett? Here was a decidedly human matter, but Dr. Brooks passes it over with the usual palaver about Pickett's charge, quoting the poet Stephen Vincent Benét, but omitting the salient fact that Pickett did not lead the charge at all, but waited behind the shelter of a barn. Lee certainly could not have approved such conduct. What did he do about it? Were his relations with Pickett unchanged?

WILLIAM PENN: *Quaker and Pioneer.*

By *Bonamy Dobrée.*
The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4 5¾ x 8¾; 346 pp. Boston

For his facts Mr. Dobrée relies on the biographies of the celebrated Quaker by S. M. Jauney and M. R. Brailsford, the two chief authorities. His own contribution is one of interpretation, and much of that is really not new. He says that Penn was an able administrator, and that his ideas influenced the Federal Constitution of the United States. But "beside being over much the statesman, he was also too readily the courtier, and too zestfully the theologian . . . and perhaps he was not altogether free from vanity. He was not . . . the perfect Quaker, the ineluctable model; he is not to be put on the same plane as Fox."

CARLYLE.

By *Louis Cazamian.* The Macmillan Company
\$2.75 5¾ x 8¾; 289 pp. New York

Dr. Cazamian is professor of English literature at the University of Paris. His present study of the Sage of Chelsea was first published in French in 1913 and is now reissued in English for the first time. It is "an attempt toward an interpretation of Carlyle as a whole, leaving out all minor issues." It is a useful introductory book, though far from a brilliant one. Carlyle, says Dr. Cazamian, "fashioned and tempered the soul of an age. If England has avoided the abysses of moral corruption and economic individualism, a large share of the credit must go to him." And on the whole "history will never cease to be busy with his name."

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SOCIOLOGY

PROPERTY. *A Study in Social Psychology.*

By *Ernest Beaglehole.* The Macmillan Company
\$3.75 5¾ x 8¾; 327 pp. New York

Mr. Beaglehole devotes a large part of his book to an elaborate attempt to prove that there is no such thing as an acquisitive instinct. To that end he examines the behavior of insects, birds and mammals, closing with a discussion of the primates. Dr. Koehler's apes, he says, "did not collect because they took a delight in collecting for its own sake. They accumulated objects in a greater or less degree because these objects could either be used for adornment or else as playthings." It is difficult to discover any practical importance in this distinction. Whether the desire for property is a primary instinct or simply a manifestation of some other instinct is all one. Certainly Mr. Beaglehole's own evidence shows that many of the lower animals cherish objects that are of no apparent use to them, save as possessions somehow cherished. The last third of the book is better than the earlier parts. The author approaches the problem of property from the psychological standpoint, and has much that is interesting to say about it. He omits a bibliography, but his references will be full enough for most readers. There is a good index.

SEA ISLAND TO CITY.

By *Clyde Vernon Kiser.*
The Columbia University Press
\$3.50 5¾ x 8¾; 272 pp. New York

Dr. Kiser is here concerned with the Negro inhabitants of St. Helena Island, off the coast of South Carolina, who have been migrating to the mainland, and especially to New York, since a great storm devastated their island home in 1893. In 1919 the boll-weevil followed, and since then the cultivation of long-staple cotton, once the chief industry of the island, has been almost impossible. The black folks of St. Helena are mainly independent landowners. They got their land in small parcels during and immediately after the Civil War, when the holdings of the old white planters were confiscated. But of late they have been unable to pay their taxes, and so they are being driven out. Dr. Kiser's study of them is a careful one, but it scarcely constitutes a substantial contribution to knowledge. He includes the life stories of some of the people dealt with. There is a bibliography, followed by an index.

Continued on page xiv

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BORZOI BOOKS FOR JANUARY

GOING SOMEWHERE

by Max Ewing

Carl Van Vechten calls this novel, "An amusing, amazing, fantastic, scandalous, good-natured encyclopedia of the gossip of our times, a *crazy* quilt pieced out of anecdotes of New York life . . . mad, charming, and decidedly readable." 260 pages, \$2.50

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by Maurice Sachs

Anatole France, Gide, Chanel, Claudel, Maurois, Cocteau, Picasso, Modigliani, and Massine are only a few of the prominent personalities Mr. Sachs has known and of whom he gives intimate and instructive portraits in this book. Its index reads like a Who's Who of the Paris of this decade. *With 21 hitherto unpublished photographs. cloth,*
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

SOCIOLOGY & EDUCATION.

By Elsa Peverly Kimball.

The Columbia University Press
\$4.50 6 x 9; 323 pp. New York

Dr. Kimball, who is lecturer in sociology at Columbia, here analyzes and compares the sociological and educational theories of Herbert Spencer and Lester Frank Ward. She attempts very little criticism, but confines herself almost wholly to exposition. Her book is well written, and forms a useful introduction to the study of two of the most influential men in the history of modern sociology. There is just enough purely biographical and historical background, and the documentation is adequate. There are two portraits, a selected bibliography, and an index.

THE ARTS

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

By Charles Lamb. *Leo Hart*
\$7.50 6 1/8 x 8 1/4; 38 pp. Rochester, N. Y.

Handset in Eve type and printed on Okawara paper in red and black, this is an attractive book. Mr. Hart deserves credit not only for his taste as a printer and designer, but for having selected a text that has not already been done to death in one *de luxe* edition or another during the past decade. The Chinese characters, which appear very effectively in red on the title page, the binding and the outer margin of each page of the text, were done by a Chinese artist, Sang Ho. The illustrations by Wilfred Jonk, of which there are six full pages, end leaves, and four smaller ones, all richly colored by hand, do not seem somehow to quite belong. One reader, at least, is not amused to see Bernard Shaw gazing horror-stricken at a roast pig on a platter, and again, as an amiable and naked son of Satan, pouring oil (or gravy) on a fat Chinaman who is being slowly roasted. The edition consists of 930 copies, signed by the artist. The binding is quarter natural animal parchment, with board sides that match in color and texture the paper of the text, lettered in red.

UNDERSTANDING THE ARTS.

By Helen Gardner. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 5 1/2 x 8; 336 pp. New York

Miss Gardner, who is assistant professor of the history of art in the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, says that the purpose of her book "is to suggest an approach to an understanding of the

arts; and while it is adapted primarily to high-school and normal school art appreciation courses, it is the hope of the author that it will serve anyone who is eager for guidance." The arts she considers are the following: architecture, gardening, city planning, sculpture, painting, printing, weaving, pottery, and interior decorating. She writes simply and intelligently, and her book will have its uses. There are many illustrations, and also an index. Bibliographical notes appear throughout the text.

THE HOMES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA (1620-1685).

By Martin S. Briggs. *The Oxford University Press*
\$4.75 6 x 9; 211 pp. New York

According to Mr. Briggs, "the southeastern counties of England, and Essex in particular, were the main source not only of [the Pilgrim] architecture, but of the whole religious movement which led to the original *Mayflower* expedition and to subsequent migration on a larger scale. Names familiar in New England as the sites of some of the best Seventeenth Century houses (such as Dedham, Wetherfield, and Topsfield) have their counterpart in obscure Essex villages." In support of his thesis Mr. Briggs has done an extraordinary amount of work, checking physical as well as written sources. The volume contains many illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

ENGLISH PAINTING *From the Seventh Century to the Present Day.*

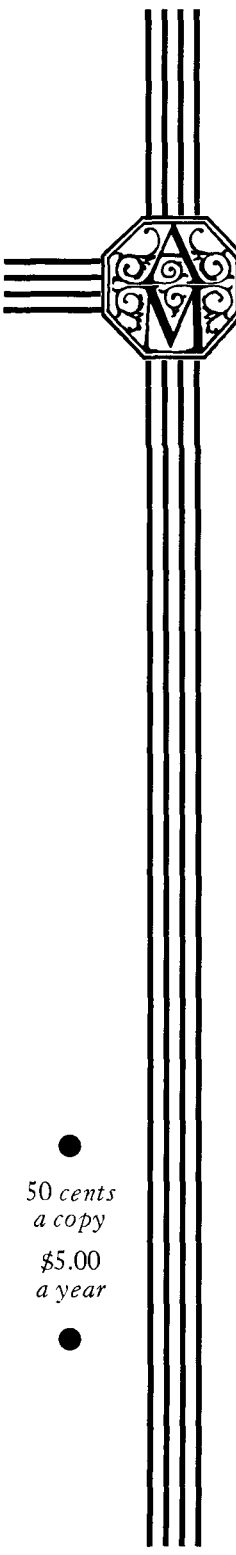
By Charles Johnson. *The Dial Press*
\$5 5 3/4 x 8 3/8; 350 pp. New York

As a one-volume history of English painting this book has many things to commend it. It is well organized and ably written, and the running comments are nearly always intelligent. Mr. Johnson, who is official lecturer at the National Gallery, London, naturally gives most of his space to a consideration of the landscape painters of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, for they were "England's greatest contribution" to the art. Blake and the Pre-Raphaelites are treated at due length, and so are the more recent impressionists. He is hospitable to the work of the younger men, but he warns them that "the neglect of the emotions and the exclusive appeal to the intellect" will lead them into painting puzzles, and not pictures. There are many good illustrations, and also a bibliography and an index.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xxii*

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The American MERCURY

VOLUME XXVIII



NUMBER 110

FEBRUARY

1933

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

WHEN American taxpayers gather to rub their wounds the howling one hears is always against the forays and extortions of the war veterans, the vast cost of the Federal bureaucracy, the burden of the tariff, or the outrage of the income tax. Why does everyone forget the greatest hold-up of them all? Not once in ten years, so far as I can recall, has it wrung a tear from either the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. No candidate for public office, East, West, North or South, has so much as mentioned it. Yet it costs the people of the good old U.S.A. twice as much as the income tax, three times as much as either the war veterans, real and bogus, or the service of the national debt, and ten times as much as the Smoot-Grundy tariff.

Do I allude, perhaps, to the humane burden of the national booze bill? Far from it! What I allude to is the cost of the public schools.

There was a time when they were cheaper, and by billions. In the year of my advent upon these scenes, the *annus mirabilis* 1880, they took but \$78,094,687 for flogging the elements into 15,065,767 pupils, which worked out to but little more than \$5 *per capita per annum*. A Golden Age, indeed—and it lingered, by God's will, all through the '80s and '90s. Not until 1903 did the bill go beyond a quarter of a billion, and not until 1913 did it reach half a billion. In 1914, the year of fate, there were 26,002,153 boys and girls in the schools, and making them fit for democracy cost \$555,077,146, or \$21.34 a head—four times as much as in 1880, but still well within the means of a rich and gallant people.

But then the pedagogues began to fall upon the taxpayer in real earnest, and presently they had him down and were turning his pockets inside out. By 1920 they were taking a billion of his money,

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by 1926 they had advanced to two billions, and now they are somewhere between three and four billions. In other words, they have increased their demand forty times over in forty-three years—and during the same time they have little more than doubled the number of pupils they teach. In 1880 they had 15,000,000 on their rolls; in 1933 they have a shade more than 30,000,000. But in 1880 they performed their magic at a cost of \$5 a pupil a year, whereas in 1933 they are making off with something close to \$100.

How much they actually collected in cash in 1932 I do not know precisely, for the returns are complicated by the fact that hundreds of American towns and cities went broke during the year, and so paid them only in part, or not at all. But what they asked for, according to the best estimate I can find, was the colossal sum of \$3,388,000,000. One can grasp it only by comparing it to more familiar and less astronomical figures. The total appropriations of the Federal government for the year, including the postal deficit and the service of the debt, were but \$600,000,000 more. The Veterans Administration, a famous sinkhole for taxes, cost only a third as much. The Army and Navy together cost less than a fourth as much. The total raised by the Federal income tax was barely half as much. And the whole direct burden of the tariff was but a tenth as much.



In the face of the Depression, which has busted States and municipalities just as it has busted railroads and banks, efforts have been made all over the United States to cut down this stupendous bill, but they have failed almost everywhere. Even in places where the pedagogues have had to go without their wages altogether, they

have resisted every attempt to reduce the appropriations. It appears that a great moral principle animates them. If the public schools were shut down, the Republic would fall. They are necessary to the enlightenment of the plain people. They teach voters how to vote. Though they bankrupt us, they must be maintained, lest we go the way of Nineveh and Tyre.

The theory here has a noble smack, but only a moment's inspection is sufficient to show that it is full of holes. Even if it were perfectly sound it would offer no sensible answer to the appalling waste of public money that has been going on in the schools since the war. Did they achieve their purpose in 1914, when their cost was \$21.34 a pupil a year? Then what reason is there for making that cost more than \$100 in 1933? The discrepancy is clearly beyond reason. In no other field of government have expenditures leaped ahead at any such rate, and in no area of private expense. The plain fact is that the public schools have gone on a joy-ride. If they did their work competently in 1914 there is no reason why they shouldn't do it at no more than twice the price today. And if they really need all the money they are now taking, then it must be manifest that they were so ineffective in 1914 that it was scarcely worth while to keep them open at all.

There is, indeed, very little evidence that they have ever actually earned the money they have demanded and got, either in 1914 or since. If their fundamental aim is to provide the country with an enlightened electorate, they have failed completely and miserably, for the electorate is no more enlightened today than it was before they were ever set up. On the contrary, there is plausible reason for believing that it has gone backward in intelligence, for it handles its business, not

with increasing prudence, but with increasing imbecility. The American people of a hundred years ago, when public schools were still few and meagre, might have been described plausibly as notably political-minded: they were ardently interested in public affairs, and intervened in them, on the whole, with quick understanding and sound judgment. But today they are so lethargic that it takes a calamity to arouse them at all, and so stupid that it becomes more nearly impossible every year for intelligent and self-respecting men to aspire to public office among them.



I believe that it would be rational to argue that the public school, far from combating this immense increase in stupidity, has been very largely responsible for it. For the true aim and purpose of the pedagogue, and especially of the pedagogue who is also a bureaucrat, is never to awaken his victims to independent and logical thought; it is simply to force them into a mold. And that mold is bound to be a cramped and dingy one, for the pedagogue is a cramped and dingy man himself. The office he fills, in its potentialities, is an immensely important one, but in its daily business it is puerile and uninspiring, and so it is seldom filled by a man (or woman) of any genuine force and originality. In all ages pedagogues have been the bitterest enemies of all genuine intellectual enterprise, and in no age have they warred upon it more violently or to sadder effect than in our own. More than any other class of blind leaders of the blind they are responsible for the degrading standardization which now afflicts the American people.

They would have done even worse, I believe, if it had been in their power. They failed only because a sufficient num-

ber of their victims have always been too intelligent to succumb to them, and because even the stupid majority yet preserves a saving skepticism about their ridiculous arcana. In *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for last July Mr. H. E. Buchholz told at length, and with inescapable documentation, the astounding story of their effort to promote the nonsense of Prohibition. Their trade union, the National Education Association, was committed to it fanatically, and their chief trade journal whooped it up with all the idiotic rhetoric of a Methodist revival. They failed only because the thing they advocated was simply too insane to be endured. But in many another direction they have succeeded.

So long as the public schools confined themselves to teaching the three R's to the children of persons unable to provide that instruction at their own expense there was little chance for them to do any serious damage, and no doubt they performed a more or less useful function, or, at all events, a harmless one. There was some reason for arguing that every child, in a free country, ought to be lifted safely beyond the brutality of illiteracy, and that when its parents were unwilling or unable to do that lifting themselves it ought to be done at the public cost, if only as a matter of social sanitation. The illiterate may not be actually dangerous, but it must be manifest that they are apt to be nuisances.

But the pedagogues, having gone so far, were not content to rest. Bit by bit they augmented their display of wares, until presently they were in active competition, not only for the children of the poor, but also for the children of the relatively well-to-do. With the taxpayers' money behind them they began to organize schools that offered active and devastating competition to all save the most expensive of private schools, and soon they had pretty well

ruined the teaching of the elements as a private enterprise. There remained only, on the one hand, the public schools, and on the other hand, a series of more or less costly theological seminaries and snob factories, to which children were sent, not primarily to be educated but to protect them from contact with heathenry, whether on the spiritual or the social plane.

Even this was not enough to satisfy the proponents of the little red schoolhouse, now swelling gradually to the proportions of a palace. Inevitably the doctrine began to be heard that it was the duty of the public schools to take in *all* American children—that there was no other way to make sure that they would grow up with the kind of ideas suitable to the citizens of a great Republic. This doctrine, for a long while, won very few customers, but with the appearance of Ku Kluxry after the war it swept suddenly to popularity, and on the Pacific Coast it was actually embodied in law. The Supreme Court of the United States rejected the law as unconstitutional, but the underlying idea is not dead, and may be expected to afflict us hereafter. On the one hand the pedagogues lend a joyful hand to every assault upon such private schools as survive, especially when they are accused of so-called Radical tendencies. And on the other hand, the public schools adopt almost instantly every novelty that the private schools invent, so that many of the latter are forced into grotesque extravagances in order to have any material left for their selling talks.

The private schools, despite this fierce competition, still retain two advantages. One is that, taking one with another, they are heavier staffed than the public schools, and can thus deal with their pupils in smaller groups, and pay more heed to individual tastes, talents and limitations. The

other is that when they encounter a pupil who is found, on due trial, to be wholly uneducable, they remain free, if they can spare the money, to turn him out. But the public schools are moving against them rapidly, and in both directions. To meet and counter the first advantage they are reducing the size of their average class, and already look forward confidently to the time when it will be smaller than that of any private school save the most expensive. And to dispose of the second they are setting up multitudes of special classes for backward pupils, and even undertaking to provide ten or twelve years of intensive tuition (or, at all events, of pleasant recreation) for downright idiots.



It is in this field, in fact, that the pedagogical jobholders are now getting rid of most of the money they wring from the taxpayer. In the early days of their art and mystery they regarded all pupils as run-of-mine, and banged the three R's into them in large groups, and at relatively small expense. When a pupil turned out to be too stupid to stand up under this machine process, they simply dropped him from their rolls, and he was apprenticed to a hod-carrier or became a policeman or bartender. But now they insist upon hanging on to every one, no matter how plain it may be that he will never learn anything. The second time he fails in the third grade he is not turned out as of yore, but moved to a special class designed to awaken his latent gifts, or maybe to a special school for half-wits only, and there he remains for years under the care of high-salaried experts in solving the insoluble and achieving the impossible, and surrounded by a physical equipment more expensive than that of a first-rate hospital or night-club.

All of this effort to nullify the plain will of God is naturally very expensive. It costs far more to teach a half-wit the primary colors and the rules of jack-straws than it takes to take a normal pupil all the way up to logarithms, parliamentary law, and the moral causes of the World War. He needs, ideally, a teacher all to himself, and toward that ideal the pedagogues move with dizzy celerity. Moreover, he also needs a truant officer to fetch him and police him, a dietician to save him from scurvy and pellagra, a surgeon to remove his adenoids and tonsils, a dentist to plug his teeth, and a psychologist to chart the movements, if any, of his IQ. All of these functionaries are now supplied by the public school system. The actual ma'm fades into the background; she is no more than a sort of *Diener* in the laboratory. The cost of educating a normal pupil, in all probability, is now not more than three or four times what it was in 1880, but the cost of struggling with the uneducable has begun to run to fantastic figures, and so the total bill is twenty times what it was.



What do we get for all that money? We get a great array of expensive buildings, a huge horde of expensive quacks, and an immeasurable ocean of buncombe. Every American community, down to the most measly of county towns, bristles with new and grandiose schoolhouses, many of them of really astounding size. Even more than the filling-stations they dominate the national scene. In towns of a thousand souls they are big enough for five hundred pupils; in the large cities they could house almost the whole population. Each swarms with "experts" to harass and terrorize the poor ma'ms, and super-experts to inspire and inflame the experts. And out of each is vomited the standard prod-

uct of the New Pedagogy—an endless procession of adolescents who have been taught everything save that which is true, and outfitted with every trick save those that are socially useful.

The basic trouble with the public schools is that they have fallen into the hands of a well-organized and extremely ambitious bureaucracy, and that machinery for curbing its pretensions has yet to be devised. In every American municipality, though all of them are desperately hard up and many are hopelessly bankrupt, it has resisted every effort to cut down its demands on the public treasury, and in this black year of 1933 it will actually get a larger relative share of the public money than ever before. It has thrown the grotesque mantle of Service about its extortions, and convinced millions of the unthinking that they are essential to the public good. Let any rash fellow challenge it, and he is denounced at once as an enemy to the true, the good and the beautiful. Operating impudently and over a generation of time, it has deluded the great majority of Americans into accepting its brummagem values unquestioningly, and filled them with the superstition that if the public schools were shut down the country would at once go to pot.

This bureaucracy originated in a widespread public reaction against the old political control of the schools, and it must be confessed that, in its early stages, it managed the business entrusted to it far better than the politicians had ever managed it. The improvement, one may venture roughly, went on steadily until the turn of the century, or maybe until the years immediately before the war. But once the pedagogues began to get real power into their hands they proceeded to run amuck, as bureaucrats always do in like case, and since 1918 they have been

on a gaudy joy-ride. Every year they have demanded more money, and every year they have got more. If, as Admiral Byrd was lately saying, the total cost of government in the United States, Federal, State and local, reached the fabulous sum of \$14,000,000,000 last year, then the gogues actually made off with nearly a fourth of it.



In order to justify this waste, they have converted teaching into an elaborate hocus-pocus, with a technique so elaborate that the layman cannot hope to fathom it. It becomes an insult to remind them that their main business is still to teach the children of the masses reading, writing and arithmetic; they have begun to think of themselves as professional men of a high-toned and esoteric sort, comparable to gynecologists, philologists or astrologers, and so they convert the old-time schoolroom, with its austere equipment and banal processes, into the laboratory of a dozen new sciences, most of them imaginary. The child was once only a prisoner, and as such it got at least the humane treatment accorded to other prisoners, but now it is a guinea pig in a low-comedy laboratory, and there is no end to the indignities it must endure.

I confess that I find it hard to damn the brethren altogether for this effort to glorify their imposture. When the New Pedagogy was born the craft of teaching school was still a lowly and despised one, as it had been since the days of the Romans, and it was creditable to their pride and self-respect that they tried to give it a boost, both professionally and socially. I haven't the slightest doubt that, at least to some extent, they have actually succeeded. That is, I haven't the slightest doubt that they really know more about the teaching process than their predecessors of the

long-tailed coat, the chalky thumb, and the ready rattan. But they have gone far beyond that reasonable mark. They have tried to make an abstruse and complicated science of what, in the last analysis, must always remain one of the simplest of intellectual operations, and in their effort to surround it with the necessary glamour and glitter they have almost wrecked the United States.

It would be a great service to the commonweal, and to the pedagogues themselves (as I shall show in a moment), if they could be disentangled from this preposterous highfalutin, and restored to their proper function of teaching the elements. Let them heave out their bogus experts, and return to the three R's, and their days will be longer in the land which the Lord their God hath given them. For the public, as a public, to pay for anything more is for it to be rooked and robbed. It is no more under obligation to provide for the teaching of everything to everyone than it is to furnish everyone with forty acres and a mule.

The first grand effect of universal free education in the United States was to turn the American people, once so independent and self-reliant, into a race of shameless mendicants, looking to the government, as to some cosmic Santa Claus, for all their needs. And its second effect, now more horribly visible every day, has been to ram them all into a single mold, and that a mold shaped by silly *babus*, so that the test of Americanism comes to be the extent to which every American thinks and feels, aspires and exults like every other American, and all approach as closely as possible to the ideas and emotions, aspirations and exultations of a jackass.

The *babu* can give his pupils only what is in his own head, and that is surely not

much. He remains a *babu*, even though he thinks of himself as a professor, and is too proud to condescend to long division and c-a-t=cat. From the standpoint of pure ethics it may be hard to blame him for trying to pump up his hocus-pocus, but in these hard times it is becoming altogether too expensive to be endured. The American people simply can't go on maintaining public schools that long ago ceased to be schools in any rational sense, and are now only vast machines for grinding up money.



The notion that they have done and are doing any ponderable good is mainly a delusion. What they have actually done is a lot of harm. They have taken the care and upbringing of children out of the hands of parents, where it belongs, and thrown it upon a gang of irresponsible and unintelligent quacks. They have filled multitudes of the uneducable with ideas that make them uncomfortable, and are useless to them, and unfit them for the inevitabilities of their lowly station. They have supported every sort of nonsense that has afflicted the country, from the hog-wallow imbecility of Prohibition to all the more florid and degrading varieties of patriotism. They are responsible, more than any other agency, for the present pathetic helplessness of the American people, stunned and made ridiculous by a common misfortune that other peoples tackle in a realistic and rational manner. Altogether, they have pretty well smeared the United States. It has been going downhill ever since the pedagogues grabbed their first billion.

The remedy, I suspect, is in the hands of God alone. It seems to be beyond the powers of any conceivable human hero. The pedagogues, as the phrase goes, have sold themselves too solidly to fear any cancellation of the order. The most that any iconoclast presumes to argue is that certain of their more costly and insane extravagances ought to be abated a bit, at least until times grow better: no one ventures to attack the underlying unsoundness of the public school itself. The brethren have learned a trick that belongs to the ABC of the bureaucratic mystery: they know how to scare politicians and public alike. The newspapers, so far as I can make out, are all with them. Any publicist bold enough to flout them would be posted instantly as an agent of the Pope, if not, indeed of Beelzebub. That the public schools are beyond challenge, beyond suspicion, beyond reach of all fact and reason has become a major American axiom, and as sacrosanct as the doctrine that Jonah swallowed the whale.

But I have mentioned God—and He works, as the Scriptures teach us, in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. Perhaps he will be able to fetch even the *babus*. In fact, I begin to see significant signs of it. In dozens of American communities, large and small, they are now being paid in hopes alone: there is no money left in the treasury to meet their salaries. Perhaps the only way out lies in that direction. They have taken so much that now there is nothing left. They are being hoisted by their own petard, hexed by their own magic, drowned in their own juices. It is a desperate remedy, but there seems to be no other.

H. L. M.

IT IS EVEN WORSE IN ENGLAND

BY H. W. SEAMAN

BEFORE me as I write is a quart jug of English ale, untasted. In the bottom drawer of my desk is a bottle of indubitably genuine Scotch, unopened. Why do I not set about them? Why do I waste time in dangling them before you? Not in cruelty, my American friends and brothers; not to bring water to the corners of your mouths, but rather to console you and to express a homesickness that has come to me often of late.

By the grace of God, I am an Englishman, and ought to be at home on this dim, damp, and misty island, in this venerable cathedral city of my nativity, with its thirty-seven medieval churches, its four breweries, and its 200 pubs. "You have here," said a visiting actor to me the other day, "the oldest buildings and the youngest tarts I have ever seen." There are two barracks, and on Sunday mornings the soldiers turn out in red coats for church parade, with bands playing "Semper Fidelis," "El Capitan," and other stirring old English marches.

It is an ancient town, a tourists' paradise, and all Summer we entertain hordes of Americans who poke among our ruins, read the names on the tombstones, and spend their good money. The late Marie Corelli used to say of these visitors that they were prodigal sons, who, having eaten of the husks that the swine did eat, returned to their father's house. We have learned since then to be more polite to guests with American Express checks in

their pockets. All they have to complain of now is what St. John Loe Strachey has called our "shyness, which is too often mistaken for self-sufficiency"—that, and the quality of the liquor. I must say, however, that they are very decent about it. They would rather pour their Scotch into their boots than tell us that it is inferior in bouquet, alcoholic content, and persuasive power to Green River rye.

I am a prodigal son, if you like, and now I find myself homesick for the husks. When, after twenty years' absence, I returned to this city where I was born, I thought to find ease and comfort at last. I remembered how I had stood with my foot on the brass rail, curling Pabst, Budweiser, Schlitz, Michelob or some other infidel brew over my lip and telling myself that it was only the pale ghost of English ale. And here I am, with a jug of authentic English ale at my elbow, homesick for those alien and now recrudescant potions!

One swig from the jug serves only to quicken the nostalgic gnawing. Another, and I shall have heartburn. Oh, for honest Prohibition goods, bootleg or homemade! Oh, for the beer my immigrant mother brewed in her New England kitchen! Oh, to sit again in the Bell in Hand in Pi alley, Boston! Oh, for the husks!

I used to go to the Bell in Hand because it had the local reputation of being exactly like an English pub. The illusion was never complete. The sand on the floor, the framed pictures from *Punch* on the

walls, the long, porcelain-covered handles of the beer-pumps, the cold pork pies, and the smell of the place were nearly right, but there was always a suggestion of a stage set. Moreover, there were no barmaids.

"Well," an American friend would say, "is this to your liking, you bleeding homesick limey? Isn't this like an English pub?"

After four tankards of a dark beer they called Burton I was ready to agree that the place was indistinguishable from the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet street. But in my heart I felt that it was somehow inferior to what I yearned for. Since then, for nearly ten years, I have sought my dream pub in the length and breadth of England, and at last I know that it does not exist. The old Bell in Hand was more like the English pub of tradition than any English pub I have ever seen.

It was in a corner of the building occupied by the *Boston Post*, and there was a legend in the office that the typesetters used to lower fire-buckets from the composing-room window and haul them up filled with ale. What they called Burton there was said to be imported in the wood from England. Early in the war this importation ceased, and a Philadelphia brew was substituted. I could detect no difference. Both potions seem, to my homesick soul looking regretfully over its shoulder, superior to the ale in the jug now beside me.

Boston, unlike New York, was an ale drinking town in those days, thanks possibly to the Colonial tradition; but the Bell in Hand was the only tippling convenience that professed to have genuine English ale on draught. Many saloons, however, sold more ale than lager. When it was not in perfect condition we put it down to dirty pipes and sought better stuff elsewhere. Heffenreffer's Red Label contained

8% alcohol; the brew in the jug beside me, the wine of my country, contains less than 5%. But my lament is not for mere kick; the springs of my homesickness are deeper than that.

I revisited Boston last year and saw that the *Boston Post*, enlarging its premises, had destroyed the Bell in Hand and strewn the site with the débris of the mailing-room. That disturbed me little, for what I missed there, and more, and better, I found in my neighbors' kitchens and cellars. Hospitality everywhere encompassed me. When a reporter from a paper for which I had formerly worked called on me and asked, for publication, what I thought of the failure of Prohibition, I replied:

Prohibition is no failure but a glowing and conspicuous success. Its results, apparent on every side, are copious, palatable, and relatively cheap. On my return to England I shall try to persuade what influential friends I have to start a grand campaign for liquor reform in my unhappy country, with the object of taking the trade out of the hands of the brewers, distillers, and politicians, who now control it, and putting it in the hands of bootleggers, who are gentlemen.

II

There was lately among us an innocent from abroad who advertised in the newspapers his search for "a real, old-fashioned inn of the Dickens type," where he could celebrate Christmas with "roast beef, turkey, Christmas pudding, snapdragon, blind-man's buff, mistletoe, and mulled ale." It was clear that he had been to the talkies and had seen the fine old English inn in "Bulldog Drummond." That was the sort of inn he would have liked to find in England. So should I. The bar, if my memory serves me, was still open for business at two in the morning, the barmaid,

a Hollywood queen, was still beautiful at that hour and still eager to please, and there was no local by-law against singing on the premises.

Mulled ale! I have not seen a mulling iron in England, except as an ornamental set-off to an antique bellows or a pair of china dogs on a mantelpiece, these many years. Any man who asked a barmaid for mulled ale would certainly be told that he had had enough, whether she knew what he meant or not. Snapdragons!—with proprietary spirits so weak that they would put out a fire. Turkey!—an American bird not indigenous to Europe and never attaining full stature, texture, and flavor in this climate. Blind Man's Buff! The modern village maiden may be skilled at necking and other discreet forms of *cavalleria rusticana*, but she rightly draws the line at the shamelessly organised and overt osculation that served her grandmother as safety valve; still, something of the sort might be done with a musical comedy chorus of milkmaids.

I do not doubt that the American visitor's advertisement brought many replies from innkeepers willing to go to great lengths to entertain a guest so patently well-heeled. I never learned how he fared, but assume that he was well taken in, and paid in his bill for the services of scene painters, actors, and other necessary contributors to the Dickensian atmosphere.

I can conceive no more useful task in the present World Crisis than to dispel, in what measure we can, the mutual ignorance that stands as a bar to perfect amity between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. This ignorance is nowhere more notable than in the matter of refection. The American's naïve belief that prime beefsteak and good ale are the staple fare of Englishmen is highly complimentary to us, but, alas, is founded in error. So is his

quaint notion that the presence of a barmaid with a hard lip, metallic hair, and an inordinate development of the right biceps from pulling the beer-pumps exerts a refining influence on her customers, and restrains English commercial travelers from the use of the word *bloody*. These misconceptions are matched on this side by the prevalent conviction that Americans, with nothing to drink in their own country but gasoline, Sloan's liniment, and *eau de Cologne*, are charmed beyond measure by the freedom they find here and by the superb quality of the beverages on tap. The truth, as I have hinted, is that most Americans who come to England in search of liberty and good liquor are grievously disappointed.

Many of them take the edge off their disappointment by visiting the Cheshire Cheese and telling themselves that they are in a representative English pub. It is, on the contrary, a self-conscious super-pub, with pretentious sawdust on the floor, a portrait of Sam Johnson on the wall, a chair in which Sam is reputed to have sat, and a precious, carefully nurtured aroma of antiquity. As the scrofulous Sam was a teetotaler most of his life, it is doubtful that he was ever one of the regulars.

Fleet street boys below the grade of chief sub-editor rarely entered the dining-room. Old John, the waiter, now dead but not stuffed, knew his clientèle and did not encourage the riff-raff. For us the spit and sawdust department. Not that the bar of the Cheese was or is a public bar in the narrow sociological sense of the term. Full saloon-bar prices are charged, and a printer would hesitate to go there in shirt-sleeves and apron. The Cheese, in short, is no more a representative English pub than the Bell in Hand was a typical American saloon.

As I discovered on a recent tour of a

dozen of the largest cities in these islands and the country between, studying the drinking habits of the people and the variety of accommodation provided for them, it is easy to be deceived in these matters. The brewers, into whose hands, for better or worse, most of the inns and taverns have fallen, have wrought sweeping changes in the last few years. Inspired by a Better Public House movement, many inns that were once friendly have gone high hat. In the centre of this medieval home town of mine, for example, there is a thatched pub which, when I was a boy, was for everybody's use. Today it is fitted with fake oak beams that support nothing, a musicians' gallery equipped with a loud speaker has been built at one end of the bar, the words "Ye Olde" have been added to the sign of the house, and many of its former customers go elsewhere.

Half a dozen blocks away is a much more ancient pub, standing in its original state or nearly. Its owners, the brewers, have recently decided to close it by the means known as "referring for compensation." They have offered to give up that licence and two others similar in order to obtain permission to build a sham Elizabethan inn in a new suburb.

This process is going on all over the country. Every large English city now has fewer licenses than it had ten years ago, and is surrounded by a ring of large and showy pubs got up to look like baronial halls, each complete with saloon bar, snug, billiard-room, private bar, public bar (no sawdust), ladies' and gents' retiring rooms (no "This Is It" signs!), bottle and jug department, bowling green, and crèche.

In the public bar you sit on wood and in the saloon bar you pay a halfpenny more for a glass of beer and sit on leather. One pub in Liverpool has an oak room, a mahogany room, a walnut room, a blue room,

and a yellow room. In the country such places have recently taken to calling themselves road-houses, thus paying the Republic a high but unintentional compliment; and some of them are floodlighted from below, with theatrical effect. At Harlow, a few miles north of London, they actually floodlight the old mill beside the inn.

On a lonely mountain road in Cumberland I stopped for a drink at what appeared to be a tiny, whitewashed ale-house and was met at the door by a footman in livery of horizon blue with brass buttons, who said: "No drawft beah heah, but you may have a bottle of Bawss."

III

During my recent goings up and down I conceived the project of drawing up a sin map of the British Isles, to show by means of the usual colors, flags, little clocks, and other signs what was forbidden and what permitted in the various districts. But on tackling the task I found it beyond me. The variations are so many and so wide that the map would have to be on a scale as large as that of the cosmic atlas described by Mark Twain in "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven."

On the north side of the street called Holborn, in London, the pubs close at 11 P.M. and on the south side at 10:30. In most provincial cities and London suburbs they close at 10. In Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland there is no Sunday opening. In Scotland a man who has traveled five miles from his house on a Sunday is entitled to "reasonable refreshment," which, in the meaning of the Act, is two drinks, at any hour, as a *bona fide* traveler. The traveler, *bona fide* or bogus, has no such rights in England, Wales, or Northern Ireland. In most parts of Southern Ireland there is Sunday opening, and the

English rule of closing during the afternoon, even on weekdays, is followed, but not in Northern Ireland, where the pubs are open on weekdays from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

In small market towns in England an extra hour's business is permitted on market-day afternoons, but the traveler is well advised not to rely on that. In Glasgow the pubs close at noon on Saturdays and stay closed until 5 P.M., in order (as it was explained to me) to induce would-be spendthrifts to take their wages home. Morning opening hours and afternoon closing hours vary widely. In some districts the pubs open as early as 10, in others as late as 11:30. In Birmingham they close at 2 P.M., in Liverpool at 3. Closing hours in the adjoining counties of Denbighshire, Flintshire, and Cheshire are 9, 9:30, and 10 respectively; and I have heard a motorist boast that he had drunk on the stroke of closing time in all three counties in one evening—a sorry brag, indeed, that a man should be driven to such an antic.

These whims of our lawmakers are disconcerting to the British traveler; what agony they may bring to the thirsty and unwarned American I can only guess. One warm day, having toiled up the long pass above Buxton in Derbyshire, I came to the Cat and Fiddle, the highest inn in England, 1,760 feet up, at 5:25 P.M., and asked for beer. The landlord, barring the door with his bulk, looked at his watch and said, "Five minutes yet." Anger overcame my thirst, and I pushed on to the next pub, miles away. That landlord could have succored a weary traveler without risking the loss of his license, for there was surely no policeman to see what he did on that bleak and lonely moor. Perhaps he took me for a police spy. Or perhaps, again, he had a vow in Heaven to obey all laws, however crazy.

If a general rule can be stated, it is that Prohibition is enforced for sixteen hours in the twenty-four in all parts of the United Kingdom except Ulster, and that all pubs are closed at the thirstiest hour of the day, namely 4 P.M.—for a temperate man like myself, precisely the hour of the day's first drink.

You will see, then, the difficulties that beset me when I began to draw a sin map of these islands. How could I express graphically the nonsensical laws governing the sale of liquor for consumption off the premises? An example: I call at a liquor store at 10:55 A.M., ask for a half-bottle of whiskey, and am told that I must wait five minutes until opening time. At 11 o'clock I repeat the request, and am told that the sale of a half-bottle alone is illegal in "off-licence" stores, although permitted in pubs; but I may have a half-bottle if I take a full bottle as well. I do not want the quart.

Very well, the shopman will take the order and deliver the half-bottle to my premises. I have no premises in the town. "But," says the shopman, "isn't that your car at the curb? A car is premises within the meaning of the Act, and I am permitted to deliver a half-bottle to you in the car at any hour."

That regulations so absurd are actually enforced is due to the ingrained obedience, not to say docility, nay, downright abjectness of the sturdy British citizenry. It is, no doubt, my long exposure to American influences that causes me to blush at the following report from a local newspaper of a police court case:

Evidence of the purchase of the half-bottle of whiskey was given by Robert Dix, an ex-Customs watcher. Mr. Bracey, the defending solicitor, said that neither Mr. Back nor the firm of Back's, Ltd., proposed to try to evade their responsibility. Mr. Back had been connected with the licensed business

all his life, and his father and grandfather before him. Altogether they had held licences for seventy years, and this was the first time they had been in court on a charge of that kind or of any other kind. Mr. Back felt the position very keenly.

The firm, Mr. Bracey said, knew they could not sell less than a whole bottle, and clear instructions were given to the manager and the assistant. When the matter was brought to their notice, and the assistant questioned, she said that people persuaded her to serve them, and as they hadn't much money she said she did not see why they should not have half-bottles. Messrs. Back's did the only thing they could do after finding that their definite instructions had been disobeyed. Rather than see this happen again they dismissed the assistant and wrote the Excise Authorities a courteous letter explaining what had been done.

Pointing out that both Mr. Back and the firm were charged in respect of the offence, he suggested that the Bench should take a certain course in regard to Mr. Back, who was naturally anxious that a conviction should not be recorded against him. The firm, he added, were going to stop the chance of a recurrence in the only way possible—by closing the premises at the end of their financial year, on December 31, although the licence did not expire until April.

Does it astonish you that a man accused of so trivial and artificial an offense should "feel his position keenly"? Then you don't know us English, and you will be still more astonished to learn that after Back's, Ltd., had been fined five guineas and two guineas costs, the case against Mr. Back was *dismissed on payment of five guineas costs!*

In British magistrates' courts, a man may be found not guilty and still be made to pay for the trouble that police, magistrates, and paid spies have taken over him!

Nor could my map convey any useful knowledge about the attitude of the police in different districts toward the applica-

tion of the laws. There are publicans who will sell me beer, with or without food, at any hour, and apparently with impunity, while others in the same district are in a panic if all glasses are not emptied by five minutes past ten.

Further, how could my map show where music was forbidden, where only radio and gramophone music was permitted, where paid performers were barred and where allowed, where the ancient institution of the free lunch still lingered and where it was put down by law, where people were allowed to sit down to drink and where they were compelled to stand like hogs at a trough? In Sheffield nearly forty pubs have free-and-easies, with paid performers in make-up and costume, stages with footlights, front-lights, and curtains, and, in some cases, six-piece orchestras. In this my own quiet cathedral city five pubs in one street have jazz bands. But in the whole vast seaport of Liverpool only three pubs have music licenses, and they are used only in upper rooms hired by brass bands for practice. In one city a glass of beer is a nondescript measure; in another a by-law insists on an exact half pint. There is actually a law forbidding a publican to give a patron the benefit of the "long pull," which is to say a little more than he asks and pays for.

These regulations in restraint of hospitality depend on the whims of the local licensing justices, for the most part sober, respectable men of great age and formidable piety, who believe that alcoholic drink is intrinsically sinful. During my tour I discussed the peculiar local restrictions with a member of the Liverpool Licensing Bench.

I asked him whether the onus was not on him to show that such amenities as music in pubs would be dangerous to the public welfare, rather than on the people

at large to show that it was necessary to their comfort. He replied: "The onus is certainly not on us. Nobody is compelled to live in this city. Those who don't like it can clear out." The chairman of the Liverpool Licensing Bench at the time of writing is eighty-seven years old.

We recently had a Royal Commission to abolish the anomalies I have mentioned and several thousand others. It turned out to be a large-scale Licensing Bench. It sat for two years, spent £20,000, and brought in a longer and much less effective report than that of your own Wickersham Committee. It called on a number of expert witnesses, at high fees, for facts that were common knowledge throughout Christendom. "What is a cocktail?" "What is beer?"

One of its notable discoveries was that the sale of intoxicating liquor in any airplane, airship, helicopter, glider, or other aircraft, whether heavier or lighter than air or of equal weight with air, while such airplane, airship, helicopter, glider, or other aircraft was in a position where a perpendicular line drawn from any part of such airplane, airship, helicopter, glider, or other aircraft met the surface of the earth at any point within Great Britain or the territorial waters thereof was forbidden.

If the personnel of the Commission had included two or three experienced drinking men, acquainted with the taste and therapeutic effects of the commonest beverages, and with the lives and habits of normal Englishmen, something might have been accomplished. But the endeavor was hopeless from the start, and the report, after gathering dust for a year, was officially buried forever on October 26, 1932, by Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, with these words: "I see no prospect of legislation in the near future in connection with it."

IV

The standard strength of proprietary whiskeys, gins, and rums sold in Great Britain is 30 degrees under proof. Bar stuff is even weaker. Many pubs display notices: "The strength of spirits sold in this establishment is not guaranteed." The standard price is 12s. 6d. a bottle, of which 8s. 5d. goes to the National Exchequer, which is to say, to the politicians. Two-thirds of the price is tax and two-thirds of the whiskey is water. People still pour it hopefully over their Christmas puddings, and wonder why it never bursts into flame. The late Jerry Thomas himself could not have made a Blue Blazer with it.

Even before the war, when whiskey was still cheap in England, it was always dispensed jealously. A tot was a measured quantity, and no Englishman who had not actually seen it would believe that Americans were accustomed, in their own country, to helping themselves from the bottle. The present ninepenny "single whiskey" is smaller than the pre-war tot; it is hardly more than dampness at the bottom of a glass. An unwarned American, entering an English pub and promising himself joy in his new freedom, receives his first shock on seeing the size of his drink, and his second on tasting it. After that he orders "doubles," which are called in Scotland "buckets"; and when the barmaid asks, "Soda or plain water?" he shakes his head and tosses off the four tablespoonfuls with a gulp and a shudder. Hence arises the English notion that the gullets of all Americans have been tanned by corrosive potions. Hence arises also the American notion that all Englishmen are pansies.

For nine out of ten freeborn Englishmen there is absolute prohibition of spirits. One bottle of whiskey costs one-third of the average week's wages of a vulgar fel-

low who works with his hands. The weekly dole handed to unemployed men who have paid compulsory insurance contributions is less than the price of two bottles of whiskey, gin, or rum. Brandy costs half as much again as malt spirit.

Fifty distilleries were closed in the year 1931, and the production of whiskey was reduced by 400,000 proof gallons. A beer drinker from boyhood, I suffer no discomfort by reason of the high price of hard liquor. The total abolition of whiskey would hurt me little more than the total abolition of cricket, bowler hats, and bicycles. But the right of my fellow Englishmen to play cricket, wear bowler hats, and ride bicycles is as dear to me as my own right to drink beer. They have been robbed of their whiskey by prohibitory taxation.

Also, for millions of English men and women, there is now absolute prohibition of beer. In 1914 the tax on a standard barrel was 7s. 9d.; today it is £6, 13 s., or nearly eighteen times as much. Again, two-thirds of the price is tax. Further, the beer is much thinner than it used to be, and a great deal more must be drunk to produce the benign lupulline lush. If an English working man, earning average wages, drank one gallon of ale daily, which he could do easily without getting drunk, it would consume every penny of his earnings. The weekly dole of the unemployed is the price of a mere four gallons of the stuff I have in this jug.

Dismiss from your minds the picture of the English country inn filled with happy farm laborers who, having worked in the fields all day, have gathered in the evening to sit in high-backed settles beside roaring fires and to drink old ale in comfort. "Old ale" today is mostly bogus; the designation is a trade name for a beverage a little stronger, darker, and dearer than ordinary ale or bitter. If a farm laborer called for it

his companions would accuse him of swank, for it would be rank ostentation, like smoking a cigar. If the village policeman heard of it he would watch the offender closely, suspecting him of poaching. He might even arrest him on suspicion, for pretty nearly any violation of the rights of the subject is permissible in defence of the sacred game laws. What farm workers actually drink is the cheapest "mild," the third brew from the wort. It is hardly near-beer. A gallon of it would not make a full-grown fly lose his foothold on the rim of a mug. Few farm laborers can afford to drink a gallon a week, much less a night. On the rare occasions when I have drunk a gallon at a sitting my head has remained clear but my stomach has rebelled.

V

It would be unfair to blame the brewers for the weakness of the beer. It costs little more to brew strong beer than thin. But taxes are based on alcoholic content, and the recent additional imposition of a penny a pint was placed on "standard" beer, of 1.056 specific gravity. The brewers have been forced to water the cheapest brews in their effort to keep them within reach of working people. There is now abundant evidence that the effort has largely failed. Hundreds of country publicans were unable, through lack of custom, to pay their licenses when they fell due last October. In a district whose closing hour is 10 P.M. I called the other night at an inn at 9.30 and found the front door locked. The landlord answered my knock, lighted an oil lamp in the bar, and explained that he had expected no more customers and was about to go to bed.

I have searched narrowly, but find no evidence to support the common allegations

of chemical adulteration of English malt liquor. Hop substitutes are used, I regret to say, but the roots of duodenal ulcers are not there. English ale is probably as clean and as honest as ever it was. But it is unhealthily weak.

Ale to be wholesome must be strong. The German- and Bohemian-type beers which America favored in the old days and will now favor again exert their humanizing influences not violently but gradually, and the patient passes through an infinity of pleasurable states before attaining the final, beatific anesthesia. Ale, however, is intended by the Almighty to deliver its message at once. Its appeal is unsubtle. Three half-pints, and you know you have had it. If it is strong, it has vastly sweetened you and your surroundings. If it is weak, it has soured your stomach and your outlook.

The ale in my jug is of better quality than the mild beer that English farm laborers are forced to drink. It is called "bitter," and its specific gravity is probably almost up to the government standard. It is nevertheless much weaker than ale ought to be. For four or five times the price of mild beer I could buy bottled ale of much greater potency than this bitter, but why should I help to enrich the politicians who conspire to deprive my fellows of decent beer? I would rather give my money to bootleggers, whose aim is exactly opposite.

My present homesickness, in fact, is less for good ale, on which I was weaned, than for the softer, kindlier brews that were later revealed to me—the light American beers of the Pilsner and Munich varieties, that came up cold and clear, with a creamy collar that clung to the glass. Their going down was as lovely as their coming up. Cold! Perhaps part of the secret is there. Ale cannot stand low temperatures; to

chill it is to kill it; it becomes thick and flat. Lager beers, however, light or dark, are at their best well below the temperature of the room. In England even German beers are often served warm.

It is true that Münchener Löwenbräu and Pilsner Urquell, perhaps the noblest brews of their respective orders that are obtainable today, are on tap, in good condition, in certain dispensaries of the West End of London, but their high price, thanks to the tariff, puts them out of reach of more than nine-tenths of the people. Perhaps even fewer Englishmen are familiar with Pilsner Urquell than with "Der Rosenkavalier." To drink it in a London pub is to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. A barman yelling "Time please; you're all liable," and grabbing your glass at the stroke of 10 or 10.30 (or, if it comes to that, at any hour of the twenty-four) is an insult to good beer. It is the custom in English pubs as closing time approaches to put down as many half-pints as possible in the minutes that remain. But Pilsner demands leisure and music, liberality, the long pull. Who would drink it with an eye on the clock?

He is a wise and fortunate man who, traveling in England and seeking the best refectation that each district affords, knows exactly what to ask for. Call for ale in the saloon bar of a London pub, and the barmaid will say, "Other side, please," jerking her wet thumb in the direction of the public, or four-ale bar; for ale in London is a vulgar word. The middle-classes there drink bitter, a pale, golden beer so sharply hop-flavored that foreigners find it undrinkable. Burton, in London and certain other cities that have come under the Cockney blight, is a generic name for a dark ale of standard strength or less, whether it is brewed in Burton-on-Trent or elsewhere. Its social status is above mild

and below bitter; although its price is that of bitter, it is rarely seen in a West End saloon bar. In the North, beer of similar character is called strong mild.

Bitter is unpopular in Scotland; the ale of that country, dark and sparkling as Münchener, is excellent, and is commonly kept and dispensed at a lower temperature than English ale. On payday the Scot treats himself to "a bucket and a pint," which is a double whiskey with a pint of ale as a chaser. The chaser is unknown in England. So are the words can and growler, in the American sense. Nobody above the rank of chimney sweep could afford to be seen carrying home the supper beer.

Generally speaking, women are not seen in pubs in Scotland and Northern England, but there are occasional oases for them even in those parts. If a woman entered a pub in Glasgow or Belfast there would be a riot. In Dublin each pub has a "snug," about as big as a clothes closet, to which women are admitted; it is known locally as the confessional box. In London and most Southern cities, women drink with men.

At half past nine every night I go to the nearest pub to my house and sit, as befits my station, in a room called the parlor. It contains a leather-covered bench at each wall, linoleum and a hearth rug on the floor, two tables, each with a potted plant, and a small open fireplace. There are no cuspidors and no need for them. The pictures on the wall are department store stuff. Thick metal screens in the windows obscure the view from without. The landlord has never asked me what I was going to have, except once at Christmas time. In short, the English pub is unlike the old American saloon in every respect that matters. I miss the swinging doors, the great mirror frosted with Epsom salts, the copious beauties painted on the

walls, the talk of politics, venery, and coprology, the sea-tang of hot clam-juice, the great heap of waxed cartons holding a quart apiece for the convenience of patrons who liked to take it home, and, most of all, the fat and jolly fellow behind the bar, greeting each new guest with a "What's yours?", prodding his white-coated acolytes, and, at least once every evening, emitting the welcome incantation, "Drink up, gents; the next is on the house."

My companions in the corner pub are excellent fellows of middle age and middle class. Our poison is the local draught ale, and we regard our preference for that over bitter, bottled or draught, as a democratic gesture; but we can hardly stoop to mild. Our conversation, as the closing hour approaches, is of the liberties of Englishmen. When we were children, we say, we were sent to bed in broad daylight in Summer, and now we are grown-up our taps are stopped before dark—for in this latitude the Summer sun lingers long.

Not one of my friends could afford to be caught in a police raid at five minutes past ten; it would be reported in the local paper and he would lose his job. At 9:45 the landlord comes in and looks anxiously at the clock, and we order two rounds quickly. "Last orders, please," says the landlord at 9:55, and we pray for grace. Between then and 10:05 we contrive to neck four more half-pints apiece.

The landlord knows that customers are legally entitled to a reasonable time to drink up their swipes, but he also knows that magistrates never accept that explanation of their presence on the premises after ten o'clock. He is entitled to entertain his friends in an unlicensed part of the house, but the word of a policeman that (from a transom, a skylight, or a keyhole) he saw money pass is always accepted. Even a guest at the inn, although entitled (ex-

cept in Northern Ireland) to refresh himself in "non-permitted hours," is forbidden to buy a friend a drink. Besides, the landlord is never sure that a stranger who asks for a drink at ten seconds past ten is not a police spy.

"Have you a bismuth tablet?" asks my nearest neighbor when we reach the street lamp at the corner.

VI

Sometimes we talk of Prohibition, which my friends regard with abhorrence. It is one thing, they say, to have one's tap stopped by daylight and another to be forbidden to drink at all times. I am tired of telling them, and shall tell them no more, that the rigid prohibition which afflicts nine out of ten Englishmen all the time and the rest of us for sixteen hours a day is a much greater horror than complete, unenforceable Prohibition of the late American sort.

Their ignorance of American drinking habits is far denser than the Americans' ignorance of theirs. They have never heard of Bourbon, and they have read in cowboy story-books that rye is a flaming fluid. What is the use of my telling them that good Bourbon and good rye are at least as good as good Scotch, and a damned sight better than their 30 U.P. pap? "Corn" to them means oats and nothing more. As for Würzburger, their ignorance of it is so abysmal that years ago, when the song, "Down Where the Würzburger Flows," was imported from the Americas, new words had to be written for England, and the song is now remembered here as "Riding on Top of a Car."

Tell yourselves no more, my American brothers, that you have always been the world's worst drinking men, that when you were free you insulted your esophagi

with horrid and unnatural mixtures, and that Prohibition drove you to even more sinful excesses, ruining your palates and rendering you unable to tell good liquor from bad. You are no worse than we are. I know men who put gin in Guinness' stout and call the mess a dog's nose. Cards hang in London pubs advertising "Winsky—a mixture of wine and whiskey."

The police of Glasgow, Cardiff, and other cities report an alarming increase in the drinking of Red Biddy, a poisonous compound of methylated spirit, the cheapest Tarragona wine, and logwood dye. It costs three shillings or less a quart, and its victims, mostly women, are unconscious when picked up. Many Scots vikings now buy their methylated spirit at hardware stores, and drink it neat, scoffing at the purple dye that the authorities put in as a warning. To the English village bobby the tramp who empties a methylated spirit bottle and dies under a haystack has become a routine nuisance.

Bootlegging has begun. In a London night club I have been offered "whiskey" at four shillings a bottle, with the familiar recommendation, "Just off the boat." The reference is to a possibly mythical Rum Row of Dutch steamers in the North Sea. I do not know whether this Rum Row exists, but the newspapers have repeated stories of its operations, which, it appears, are aided by the "fast motor-launches," "high-speed trucks," and "an organization with wide ramifications" with which American newspaper readers have long been acquainted.

Speakeasies, too, abound among us, but only in Glasgow have I heard them called that. One Glasgow spik to which I was invited on a Sunday afternoon had a concealed doorbell, a judas hole in the door for the inspection of visitors, an Irish proprietor of fighting physique, and a well-to-

do clientèle. Near-beer made its first appearance in London a few months ago. The open-air restaurants in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, which are not allowed to sell intoxicants, put out posters: "Stout, dark brown ale and light bitter." On orders from the park police, the park bailiff, and His Majesty's Office of Works, the posters were at once removed, and all that remained was a discreet line on the bill of fare: "Near beer, light, dark, or stout, 6d."

I tasted the stuff and found it even worse than Bevo, which, you may remember, was America's first near-beer.

None of my friends in England has ever seen a household still. When I have described the instrument they have said: "For God's sake, don't try that here; it's a revenue offense." They are right; I wouldn't dream of it. In England you may injure your neighbor and get off with a small fine, but to withhold from the politicians the last milligramme of their pound of flesh is a serious crime, visited by ferocious penalties. It is impossible to convey to Americans or any other foreigners the more than religious awe that the excise laws inspire in Englishmen. We read in a newspaper that a poor crofter in the Western Highlands has been fined £200 or £300 or some such outrageous sum for making potheen for his own use, and it rouses no more indignation among the generality of us than the judgment of Heaven.

The ancient and gracious arts of home-brewing, home wine-making, and home distilling, revived gloriously in America by Prohibition, have withered in England. Village grandmothers still make wine, but it is mostly water. Their elderberry is not the pure, fermented juice of the berry, as yours is, but a weak solution of it, cordialized with cloves and other spices.

But in America Prohibition reopened the closet of Sir Kenelm Digby. In one New England town with a population of 100,000 I counted sixty shops devoted wholly to the sale of the makings—bottles, caps, capping machine, siphons, crocks, and canned malt and hop syrup. I brought back with me a dozen cans bearing the trustworthy trademark of Anheuser-Busch—and instructions for the use of the syrup in breadmaking. Lacking steam heat in my English house, I was unable to maintain a steady temperature, and so my brew was always below the American domestic standard. Nevertheless, ancient bibuli of my acquaintance endorsed my opinion that it was superior to the local commercial product.

In an article in the *London Daily Express* I described my missionary enterprise, and at about the same time Trevor Wignall cabled from New York to the same newspaper an encouraging account of the progress of the home-brewing industry. There then appeared in several London dailies small advertisements offering canned malt and hops for sale to domestic brewers; but these soon disappeared. The excise authorities, scenting a threat to the revenue, sent out warnings.

There are still isolated districts, notably in Nottinghamshire and Lancashire, where a few publicans still brew beer on their own premises; most of it is thin, and unacceptable to palates accustomed to the brewers' product. In these districts landlords have received, during the last few months, circulars stating the law governing home-brewing and pointing out the severe penalties for infringement. There are also a few places, such as the mining town of Dudley in Worcestershire, where the housewives still brew beer in their wash-tubs. The *Sunday Chronicle*, under a Dudley date-line, reports:

The increased price of hops and other materials has caused a serious setback to the home brewing habit in the Black Country . . . Now the housewife-brewers combine to share expenses, one house supplying several families. But when the beer has been sold prosecutions have followed, offenders being liable to fines as high as £500.

VII

Thus, year by year, restrictions multiply, the wowser line is drawn closer, and English pubs are fewer. "Redundancy" is the vandal justices' excuse for closing inns that have stood for centuries. I knew a pub on a Welsh mountain road that was recently declared redundant and closed, although there was not another within three miles. The brewers who owned it were quite

willing to swap that license and two more for one new license on the outskirts of a town.

What England needs, even more than a good sixpenny cigar, is a few years of Prohibition on the American model. Alcohol is a powerful explosive, and, like gasoline, may be set off by compression alone. This slow screwing down is too long a process, painful to watch and demoralizing to beholders. If only some clown in office would persuade the government to close all the safety valves and apply a sudden and violent blow! It could be done by one short Act of Parliament, passed quietly and swiftly, stopping all our taps. The lid would fly off with a hell of a roar, and England would at once be as free, as wet, and as happy as America.

TREASURE

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

EDNA has worked for me for eight years and a half. Five or maybe six times I've fired her because of my misunderstanding of her philosophy of life. Then, after half a dozen slatterns have gummed up the seemingly simple processes of the household I've asked her to come back. And always she's given up her new job—Edna is never out of work—and returned, with no loss of dignity, no hashing up as to which of us was wrong. I may fire her again, but I'm sure I'll ask her to return, and I hope she will.

Edna is my colored maid. Clinging to the habits of an Arkansas childhood, I usually refer to her as my cook, though her duties are far more complex than any cook's. She keeps the house fairly clean—but cleaning is not her best accomplishment. She does all the laundry and she is a good laundress, though she hates to wash. She does all of the cooking, except when I help, which means extra work for her. She's an excellent cook.

By some curious method she is able to cook and serve a meal simultaneously, as quickly as if there were a second girl, and to listen to the dinner conversation at the same time. Not only listen but comment on the conversation and the guests the next day, with or without encouragement. She enjoys preparing large suppers on Sundays. She is a little bored when we do not have much company.

Edna gets \$50 a month. And if she has bought any clothes since she's been with

me she wears them in secret. She has never complained of a cut, never seemed especially pleased with a raise. She has never saved a cent and is usually in debt, though she is always planning to save money. She pays twenty-five cents a week toward life insurance of \$500, made payable to her mother for the purpose of a nice funeral, and she gives her mother \$5 a month. She makes presents of clothes to members of her family, who wear them, she says, but aren't very grateful.

Edna is in her thirties. She is, by her own description, a brown-skin girl. She's proud because her hair is long and stays straight for a long time after it's been dressed. She envies all members of her own race who are fairer, and refers to anyone who is darker as "that old black thing." Her figure is good and her legs so shapely that my male guests comment on them. The men of her own race prefer fatter legs.

Edna was born in Amityville, Long Island. Hundreds of her relatives live in the neighborhood and hold various jobs, mostly domestic. One is an automobile mechanic, one a porter, one a bootlegger. Her step-father, a gardener, kept one job for twenty years.

Her ancestry would confound a genealogist. In the offing are a full-blooded Quogue Indian and a Dutch trader. The trader lived in Lindenhurst. When his wife died, leaving him with four children, he hired a colored girl named Sarah to keep house. Sarah had five children. For

many years after the old man's death his white and colored descendants had a yearly picnic, but lately, Edna says, the whites no longer recognize their colored relatives.

Edna went to school until she was thirteen and through the fifth grade, working, in Summer, from when she was ten. It has never occurred to her to rebel against domestic labor.

Edna's mother did day's work, laundry and cleaning. The children, left to themselves, got along without mishap. Edna's mother had two husbands, brothers and both dead now, and nine children, eight of them still alive.

Nothing was wasted. Edna's grandmother, who worked out, too, took a basket with her and brought home tit-bits, a piece of sausage or a bit of vegetable. All left-overs went into the soup pot.

Breakfast was last night's supper warmed over. Potatoes and a bit of pork and bread. Pancakes in Winter. And, on Sunday, fried chuck steak and brown gravy. Supper was usually a pork stew or fried pork with potatoes, fish on Wednesday and Fridays—Edna's grandfather was a bayman—and chicken on Sundays. In Summer there were greens with the pork. The children grew into strong healthy adults.

When she was twelve, Edna hated her baby brother because she had to take care of him. She decided to kill him as the easiest way out. She had heard somewhere that if she fed him sour milk he would die and no one would suspect the reason. But Kenneth waxed more and more healthy! Then Edna was sent out to work for the Summer.

"When I got home the first thing I saw was a beautiful little brown-skin boy. It was Kenneth. Wasn't I glad he hadn't died!"

Edna and her sister Ethel played a game of pretending to be white, "talking like white children" on their way home from school. "Now I'm Elise Manning. I've got long light curls. Now make out I'm crying because I can't have a new light blue silk dress. And I live in a house with seven rooms and my room has pink curtains!"

Each Friday the children got a nickel apiece for spending money. They usually went to a place three miles away where there was a merry-go-round. Now came a problem. You could spend the nickel for candy. Or for a car ride home. Or for a ride on the merry-go-round. Or, by waiting until eleven o'clock, you could get, in addition to the regular ride, the last ride free. Usually they'd wait, little round-faced brown children, until eleven, have that last fine free ride and trail home, tired but contented, over three miles of country road.

II

Edna's first job was "helping out Mrs. Ganner", who needed someone only in Summer, when her daughter and son, in vaudeville, were at home. Edna washed dishes, set the table, dusted, went on errands. She finished the supper dishes—she admits she was slow—at nine. She got \$1.25 a week, which went for her Winter school clothes. She got fired before the Summer was over because she stole cookies. She had tried to keep her hands off them but she'd find herself taking just one more.

When she was twelve she worked as a handy maid in a small Summer hotel. She helped the waitress, the chambermaid, the cook. The hours were from seven to nine and the wages \$1.50. Hard work but good food, like creamed fish and hot rolls.

When she was thirteen and through with school, able to take care of herself, she got a job in a nice home at \$6 a

month. Cooking and house-work and a little laundry. She might have kept that job a long time but she did a terrible thing. She cut a bow of ribbon off an evening dress! She knew it was wrong. But she wanted it so much and the woman had so many clothes! Now she doesn't see how she had ever thought she could get away with it. She was fired in disgrace. The family scolded. They were decent people!

At fifteen she ran away to Washington with a girl cousin. She stayed there two years. A year at Martha Washington Seminary as a kitchen maid, envying the girls in school. When school closed she worked in a hospital as a ward maid. That was easy. Only one ward and a diet kitchen to take care of. But after a year there she wanted to come home. And before long she was working on Long Island for the Whelans. Four dollars a week for house-keeping and taking care of two children.

Edna didn't run around much with boys. Only to the movies or a church fair. She was a good girl. When she was eighteen she met Wilmer Bond and two months later she told him she'd have to be married. Her fears were unfounded but she was married before she found that out. If she had known as much about things as she knows now, she says she wouldn't have married at all.

Marrying Wilmer was rather a step up, socially. One of his sisters was a musician, another a professional dancer. The youngest, proudly, had never done a day's work. Other relatives worked in Harlem as musicians or bouncers in night clubs.

Edna kept on doing house-work. Of course. Wilmer was a house painter, though he played the drums, too, and gave up painting when orchestra jobs were obtainable.

Edna was introduced to night life. Harlem. Jazz. Whites who wanted to go

with colored people. Colored folks who "passed" or were proud because their friends were ofays. She learned to smoke, to drink, to wear evening clothes.

Every week Edna took her money home to help pay for the house they were buying. She always had a job. On each job she learned things, German, Jewish, Italian cooking.

Wilmer was a better musician than a husband. When she was married ten years he gave her one black eye too many or she learned she could get away. She doesn't see any advantages in marriage.

Edna has her own idea about morals. She always has one boy friend, and while she is with him she is true to him. But she never lets him interfere with her job. Drinking is the only thing that ever does. Many a time I've tried prettily to make small talk during dinner while Edna, glassy eyed, swayed in with the dishes. She has never actually let me down, but it's a strain.

Edna distrusts all West Indians and suspects all new acquaintances of having West Indian blood. She thinks their accent an affectation. "They had to come here to get along, and then they brag about where they came from." She thinks Southern Negroes are shiftless and is jealous of their cooking ability, which she thinks is overrated. She doesn't mind a Southern man "after he's learned our ways."

Edna is good company. She has uncanny intuition and poor judgment. She is smart—and illogical. She judges by curious externals, by flashes rather than a survey of facts. She can be amazingly right or wrong.

She enjoys gossip and sometimes exaggerates or carries stories because of the excitement she can cause. She takes pride in her work and is economical and extrava-

gant in spells. She is loyal and, I am sure, respects those she has worked for and their secrets more than they have respected her and her confidences.

Since she has left Wilmer Bond she associates mostly with her family, her current boy friend and a few girls who work in the neighborhood. She likes dancing and the movies. Occasionally she goes to a party in a "private house," where there is a charge for supper and gin. Usually she sits around with a few friends. The conversation is rudimentary, but there is always something to drink and usually something to eat, too. Most of her friends play the numbers. Some of them play cards—whist, *not* bridge. Edna does not play.

III

To her and her friends the Depression is something for the white folks to worry about. Nearly everyone she knows is working. Some were always out of work, anyhow. They've had to take cuts, but there's enough left for the numbers, for gin on Saturday nights, or an outing. There's always a boss's car that can be borrowed, a new dress if you need one. If you're hard up you can give a rent party or someone will help you out.

There's no question of saving. Edna knows she's too good a cook to be without a job for long. If times are hard you may even have to work in the Bronx and "keep *kosher* kitchen," sort of slurring things over when you aren't being watched.

In Edna's crowd there has never been any question about the equality of the sexes. You can have an affair or so before marriage and still marry happily, if you're likely to marry happily at all. And if you're not living with your husband there's no reason why you must be without affection. Too many nice colored men have left

their wives and are hungry for love. You have to work, anyhow. And if you get tired of one —

Edna thinks that, except for a few highly talented colored people such as Paul Robeson and Bill Robinson and Billy Pierce, going with white people is an affectation. The whites who want to go with colored folks are terrible, for one thing, and do it just to show off. They are either condescending, degenerate, or just white trash underneath. Colored folks, when they are with whites, never act natural, anyhow.

Of course Edna wishes things were different. If she had a million dollars the first thing she'd do would be to go into a fine restaurant and have a good meal. She'd have a nice house in a swell neighborhood and a car. And she'd buy her mother a little three-room house so the old lady could take things easy. She'd see that Ethel, her favorite sister, had more money, and that Ethel's four children got good educations. And she wishes she had a little money laid by.

But she hasn't any. And she'll always be colored. She looks young—colored girls look young for a long time—but she feels she isn't so young any more.

Eight years and a half in one place, even with time off for bad behavior, is a good record. Even so, housework and cooking, day after day, and putting up with other people's whims—And how can you tell if the mistress will be in a good humor? Or if she'll change your day off at the last minute? Or if the boss will be late the night you'd planned to go to Rockaway?

Still, with your own room and bath, and easy hours, and a mistress who is fairly reasonable, and a boy friend who is more considerate than a husband, and a chance to save money if you ever get to it, maybe things aren't so terrible for a colored girl, after all.

A FRESHMAN AT FISHBONE

BY JAMES STUART

I AM not much of anybody. I may be called a nothing, or a poor white, or a game rooster, or Jim Stuart: it doesn't matter. I am one who has everything to win and nothing to lose. I have even weight to gain. I have just finished high-school and I weigh only 103 pounds. I am fourteen years old, but I have man ways. I am able to drive tacks with a pistol, and nails with a rifle. I am able to run a cutter plow in new ground with two good steady mules hitched to the beam. I can use ax, spade, hoe and scythe. I can do a man's work on the farm.

But I want to leave the soil. I want an education. I hear so much about the education of poor mountain boys. When educations are given to them they make Governors and Presidents. So I want an education to put in a basket and show it to people. Now, after this brief introduction, allow me to explain how I got all the education I have—got the black eye, I should say.

There is only one in our family who really has any such thing as an education—I mean to say, a college education. The other five read and write from poor to terrible. So I take the advice of my brother. He tells me of a school in the Eastern part of Kentucky that stands for the education of mountain students poor as I am. He tells me of the advantages I shall have at Fishbone College. He brings me a Fishbone catalogue.

I am glad to get it. I take it and read.

It says people wear plain clothes there. It says that no silks are allowed. It says that all boys and girls are entitled to the same chance in this world, and Fishbone gives them this chance. I get interested in a thing that reads like that. It is an adventure. I want to go on this adventure. I ask my brother what he thinks about it—the educated one in our family. He thinks it is fine, he tells me. So I am in a notion to go to Fishbone.

The days pass by. I plow the soil. I hoe the corn. I sow the cane for hay. I plow the potatoes. I cut weeds in the garden. I see that the cattle get fresh water. I use the ax, the plow, the rake, the hoe. I do the work of a man on our hill-side farm. I am a nothing now. But let me speak for my hill country. The hills are covered with green trees, and the wind blows through the tree tops and the leaves flutter. The white clouds float high above. I wish I were a poet now. I wish I could make rhymes like the wind that blows and then throw them to the wind.

This is a pretty rugged country. And I am rugged like my country. I want to step out and do something for it. I want an education,—that is what I want now—that is all I want now. But the water is blue that flows in the mountain streams and there are minnows in this water. There are log-houses in the mountains and old orchards. There are hills covered with blackberry briars and they are in bloom—these old fields are white now. I work and

worship the hills. They are beautiful with the starlight above the loose green-waving leaves. I am not a poet and I cannot speak what I feel.

The Summer season is going fast. I shall be in Fishbone in September. I write a letter and I am accepted. Now I must get ready and go there. I must get clothes. I pick blackberries and sell them. I buy clothes with the money. I sell peaches off our little farm after we have canned enough for the family. I sell potatoes. I sell green corn. I do all the extra days' work I can get for fifty cents a day. I want to go to college. I want to get an education and be a Governor, rail-splitter, President. I have seen too many grow up like weeds and go to seed here in the hills where I live. I want to go beyond this all. And I shall go beyond if I ever get to Fishbone.

My father has worked on the section for the C. & O. Railway for the past seventeen years. The supervisor of the Cincinnati Division favors him with a railway pass for me to ride to Fishbone. My brother borrows fifty dollars for me. My father gives me five. My mother gives me one. I have already saved ten and bought me a trunk and a suit of clothes, shirts, socks, neckties, underwear and a scarf and a hat. Dad gives me his overcoat. I have it dyed and it draws up just to fit me. What luck I do have. I am ready for the mountain college—Fishbone—dear old Fishbone.

The choo-choo arrives. A cloud of black smoke follows. I ride away. Good-bye, old hills. I belong to you, and so I say good-bye to you. Good-bye, friends, and you, the well-worked mules in our barn. Good-bye to mattocks, pitch-forks, spades and hoes. Good-bye to you all. I am going off to get an education. I shall return with a pencil behind my ear. It is great to have an education. It is great to walk with a

pencil behind your ear. I am going to Fishbone to take advantages of all they have to offer. And the choo-choo speeds through the blue light of the day.

II

Fishbone is a big school in the little town of Fishbone. I am here now and I know. I see hundreds of others here for the same purpose that I have in mind. We all want to go beyond our hills. We all seek baskets of education. I am going to get my basket full. Yes, I am going to have mine.

I meet the boys. I salute the colors. I am a freshman at Fishbone College. I am just a little upstart here. That is all I am. But I mix and I mingle. I find the Fishbone girls are rope-walkers. They have to watch each step. They cannot wear their silks. They cannot wear high-heel shoes. The authorities raid the girls' dormitories. They get the slippers with the narrow heels. They keep them.

One is fined for stepping on the grass at Fishbone. One is not allowed to smoke at Fishbone. An old man with a bald head—shiny as glass in the moonlight—crawls around our windows at night, hunting for cigarette butts. I throw water out of the window on his bald head. He cries out in anger. He runs in the hall. He knows what window it came from. He has my name and number.

I take a course in the Bible. Old Professor Walrus nods: my faith is not secure. Professor Walrus sleeps in chapel. But that is all right. We all sleep there at Fishbone. We all sleep and nod and look drowsy-eyed. But we wake in time to clap our hands after the speech is done and the song is sung and the organ played. I get tired of having to sleep when I am not obliged to sleep. I paint a handkerchief red. I say my nose is bleeding. The marks

are not put against me and I am excused from chapel. I pull this many times. It grows old. And then I have a boy to answer for me.

I never go out among the girls. I find it is very dangerous. A boy has been fined twenty-five dollars for kissing a girl. I would be fined too. My fine would probably be twice twenty-five. But I do not indulge. Social life is limited at Fishbone. I clean out the manure and haul it over the ground. And I work in the dining-room. I wait on table. I get plenty to eat and I am growing. I am getting an education, too.

The year goes slow at Fishbone. I count the days. I clean the barns of their manure and I lean on my pitch-fork and dream. I say the days go slow at Fishbone. And I count them. I find that Fishbone life is not the life for me. It is either too fast or too slow. It must be too fast. I cannot get any applejack to drink at Fishbone. It is a dry place. I cannot get any cider. I cannot get any persimmon brandy. I cannot get any home-made twist to chew.

I want my shotgun that doesn't have a sight. It has seen service for two generations. The barrel is corroded now. But I need it. I need a pack of hounds. I need to be back on the soil again. I need to drink of lonesome waters, back where I grew up. I need to see the stars shine down on the clouds of loose green leaves. I need to set the blooming hollyhocks in the chimney corner the chickens wallow under. I need to feel the wind about my face and going through my hair, and I need the sunshine on my skin.

I need my mountain mother to explain the Bible to me and I don't need to know it the way it is taught at Fishbone College. They are supposed to teach the Bible. Walrus is supposed to teach it to us. But I get to the place where I hate the Bible. There

used to be something sacred about it, but since I have been in Fishbone that sacredness is removed. I regard it as just another book. I am torn to pieces the way the Bible is taught. They just don't know about it. People away from Fishbone go on about the marvelous way the Bible is taught there. They just don't know about it. Let them send their sons and daughters. They will soon find out the things I am saying are true.

I have dreams of home now. The year is passing. It has gone so slowly. I begin to hear the pounding of the horses' hoofs and the rattle of the buggy over the dusty Spring roads, though it is all only a dream—a dream of home and green among the trees and white clouds floating over—a dream of the furrow, the fresh furrow and young green corn—a dream of the stars shining down on the green fields and the wind in the tree tops. I begin to hear the fiddle at the square dance. And I begin to swing my partner on the plank floor. In the hills of Northeast Kentucky is the place to be. It is a great land inhabited by the finest people on earth. I have dreams of that place—dreams of the trees and the fields and streams and the stars above them.

I find Fishbone is not what I expected it to be. I do not fit. I am independent and free. Fishbone doesn't want that type of student. They want one that can stand to stay in jail, for college is a jail. We are never allowed to leave. I know Fishbone does not want me. I can tell it. They do not want a student who will not hand-shake the professors for a grade. I just can't do that, though it would be fun to see the A's come rolling in to take the place of my weasly C's and D's.

I am going back to the soil with an empty basket. I leave education for others. I hope they get full baskets. I do not want

it. I see now what it is. I do not want it. I shall leave Fishbone soon. I send letters to radio studios where tobacco programmes are put on and ask them to play numbers for the boys in Fishbone, who love the tobacco they advertise but can't use it on account of the Fishbone officials. Then we listen over the air and everybody laughs.

It is great fun. The officials are mad at Fishbone. They offer rewards for the ones that caused studios to play for the Fishbone boys. And then I laugh.

III

It is May 27, 1932. I am packing to leave Fishbone. The year is over. I get the monitor's wheelbarrow and wheel my trunk to the station. I express it home. I have eighty cents left and I owe Fishbone nearly forty dollars. I paste three Fishbone stickers on my suitcase. There is the word Fishbone spelled in big letters on the sticker. There is a cross on the sticker and behind the cross is a sun. Above the cross and the sun are these words: "Vincit qui patitur." And in a blue circle around the blue cross are these words in white letters: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

These words go away from Fishbone and people think they are representative of the place. They are not. I know they are not. I start thumbing my way across Kentucky with these words on my suitcase. I carry them with me to the hill country. I carry them on my suitcase but not in my heart, for I don't believe them. They are not true of Fishbone College. And so it is farewell to old Fishbone—farewell forever, for I shall not return. The hills grow small and dark behind. In six hours I am home. I spent ten cents for a bowl of soup. I have seventy left. I give it to my mother.

Home again. Back to the hills. I go to our shack among the pines. I am glad to see it. I am proud to see the blue smoke rise from the stone chimney. I am glad to see the young tobacco and the corn. I am glad to see the green back in the oak trees on the hill—green back in all the trees. I am proud to be home. Here we all are together—here we are at the table together, and my mother asks me about Fishbone.

I do not talk about Fishbone. People who have been there are like the veterans of the World War. They don't like to talk about France and the war, and I am an old Fishbone veteran and I don't like to talk about Fishbone. So I say as little as possible to my mother. While I am at the supper table I hear the long notes of the hunter's horn sound across the green valley, and then there is an echo. After supper I go out and walk under the stars and the trees. It is great to be home again. I am filled with life.

I try to pray. But my prayers are crude. I am close against the soil. I pray: "Creator of the Universe, make me strong enough to rise above these oaks. Give me fists big as fence-post mauls. Give me a backbone big as an oak sapling. Make my body tough-butted hickory. Make a man of me. Let me do more than my share of work. And let the branches of my tough-butted hickory body find a place beyond the stars."

I am spending the Summer at home. I am plowing the soil. I am happy to be cutting posts and making fence. It is great to live in the hills of Kentucky. I am working hard at home. My mother and father are hard-put for money. My father is caught in this great calamity of a Depression, and his section work has been cut to four days a week, with a 10% reduction in wages. They sold eggs, butter,

milk, corn and potatoes, and sent the money to me at Fishbone. I think of this now.

At the post-office I open two letters from Fishbone College, Fishbone, Kentucky. One letter reads that I have flunked Bible and composition. I did not make my standing. Therefore, I am expelled—not expelled, but I can't return. That is all right. The reason I did not make my standing was: I did not swallow the Bible as Professor Walrus fed it to me. I couldn't please old Jiggs. So I lost in composition. That is the reason this piece of truth is no better written than it is: I did not pass in Jiggs' composition course. I couldn't swallow it till it was punched down my throat with a mattock handle.

The second letter had a statement in it that stabbed me like a knife at first. And then I laughed. The statement was this: "You will not be admitted to Fishbone College next year. We think you will not profit by a college education." I'll admit I do not care for Fishbone College, but who is it there who knows that I or anyone else will not profit by a college education? The statement should have read, to have been correct, that I would not profit by a *Fishbone* college education. I know damn well I am going to profit by one from some other college. I am now fifteen and strong in body. Let us turn away from Fishbone and look to the future. That is what I am going to do.

I am just plain Jim Stuart now. I am rabbit hunting. It is Autumn. The leaves have turned to yellow and light yellow and to scarlet and silver and gold. The season is great. I love it. The trees are beautiful here in Northeast Kentucky. And I am proud to be back close to the Kentucky soil. I shall be a writer some day. I think I shall be a writer. If I do, I shall say many

more things about Fishbone. I shall make it the background for a novel. It would make a good background. There is plenty of material in Kentucky for a writer. I am going after it. Fishbone can go to the dumps, for my part. I am glad to get away from that place. All I want is never to be classed as even a once-student from that school, studying Bible and composition. The price is too great.

Now I want to say something to Fishbone and all concerned with Fishbone. Fishbone, you have dealt with me. Now I shall deal with you. As I look at the sticker still on my suitcase and the cross with the sun on it and the words, "Vincit Qui Patitur," I think of the silent prayer I uttered about the branches on my tough-butted hickory body finding a place beyond the stars. Yes, those stars that I am trying to find a place beyond, old Fishbone, are as great as the sun behind your cross. And remember, Fishbone, I'll beat you yet. Hell yes, I shall beat you. I am able to use a pen and a typewriter, and I shall speak against you. I shall speak against you because I know you.

I shall fight you because you are insincere. You are a thin monument in the air. You are a wind-structure. You are nothing. "The dead take to their graves, in their clutched fingers, only that which they have given away." Fishbone, what have you given to me? You gave me scorn. You told me I could do nothing in life—I should not go to college. Are you going to take this to the grave with you? You must lie in a grave, you know. You are bound to go to the grave. You cannot miss it. We all go to the grave. Institutions go as well as human flesh.

I shall see you twenty years later, Fishbone, if we are both out of the grave I have been speaking of.

GOLF IS A POOR MAN'S GAME

BY KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

THE White Brook, our country club, faces a curious situation. We have a \$50,000 house equipped with every known convenience and luxury; we have a championship course offering fresh beauties, fresh challenges to skill, on every tee; we have a practise green, tennis courts, a skating rink, a swimming pool, a toboggan run—all the trimmings. But at this moment we have less than half the income necessary to save the club from collapse and dissolution.

Tactful inquiry reveals that our predicament is pretty general. The neighboring clubs, numbering fifteen in this metropolitan area, range from mere straitened circumstances to a condition only two jumps ahead of the sheriff. Bonny Brae and the Hill have actually closed their doors and placed their acres in the hands of real estate men, who go out in the late afternoon and stare hopelessly at the fluffy traps, the intricate water hazards, the rolling fairways and perfectly graded greens. Westfield has reduced its greens fee and hung out a sign on the highway soliciting public favor. The others are muddling along, assessing, borrowing, sinking deeper every minute.

Almost everybody agrees on the cause: the Depression. If a club shows a \$40,000 annual budget (and this is conservative), its dues being \$100, ease in Zion rests on its retention of four hundred paying members. If even one hundred resign, and if no substitutes can be rushed into the

breach, and if the corporation lacks—as most golf clubs do lack—reserves, surplus or sinking fund—bang! No club.

Yet somebody once undertook to prove that *post hoc ergo propter hoc* has a flaw in it. A few of us, still dubs at golf but members here of long standing, will concede only that the Depression is an immediate contributing factor to our decline, in the sense that when one thing goes wrong others follow. We believe that the actual cause antedates November, 1929, by thirty years.

For that is when our fathers incorporated White Brook, in 1899. A dozen residents of this suburban township took leasehold on a few acres of pasture, knocked up a shack in the center, and began slicing gutta percha balls about the terrain, to the vast amusement of everybody else. The dues were ten dollars.

It is hard to realize how recently golf in this country began, so firm and extensive is its hold upon us now. Fifty years ago a man traveling with a bag of clubs was an object of wonder and derision. Many confused the game with polo. The first club on this side, the St. Andrews of Yonkers, was founded so late as 1888. Two years later golf was still virtually unknown, and the U.S.G.A. was not formed until '94. Thus White Brook was almost a pioneer.

I remember well the main room of our primitive clubhouse. Windsor chairs girt the hearth; English sporting prints and score cards were tacked around the stained

walls; at dusk of an Autumn day the fire crackled cheerfully and the air was thick with smoke and post mortems. One of us might have got a six on the 400-yard fourth, and this feat deserved analysis. Somebody would debate the merits of his Stanley Steamer as against the Pope-Toledo. Or somebody would bring up the matter of a new playwright named Shaw.

Looking back, I marvel that we could have enjoyed golf under such conditions. Six holes, no tees, the greens rougher than our present fairways. Why, every member knew every other by his first name! And old Mac Kelley, our whole greens department, would fill in a foursome on Sunday afternoons! The possession of more than four sticks—long-headed driver, cleek, loftier, putter—was unheard of. And we played, actually, for fun. Oh, we were simple, childish.

The change came slowly; we welcomed every step. Golf grew to manhood, and White Brook grew with it. Word spread that swatting a pill and walking a mile wasn't so silly as it looked: there was something *to* the game, it seemed; at least you got a healthy tan, never lacked a funny story in time of need, met a crowd of nice fellows with a common interest. More and more took up the game, including women. Even Miss Sadie Hackett and Colonel Avery's rugged daughter Agnes could be seen of a pleasant morning, gravely swinging and trudging about, in long heavy plaid skirts belted with patent leather, in wasp-waisted and puff-sleeved shirtwaists and broad flat, aggressively pinned straw hats.

I remember how proud we all were when a man named Travis from Garden City went over and won the British Open. That was in 1904. People didn't laugh at us any more; they jumped off trolleys to stand and watch, even to beg a shot. They

bought outfits and came around to join. By 1906 we had begun to build public courses, and almost every American town of any pretensions boasted a private club in its suburbs.

The British were rather shocked by the expensiveness of our game. Over there five guineas bought a year's play on the best links, but some of our clubs were already demanding a hundred dollars. Little did we realize that within twenty years we should be charging applicants two thousand dollars for their prerequisite *non-interest-bearing bond*, a five-hundred-dollar initiation fee, and a like sum every year in dues. But we Americans, when we go into something, like to do it in a Big Way. We began to need the money, and it came in easily enough.

So White Brook extended its membership limit, filled it almost overnight, and acquired a waiting list. We joined the U.S.G.A. and the State association. "Everybody's Doing It", ran the popular song. Eagerly we did it too.

II

We bought new clothes. Anything old and loose had served; but one day a man began to play in a pair of baggy things we had known as bicycle pants, and was not derided. I wonder who sent him. The birth and burgeoning of plus-fours would make a study in itself. Did the more and more Turkish drape really look better, or did the textile people want to use more cloth? Sweaters and hose in matched color, caulked shoes, chamouis gloves, leather wind-breakers, umbrellas, rubber cape-coats, sun hats—all these new necessities appeared as the manufacturers began to realize the possibilities of the game, until a man could spend two or three hundred a year on his clothes alone. Many did.

There was a growing conviction that attire mattered. One could not, it appeared, play one's best game unless one felt well dressed. Golf was not like shooting or fishing, where, the tougher you looked, the better. No, no. Witness the professionals, dressed to the nines. This new game was refined, subtle. So subtle it proved that I have watched a man hesitate anxiously before his open locker, undecided between the blue sweater that matched his stockings and the black that contrasted. He could not afford to go wrong, for he had a crucial match to play.

It was here, perhaps, not on the course, that so-called psychology entered the game. Golf was real and golf was earnest, and a drive and a pitch were not its goal. It was often, as wives and families attested, also a state of mind, bouncing between hysteria after a good round and suicidal despair after a poor one. It was presided over by a miasma of awful seriousness in which a cough, the scratch of a match during a shot, afforded excuse for homicide. The strain was terrific. A man must "live right" the night before he walked around the country matching strokes with a friend. Reverence began to be accorded the player who never spoke during a match; gone was all our happy chatter—it took our minds off the Game.

This do-or-die attitude was enhanced by the instruction we were receiving. Joe Mattson, the retired piano manufacturer who used to give us tips for the fun of it, had been replaced by a red-headed young man from Kirkcudbright, who filled our little lounge with shiny new clubs, plaid bags, boxes of tempting white balls. He showed us for the first time what a complicated process functioned—or failed to function—during the swing; what a nice synchronizing of muscles was necessary. He got us all keyed up. One man found

he simply could not hit properly without thirteen preliminary waggles—something about it, he said. Another invented a head-dress of straps and braces that prevented him (unless he wished to break his neck) from looking up. The young Scot received no salary at first, but he got the golf-ball concession, which was soon worth two or three thousand a year to him. Then one year he placed in the National Open, and immediately thereafter demanded a salary of \$10,000. We paid it, but lost him ultimately—to the movies. He was a nice boy and a good teacher. But some of us used to long for old Joe Mattson and his simple doctrine: "Stand back and hit hell out of it."

Other accessories came with the pro, or soon after. We must have a new house. The little old shack would do for fifty men who dressed at home, but we were now two hundred. So a neighboring estate of fifty acres was purchased and enough house-lots of non-golfable land were pared off the edges to swing the deal. White Brook never had any capital: we had to hew our way and pay as we went. We built the house. Its locker rooms accommodate 450 without crowding. The architect said we must have showers. A man could dash around town selling wool or insurance all day without a bath and change of clothes, but after knocking a ball over a golf course, even on a cool day, a hot and cold shower and a complete change were necessary.

And scales. And towels in thousands. And crêpe-paper slippers, and brushes and soap and stools, and a non-scalding device that cost \$200, and yards and yards of rubber and fiber matting. It is not my wish to cry down this equipment. No hotel in all the Floridas ever offered better. All told, however, it came to a staggering sum. And a few of us sometimes wondered if

we weren't losing sight of the woods for the trees—specifically, losing sight of those long straight drives and unerring putts that we had meant to achieve and enjoy.

The rest of the house was soon quite up to the men's quarters. The living-room was made big enough for dances and dinners and annual meetings. The third-floor bedrooms were designed for men whose families left them in Summer—and if they have been used on occasion to harbor members who could not, or dared not, go home after the dances and dinners, that is, of course, understandable. Prohibition got everybody to drinking, and golf is hard work as we played it.

A restaurant became necessary. We comforted ourselves with the assurance that it would soon pay for itself, but there we were wrong: it lost more money each year. If we provided steaks and asparagus, everybody wanted crackers and milk. At a golf club everybody wants to eat almost simultaneously, and on the days when we prepared for a hundred, miraculously all but five would slip off somewhere else; if we sailed close to the wind they came roaring in and mobbed us. That restaurant lost money, wasted food in hundred-weights until we turned it over to a steward who got also the tonic concession upstairs—a rich plum, of course—whereby he regained his food losses and was able to clear a little. White Brook was out of pocket nonetheless.

In much the same gallant, blundering spirit we acquired the rest of the plant. The ladies' ell was necessary. So was the golf shop. We paid for the buffer on which the pro's second assistant polished our clubs after every round so that we could look like experts even if our handicaps stood at 36. We paid for the steel racks on which he stored our clubs for \$1.50 a month. It became inadvisable for

a man to keep his clubs in his locker, wipe them off himself—nobody knew just why. The professional got the storage fees, but we billed the members for him and reimbursed him if they defaulted.

The caddy house was also necessary. Caddies must be kept out of sight except when in use. Oddly enough, we now have in White Brook three honorary members who were once caddies, and we are proud to know them. But when they were boys we hid them, and dressed them up in caps and armbands to look pretty; and to keep them content gave them the use of the course one day a week, tips as well as the dollar fee, old clubs and balls sometimes not old at all, an annual tournament and dinner. Most significant, we gave them the habit of employment; we looked with scorn on any fellow-members who preferred to carry their own clubs. "Support the club," we chanted in unison. "You've got system in your business; put system into your game." The system used by most of our caddies was to steal balls whenever possible, and move to other clubs if fees were higher, bags lighter.

III

The same story could be told of our skating rink, toboggan run, tennis courts, parking space, putting green, and practise tee. Each was a novelty, therefore good. In the circumstances, all were necessary. Other clubs were putting them in, and competition was savage. If a man must drive a block or two to his club before walking two miles unburdened but for a cigarette, huge parking facilities are essential. If a man's interest in golf has become tenuous or capricious, or if his family object to his absence from home, other sports and diversions must be supplied to keep him and them loyal.

It all cost a fortune, and even in good times the plant was less than thirty per cent used. But the payroll went on: matron, locker boys, stenographer and book-keeper, furnace man, gardeners, caddy master and assistant ditto—all these exclusive of the course itself. Our overhead swelled like a tidal wave: material, repairs, insurance, taxes and betterment fees—for our venture had raised property values over half a township.

We were drifting further and further from golf as a game. What we had now was essentially not a golf club at all, but a first-class family hotel and amusement center. Unfortunately, nobody on the board of directors was ever in the hotel business. But if any had been, I doubt if it would have made any difference. This was a toy, not a job. "Well, how much money," the chairman of our finance committee would ask, "have we got to play with?"

It is not to be thought that the game itself was neglected. In 1914 a match between leading professionals in England definitely established the superiority of our rubber-cored American Haskells over the old gutta-percha Gourlay balls. A great victory. Golf was thenceforth our own sport. I do not know just when steel shafts and matched sets of clubs appeared. But of course those improvements were ours too. One or two of us thought that perhaps the manufacturers, discovering that brassies and cleeks didn't depreciate fast enough, had decided to prescribe something new and different—just as, later, we had to have a new ball and then another new one. But that is beside the present point. In golf we were supreme. Francis Ouimet's conquest of Ray and Vardon carried on what Travis had begun; and Jones and Hagen and Sarazen finished the job.

These achievements inspired all of us. We played golf earnestly and expensively. Along with the clubhouse came, of course, our present championship eighteen hole course. It was also necessary. We couldn't have noted golfers striding scornfully around our little nine-hole pasture; and everybody said that a really testing course improved a man's game. Advancement was the word, and we advanced—this in the early 1920's. We hired a noted golf architect, and he and some fifty laborers gave us the longest, trickiest, most varied sort of eighteen holes the terrain permitted. We hired a greenskeeper at \$3500 a year and gave him a house to live in. He wanted twenty men to help him, and he got them. We bought tractors and trucks, gang mowers and rakes, seeding machines and loam, seven kinds of fertilizer, furlongs of hose, tons of sand.

We increased our membership limit to 450, raised the dues, incorporated the bond racket in our by-laws, and advanced in a Great Big Way. New members flocked in. We opened the new house with a very wet housewarming, and the course with an exhibition match that drew thousands of spectators. We joined the local four-ball league. We placed a man in the National Open and twice running won the State Amateur. We persuaded prominent members to donate cups and trophies. We gave away a tableful of costly hardware at every Saturday tournament.

At one time during these glorious years our income touched \$100,000. And whatever came in, we spent. After all, it was only a game.

We played that game, every mother's son and almost every mother's daughter of us, earnestly, eagerly, four or five times a week. Did we improve? Perhaps. Certainly it became increasingly difficult to keep our minds on the actual play. Our

equipment was so splendid that it distracted us. The feats of great golfers whom we had watched made our own efforts seem puerile. Playing for fun was replaced by intricate gambling: penalizing three putts with jingles, rewarding low scores with birdies and eagles; syndicates, side matches, matching cards with friends in other foursomes—all these devices were added to the usual four-ball best-ball contest on which one was expected to wager something. The scorekeeper was kept busy. A dollar-a-hole match was not unheard of, and I have known a schoolmaster and a parson, neither of whom married money, to play a \$10 nassau in which each risked \$30.

So the money rolled in and the money rolled out, and we were all of us happy as larks. Looking back on the old days, we laughed merrily. Why, the game was really a game now: plus-fours (giving way to slacks), sweaters and stockings to match, wooden tees at 25 cents a dozen, \$125 matched sets of steel-shafted clubs, \$20 bags, \$5 lessons twice a week, \$1 balls, 200-yard markers, direction flags, thatched shelters here and there, umbrellas, caddy uniforms, caulked shoes, Tom Collinses at the nineteenth hole—every accessory that ingenuity could devise, we had. If the result wasn't a game, what was it?

IV

The ax fell slowly, at first gently, but with inexorable aim. The Spring of 1929 saw a few more resignations than we had been accustomed to. We ran a membership drive and in six weeks filled the ranks. But our treasurer began to look pensive. Our improvement of the district had raised our taxes, betterment assessments were coming in, a dry season sent the water bill soaring. Abutters who had been

delighted to live alongside a golf course were now calling for screens as sliced shots penetrated their windows. We had two or three damage suits before we learned to cover up with insurance. We met these challenges with raised dues, debentures, guest fees.

But a more vigorous drive was needed the following year to fill the vacancies that were ever mounting. The market had crashed; business was shaken; people were cutting down, moving away, giving up golf. This was serious, for our items of maintenance were fixed. Wages were still high, material had not yet dropped in price. Some ingenious soul devised the special active membership, which allowed playing privileges without a vote at greatly reduced cost—no bond, no initiation fee. The plan worked well until we realized that all the young members coming in were taking advantage of the scheme—and until our resigning members began to clamor for the redemption of their bonds.

A shrewd lawyer had inserted a clause in those documents disclaiming any obligation by the club to redeem them unless and until our membership was full. It was, of course, not full. The technicality released us, but it lost us much good-will. We bought up a few bonds at par, 100 (most of them had been sold by us at 250), and let the others run. We went on, trying to laugh it off. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon were telling us that happy days were just around the corner. Golf was a great game after all; once playing you could forget your troubles. But our genial treasurer lost thirty pounds that year.

1931, then 1932, dragged past, and business was worse instead of better. Prices and labor had come down, but not to a degree consistent with the concerted egress

from our rolls. It was a rout. Twice we girded up our loins, organized teams in the approved American fashion, and went forth with fistfuls of application blanks to scour the highways and byways for new members. The inspection of applicants became a joke: we took in everybody who could deposit \$25 in earnest of his willingness to begin playing golf; the balance could wait, could be paid in monthly installments.

This device brought men in, but it couldn't keep them in. Installment-paying turned our club into a hotel, with this difference: our transient customers were forever jumping their bills. Of all his obligations, we learned, the average American pays his golf club last. Why, it's only a game! We went to collection lawyers at last, and from there into court. But by that time most of our creditors really were broke. Twice our board of directors, to tide over a hard place, have affixed their signatures to notes which, if abruptly called, would have ruined them. God knows how we muddled through.

Comes the dawn of this year of grace 1933. Forty men answer the call to our annual meeting. From a roster of 300 members we have 150 resignations and requests for leave of absence. The steward and the assistant pro have gone; our high-priced greenskeeper is muttering. Taxes and water bill for last year remain unpaid. Equipment needs replacement, the house needs paint, the course needs the expenditure of thousands of dollars to keep it in condition through the season. But there is almost no money. We have a house assessed at \$30,000, land worth in boom times ten times that figure, and not a chance of selling either.

Somebody suggests, of course, the usual membership drive. It is an eloquent speech, but there is no applause. Truly, we

are weary of trying to sell something that everybody wants but nobody can pay for.

Somebody suggests, in despair, liquidation as best it can be effected—assessment of the loyal members in equal amount, long-term notes secured by the real estate. To a man our board blanches, our treasurer tears his hair, and three members slip out into the night.

Then it is that a man stands up, gets recognition, and begins to talk to us in a low, rather uncertain voice. His name is no matter; we have never been sure what he does for a living; but the important thing about him is that his membership in White Brook dates from 1900. We hardly knew he was still alive.

V

"Back in the old days," he is saying calmly, "young Willard Coombs once bought him three new-fangled clubs—a niblick, a sammy, and a goose-necked putter. And old Joe Mattson, who gave us lessons for fun, frowned on them. Matt said he'd take his cleek—just his cleek—and play around with Willard and his new weapons, and knock the tar out of him. Well, he did.

"My idea," he tells us, "is that golf is not a rich man's game. Go ahead and laugh. But any game, to be worth while, must be a poor man's game, not loading a man down with costly stuff that takes his mind off the prime essential—to hit the ball like merry hell. Nobody plays any better for all this swag and ballyhoo. Nobody knows anybody else nowadays, so it isn't so much fun; the same men play together the season round, and total strangers occupying adjoining lockers stay strangers for years. And it is hard to do well anything that has ceased to be fun. The game of golf has been wrapped in so much cellophane that you can't see it

any more. And it costs more money than any game is worth."

It occurs to some of us that maybe he is right.

"You say the Depression is responsible for this. That's twaddle. If you'd said Repression, I would agree. For thirty years we have been repressing golf in favor of everything else you can think of.

"If golf has ceased to be fun, it is because we have made, not a game, but hard work of it. But none of us would have launched a business on the preposterous financial basis by which we have organized this sport, and the pass it has come to serves us right. If any of you still like golf as a game and not as a vocation or a state of mind, I think I can show you how to play it—without mortgaging our shirts or going hungry. At White Brook, too."

More in sorrow than in anger, we ask him how.

"Shut up this damned château and move back into the shack until business picks up. Let the pro go or stay as he likes, but sell your own golf balls and tonic, and let nobody take those rights from you. Fire all but ten caddies, who should be retained for players over seventy. Keep the course in condition, but discharge all the payroll but the greenskeeper and three men to repair machines; hire boys to water the greens and rake the traps; and divide the members into seven gangs to take turns cutting fairways and replacing divots one evening each week through the season.

"Drop all thought of a membership drive: what men we could get would be in arrears or gone before the Fourth of July. Work out a budget restricted solely to paying off our debt and the playing of golf by duffers, and cut our membership

dues to a figure that will cover it and leave a little something over. I think \$50 will do it, maybe less. And when good times come again, if they ever do, you can choose between the two methods the merits of each.

"That is," he concluded as tranquilly as he had begun, "if you like golf as a game. If you prefer the trimmings to the real thing, let's drop out of this racket and let the buzzards scrap for ten cents on the dollar."

Well, I think we are going to do it. It is, of course, the reverse of progress; we have become backsliders; we have renounced the faith and lost salvation. But we are going to try that man's remedy. In a month or so we shall begin to hump ourselves in an attempt to get back to something we have lost. It will be funny to see Judge Bendix running a tractor, the Reverend Whitlaw replacing divots, all our insurance salesmen and brokers and dentists carrying their own bags. But if golf is worth anything, it should be worth that effort.

Some of us are even childish enough to believe that our game will improve. Maybe when a man is not troubled by the necessity of choosing between a number four or a number five iron (because he has only the mashie), he will concentrate wholly on the shot itself and split the pin; maybe if he has only three or four balls in his bag, he will keep his eye on them better. Maybe if he is playing only for the State House, his knees won't tremble . . .

There is talk, now, of opening up the locker rooms, for some of our ex-members are inquiring about returning to the fold. Maybe the second thirty-year cycle of golf has begun. Maybe we can keep from pressing, this time.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

ANNOUNCEMENT of a Los Angeles savant:

FRANK W. STOCKTON, D.D.S.

Announces the opening

of

YE STUDIO OF DENTISTRY

(Where the practice of Dentistry is an art)

217 South Vermont avenue

(Opposite KTM)

Former location

7046 Hollywood Boulevard

Hours: 9 to 4

Phone

And by Appointment EXposition 3786

SCIENTIFIC item from the Los Angeles
Herald & Express:

Fairies do exist.

California's desert country, the great Mojave desert, fairly teems with a modern, robot-like race of brownies, similar in many respects to the brownies of Europe, but larger and more dazzling in their splendor. Over the myriads of spirit folk that inhabit the desert rules a great desert god, a being of superhuman stature.

These were the declarations today of Geoffrey Hodson, internationally known clairvoyant and author, who is in Los Angeles conducting a lecture series before local theosophical societies. Hodson it was who aided the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in Doyle's investigation of photographs depicting fairies in a sylvan glen of England. These photographs, made by two little girls with their father's camera, were declared by Doyle to be portraits of genuine English fairies.

But the tiny folk are not confined to England, nor even to the Old World, according to Hodson. While he and his wife were motoring to California recently, he declared, he beheld great hosts of brownies in the desert.

"In height, the Mojave desert brownies

range from eight inches to twenty inches," Hodson said. "They are human in shape, but with bodies with definitely metallic appearance, as if constructed of burnished bronze, copper or gold. They shine with an effect resembling photographic halation.

"Bands of bright color encircle these brownies' barrel-shaped bodies. The bands are red, orange and green and add to the brilliance of the invisible people. Their appearance is somewhat that of a modern robot, but there is nothing stiff or mechanical about their movements."

Presiding over the councils of these desert dwellers, Hodson said he beheld in the skies a spiritual colossus, sixty feet tall, with farflung auric emanations in brilliant colors of the rainbow.

This was the great desert god of the fairies, Hodson said he believed.

"The god, too, is human in model, majestic in appearance, calm and poised, yet giving the impression of incalculable dynamic potency of the reservoirs of natural energy," Hodson explained.

Further, Hodson said, angels actually exist. "In the not far distant future," he promised, "the barriers which for centuries have separated angels from mankind will again be penetrated, and humanity will see and know the angels as they did in the early times."

ILLINOIS

DRAFT of a projected new national hymn
by the gifted Angus Hibbard of Chicago:

THE U. S. A. FOREVER

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today,

Work away, work away, for the land
of the free;

United, firm, with every State,

To make a nation good and great,

Work away, work away, for the land
of the free!

CHORUS:

The U. S. A. forever! hurray! hurray!
 The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
 The U. S. A. forever!
 Hurray! Hurray! the U. S. A. forever!
 Hurray! Hurray! the U. S. A. forever!

The North and South, the East and West,
 We love them all, for all are best,
 Work away, work away, for the land
 of the free.
 United States and hearts and hands
 Will make the greatest of all lands,
 Work away, work away, for the land
 of the free.

CHORUS:

The U. S. A. forever! hurray! hurray!
 etc.

MARYLAND

EDITOR JAMES E. BYRD of the *Princess Anne Marylander & Herald* discovers a new way to harass the neighbors:

How much money do you carry around in your pockets?

Did you ever wonder just what sum the average citizen keeps on his person for spending change?

And did you ever wonder what class of our citizens actually have the most ready money?

We did, and—

Believe it or not, but the farmer of Somerset county apparently is still the moneyed man of the community.

Hard times may have hit him hard, and he may not have sold enough of his crops to pay for his seed and fertilizer, but he still has more money in pocket than any other class of our citizens.

This fact was revealed here this week, when a representative of this paper made a check of the various classes of people making up our population.

Commission men, bookkeepers, clerks, business men, professional men, county officials, and farmers were approached, and the amount of money actually in pocket reveals the following interesting figures:

Among twenty-five persons interviewed, it was found that there was an average amount of cash in pocket of \$11.25 plus per

person, or \$381.29 in all, in the pockets of the twenty-five.

An equal number of persons representing the several classifications were interviewed, and the final check-up shows the average amount in the pockets of—

Clerks (persons employed in the retail stores of the town), \$1.19.

Bookkeepers, \$22.49.

Professional men (law and medicine represented in this classification), \$14.60.

Business men (merchants accosted on the streets), \$22.49.

Commission men, \$21.09.

County officials, \$7.91.

Farmers, \$31.60.

In this check-up the writer was told, many times, that the question we asked, "How much money do you have in your pocket?" was "none of your business." We admitted this cheerfully, and usually, after we explained what we were trying to do, the person approached pulled out their purse and counted their change for us. Only one person refused to do this.

CONTRIBUTION to the American vocabulary by the editor of the parish bulletin of the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore:

Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society at 3. Our Presidential President, Miss Helen Lacy, will make the address.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the correspondent of the United Press at Everett:

Members of the Chelsea High-school football team passed a football around the grave and then tossed it into the casket as a tribute at the burial of Charles Marino, sixteen-year-old fullback, in Woodlawn Cemetery yesterday. He was shot to death by a policeman while attempting a hold-up in Medford Thursday night.

THE life of the spirit in the old home of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker, as reported by the *Boston Post*:

The Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougner executed several Indian dances, some of them with artificial snakes, for the edification of his congregation at Tremont Temple last

night during the course of his regular Sunday night sermon. Discussing the habits and characteristics of the Smoke-Eye Indians whom he visited one Summer in Phoenix, Ariz., Dr. Brougher illustrated his remarks by going through the steps and movements of the Indian dances. He first executed what the Indians call a flute dance and then wrapping several artificial snakes around him he went through the Smoke-Eye snake dance. At one point in the dance at which the Indians shout, Dr. Brougher let out a war-whoop that reverberated through Tremont Temple.

MICHIGAN

News item in the bulletin of the Third Christian Reformed Church of Kalamazoo:

Several in the congregation are baffled by melancholy and temptations.

MISSOURI

Sign displayed in the window of a Sedalia cigar store:

John is closing this shop on the 1st. The following services we have rendered for the past twenty years will be found at the following places: Stamps at the postoffice. Free ice water at the soda fountain next door. Telephone at the hotel. Baseball scores at Western Union. Road information at Chamber of Commerce. Railroad info at depot. Magazines at drug-store. And loafing on the courthouse lawn.

POOR JOHN.

NEW JERSEY

DEATH of a hero of the town of Elizabeth, as recorded by the New York *Herald Tribune*:

Charles Gonder, twenty-six years old, died here this morning in St. Elizabeth's Hospital after collapsing on the floor of the Bayonne Opera House, where he had danced continuously in a marathon contest for 1,147 hours, or forty-seven days and nineteen hours.

Gonder had complained of feeling ill while dancing and prior to his collapse had been disqualified by the judges, who main-

tained that, although in motion, he was not dancing. In the last two days he had had five teeth removed, while he continued to wobble around the floor.

MORAL news from Pitman, as presented to the nation by the United Press:

Mosquitoes have prevented petting parties from becoming a problem in New Jersey, club women were assured here at a conference. Mrs. Charles A. Prickett, chairman of the committee on mosquito extermination of the New Jersey Federation of Women Clubs, said: "Swarms of healthy, ambitious mosquitoes will see to it that there never is an epidemic of petting in New Jersey."

FROM a Christian reader of the Newark *Evening News*:

Some years ago when a President said he would remove "In God We Trust" from our coinage, because of the many improper uses money is put to, I predicted that when it was done a great calamity would befall us. With the first issuance of nickels from which the inscription was omitted one of the greatest runs on Wall Street took place. President Roosevelt recognized the mistake and ordered the elimination to cease.

There is another punishment in store for the time when we deliberately "look back" to drink. Paste this in your hat for remembrance.

(The Rev.) F. S. BERGGREN.
Wood-Ridge.

NEW YORK

A LEARNED reader of the Ovid *Gazette* clears up a century-old mystery:

I wish to say to our friends that we are obliged to have two parties ever since the war in Heaven between God and the Evil Angel, the Devil. Referring to politics, I say there are only two parties, namely, Christ's party and the Devil's party. I have been making observations the past sixty years and I have noted that the Devil chose the Democratic party for his own. Over sixty years ago I heard a man say he could recognize the difference between a wagon-load of Republicans and a load of Democrats who were going to the polls.

My friends, I am sorry to say I have loyal friends who have voted a Democratic ticket. They have been deceived and made mistakes. Yes, there are good men and women in the Democratic party, also in the Republican party, but as a whole the Republican party is superior to the Democratic party.

H. H. WARNER.

OHIO

THE progress of Human Betterment at Ohio State University, as reported by the Columbus *chargé d'affairs* of *Variety*:

Instead of art appreciation, it is now going to be motion-picture appreciation, as a result of a grant of \$10,000 to the State Department of Education and Ohio State University for studies in teaching children to judge the value of the motion picture.

The gift has just been received from the Payne Fund in New York city, according to an announcement by Dr. B. O. Skinner, State director of education. The technical staff which will make the study includes Dr. F. H. Lumley and Dr. Edgar Dale, of the Bureau of Educational Research at Ohio State University; Ben H. Darrow of the Ohio School of the Air, and Miss Elizabeth Watson, of New York, who has been sent here to assist with the project.

An experimental edition of Dr. Dale's book, "How to Appreciate Motion Pictures," will be issued in connection with the study.

WASHINGTON

STRANGE tale from the Port Townsend *Leader*:

By a peculiar coincidence this noon the residence of Frank Laubach, who died last Thursday at Atlanta, Georgia, caught fire just a short time before his funeral was to take place here today. Mrs. A. K. Chambers, daughter of Mr. Laubach, had returned from Georgia for the funeral and had spent the morning at the house disposing of a number of the effects of her parents. She had built a fire in a heater in the living-room but noticed nothing amiss when she left the house before noon. Shortly after one o'clock neighbors noticed smoke issuing from all sides of the house.

This afternoon, during the funeral of Mr. Laubach, the hearse caught fire on the way to the cemetery from the church. Prompt action with extinguishers resulted in it being subdued before any damage was done. It was thought to have been due to the motor backfiring and igniting gasoline.

These coincidences are more to the point by reason of Mr. Laubach having been one of the oldest members of the Port Townsend volunteer fire department. He had assisted in extinguishing almost numberless fires during his long service with the department.

WEST VIRGINIA

FROM the proceedings of the House of Delegates of this great State:

Mr. Sycamore offered the following resolution:

Whereas, The House of Delegates has information that John R. Turner, president of the West Virginia University, has allowed, and is allowing, the young girls attending said university to smoke cigarettes without any rules or regulations against the same, and

Whereas, The said president has instituted, since his term of office, a policy detrimental to the religious welfare of the students attending said school, in that he has permitted to be taught in said institution evolution and the origin of the species. That is to say, he has suffered to be taught at the said institution the theory that the origin of man as set forth in the first chapter of the Bible is incorrect, and

Whereas, He has shown his inability to cope with the difficult and intricate problems of said office and has shown his incapacity to enforce rules and regulations governing said school in such manner as to develop the moral and religious life of the students, and

Whereas, Said John R. Turner has neglected the work of his office by entering into partisan politics, therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Delegates:

That the State Board of Governors be instructed to call for the resignation of John R. Turner, president of West Virginia University, without delay.

WYOMING

SINISTER public notice in the Kemmerer Gazette:

Some of you people of Hamsfork have been scandalizing my name, telling things that are absolutely false, in Frontier and Kemmerer.

If any more is heard, you will be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

WIFE OF HAMSFOK MAIL CARRIER

CANAL ZONE

MANIFESTO in the Panama *American*:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: My lawful husband, known about town as the Man In The Rumble Seat, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for his bar tabs or other debts.

Since he has been sleeping with the two red-faced pot-bellied bums that he does all his drinking with, and who draw salaries for printing stuff they pretend he writes, my husband has gone completely to Hell, as men always do who keep bad company, and I see but little of him (thank goodness).

After hauling him all the way down here in a rumble seat (because he was too drunk to drive the car and so dirty that I would not have him on the front seat with me) and after paying up his booze debts for years and years, I am now washing my hands of him and getting the smell of him out of my wardrobe. There is a limit to what a frail woman can stand. Therefore, take due notice, ye bartenders and scribblers, he'll get no more of my money to pay for your food, booze and lodging.

THE WIFE OF THE
MAN IN THE RUMBLE SEAT.

CANADA

CANADIAN Press dispatch from Brockville, Ontario:

Use of the terms *fruit cocktail* and *fruit punch* to designate pre-meal drinks, creates a wrong attitude in the minds of Canadian youth, the Ontario branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union contended today. The convention went on record as favoring the substitution of the terms

tomato appetizers and *fruit cup* or *fruit nectar*, thus avoiding the suggestion of liquor. The convention recommended its members to use the approved phraseology.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* gives some space to a local worthy:

Pierre Sanscartier, retired farmer, hunter, and teller of tall stories, is now in his hundred and second year. Last Spring he left his farm near East Templeton and went to live with his son Thomas at Coteville, west of East Templeton village.

One day back in the 70's a flock of wild pigeons alighted on Mr. Sanscartier's barn. He ran to the house for his shot-gun. He got the gun, but could not find any shot. As the larder needed meat, Mr. Sanscartier was anxious to get some of the pigeons. In lieu of shot he filled the gun with large tacks and small nails. He fired. The flock rose, but twenty pigeons remained on the roof. Their wings had all been nailed to the roof. Mr. Sanscartier had to climb to the roof with a bag and pry them loose.

One Spring night in the 60's about dusk, Mr. Sanscartier heard the honking of wild geese on their way north. He ran for his gun. He could not see the geese, but heard them faintly far overhead.

"They fly very high," Pierre said. "I guess I won't be able to get one. But I'll take a shot."

He fired in the direction of the noise overhead. Not hearing any goose fall he went into the house.

Next morning just after daybreak (Pierre rose early), he went outdoors. He had been out only a minute when he heard a thump on the ground near him. Investigation showed it was a dead goose, with a bullet hole in its under part.

"It must have been very high," said Pierre, "to take ten hours to fall down."

THE *Journal* of the same town reports a Mendelian marvel:

John Barton, Mount Pleasant avenue, Westboro, took an egg from his chicken-coop yesterday morning and was very much surprised to notice its perfect resemblance on one end to a dog, Jiggs, the family bull terrier, which was destroyed exactly a year ago.

FIRST COMMUNION

BY JOHN FANTE

How well I remember my first confession and communion! I was nine years old then. The day is high and clear in my mind. I remember that I had six sins to confess. I had to tell my confessor that I had used bad words six times. I didn't want to tell him. I didn't want to name the words. He was a holy man. I knelt in the pew and tried to find a way of language that would convey the essence of my sins. I thought of many devices. I thought I could say, "I used bad words six times," or "I sinned against the Sixth Commandment six times," or "I used wicked words six times," or "I talked evil six times," or "I said bad things six times."

For a month the nuns had taught us the solemnity and the liturgy of the confessional. Going to it for the first time would be the most important event of our lives, for thereafter we would have the consciences of sinners. We would know the good from the bad.

There were eight boys and eight girls in our first confession class. We were seven or eight or nine years old. The girls knelt in two pews before the boys. An ugly little girl who grew up to become a nun knelt in front of me. She was Catherine. She was a little girl with thin white skin and shoulder blades that came out. She was crying pitifully. Her shoulders quivered and twitched as I leaned my chin on the pew before me and juggled my six sins. The old, cold church was empty except for the sixteen of us and a nun. The sobs of

Catherine rose and filled it like timid puffs of smoke. Her dress danced to the jerk of them. The nun tiptoed in from the vestibule. She put a black draped arm around the little girl's shoulder and gently stroked her curls.

"There, there!" she whispered. "Don't you take it so hard. I'm sure our Lord knows you're sorry for your sins."

We guys looked at one another and snickered. Sissy Catherine, sorry for her sins! Sissy Catherine, sorry for her sins!

Sorry for her sins? I looked at the dancing curls. Why should *she* be crying? If there was anybody in that class who had a right to cry, it was I. Catherine crying? Huh! Sissy sissy sissy! Wait until she had something really wicked to confess. Then she could cry all right. Wait until she had to confess what *I* had to confess. Little sissy Catherine!

Straightway, I began a bad habit which lived with me for a long time thenceforth. I started to examine her conscience for her. I looked for faults in her as big as mine. She was a very good little girl. She got high marks. She knew "Excelsior" and "Lead, Kindly Light" by heart. I went over the Summer times and days I had known her. I could think of nothing worth crying over. I imagined her in the act of committing a sin. I took her out of the church pew and transposed her to the filling-station grounds, my favorite hang-out. I leaned her against the filling-station wall, put a cigarette butt into her mouth,

and made her swear, say the six wicked words. But it was hardly convincing. Sissy Catherine simply would not do that. She could not swear as I did. Nobody could swear like me. Nobody had the nerve to swear like me. Nobody was bad enough to swear like me. Nobody was dirty enough. Nobody . . . I sniffed.

Long before the priest came down from the sacristy I was outbawling little Catherine. I was the dirtiest guy who ever was. I drew my forearm across my nose and snuggled my face into it. The boy on my left was crying softly. The fellow on my right cleared his throat. White handkerchiefs fluttered among the little girls in the two front pews. Everybody cried. The nun, moved to ecstatic tears herself, pronounced us her most edifying class.

II

The priest came out of the sacristy and knelt for a moment in prayer at the altar. Maybe, I thought, he is praying to our Lord, asking Him to please not send anybody into the confessional who has dirty words to confess. The statue of Christ, His toga opened to a red and bloody heart pierced by two stilettos, pleaded to us from the peak of the marble altar. I was sure I saw His eyes move. I was sure I saw Him breathing. I was sure blood dripped from His heart.

I burrowed into my elbow and howled: "Oh, dear Jesus, I won't say it any more! I'll be good! I won't hang around the filling station any more! Wait and see! Gimme another chance, and wait and see!"

The priest came down from the altar to the confessional. His feet buried themselves into the carpet like iron chains. He took a toothpick out of his mouth and spat a splinter of it to the floor. With breath-

less curiosity and anxiety the sixteen of us watched him. Then he blew his nose and patted it amiably with his handkerchief. He stared up at the choir-loft for a moment as if he had forgotten something. He smiled to the nun, counted us, sighed, and entered the confessional.

The confessions began. The girls were first. Each rose from her pew and looked back timorously at the nun. She nodded kindly, and pointed to the confessional. The girls entered softly, one by one. Through the glazed door we could see each penitent in turn, kneeling in the booth. Came the click-clack, click-clack, at two-minute intervals, of the little slide grating that separates priest from penitent. One after another the girls went in and came out. Their eyes were still wrinkled from tears, but their lips turned meek smiles of relief.

The first boy who confessed came out with a lot of noise. He blustered, his chest in the air. The next had a little opinion in his eyes: a cinch! it said.

Suddenly I made up my mind to confess frankly. I began to get boldly sorry now. I wanted to go in and get it over with. I pitied the priest. My confession would burn his insides.

When my turn came at last, I was greedy to enter. I jumped up and went in. I knelt and blessed myself. The booth was dark and cold, smelling like an ice-box. The sliding door clicked. There was the priest with his nose in his handkerchief. I drew a long breath. I began the prescribed ritual. At once my courage froze.

"Bless me, Father. I confess to Almighty God and to you, Father, that I have sinned. This is my first confession."

Then: "I made six sins. I said something very bad, Father. I knew it was a sin, too. I said something you will not like, Father. I won't do it again, Father. I am awfully

sorry, Father. And now I ask penance and absolution of you, Father."

"I can't give you penance and absolution until I know the sins you committed," the priest whispered.

"They were awful bad, Father. I think you will be mad when I tell you, Father."

"No, I will not be mad. You must tell me."

"Oh, Father! They were awful. You will not like it, Father."

The priest changed his position, moving his arm. I jumped. I thought he was going to hit me.

He said, "Did you take the name of the Lord?"

"Oh, it was a lot worse than that, Father. You don't know how bad it was, Father."

"Did you speak foully? You must tell me. You mustn't be afraid."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Father."

"Tell me. The priest is your friend."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Father."

The priest sighed.

"Did you say 'God damn'?"

"Oh, it was worse, Father."

"Did you say 'Jesus Christ'?"

"Oh no, Father. I never say that."

"Did you say 'bastard'?"

"No, Father. It was almost that though, Father."

"Was it 'son of a bitch'?"

"Yes, Father."

The priest sighed.

"Is that all?"

"Oh yes, Father."

I recited the rest of the formula: "And I am sorry for these and all the sins of my past life, and I ask penance, pardon, and absolution of you, Father."

He gave me my penance—a few short prayers. He lifted his hand in quiet absolution. I came out of the confessional. I was happy, very happy. I knelt at the altar and said my penance. I went out into the

sunshine of a serene afternoon. I never felt so clean. I was a bar of soap. I was fresh water. I was bright tinfoil. I was a new suit of clothes. I was a haircut. I was Christmas Eve and a box of candy. I floated. I whistled. Some day I would be a priest. I had better run home now and feed the chickens, and mow the lawn, and get in the coal and wood, and go to the store.

III

The next morning the sixteen of us were to receive our first Holy Communion. The boys were to wear white shirt-waists and dark breeches. My mother was in the hospital, so my father asked my grandmother to take charge of me, to dress me. I didn't have a white waist, but my grandmother said she would fix that, all right. You bet she fixed it! She went to the bureau for one of my father's white shirts. She snipped the sleeves off at the elbows. I could wear it now, she said. I thought it was a grand shirt to wear, my father's. It covered me like a sheet. The pockets sunk below my belt. The sleeves were still too long. The tail bagged like a pillow. My grandmother agreed: it certainly was a swell shirt. She blessed me, and I went to nine o'clock Mass. I was to offer my First Communion for the success of my mother's operation. They would wheel her into the operating-room that morning.

But only my grandmother and I thought I wore a grand shirt. The sister superior screeched when she saw me standing in line with my partner. She ran to me. She seized my sleeve, long and dangling with unraveled thread. The cloth shrieked, ripping to my elbow.

"For heaven's sake! Go home and put something on."

It was hard to understand. I thought it was a swell shirt, my father's. The guys

laughed and said things about tents and awnings and gunnysacks. Mass would start in five minutes.

My mother would fix my shirt. But I had to hurry. Pretty soon they would begin to operate. I knew of such things, for it had happened twice before in the same year.

I ran across town—twenty blocks—to the hospital. I sprawled and crawled up the three flights of stairs to my mother's room. I opened the door to see them lifting her from the bed on posts to the bed on wheels. I saw my mother. She was too white to sew. She looked as if her face was covered with talcum; like a girl, she had her hair in a braid.

She saw me. She took my hand and smiled.

"He's an angel," my mother said to the nurse. "He went to Communion for me this morning. That's why I'm not afraid."

I blurted: "I never went yet, Ma."

She didn't hear. I half-repeated it, but the nurse pasted a funny-smelling hand over my mouth. They pulled my mother away. I followed them down the rubbery, smelly corridor. The bed on wheels swung quietly into the operating-room. My mother saw me in the hall. She asked the nurses to stop. She waved her fingers to me. I ran tiptoe to her side.

"Isn't that Papa's shirt?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"Let me fix it."

"You can't now," the nurse said. "The doctor's waiting."

"Just a safety pin," my mother said.

The nurse gave her one. She pinned it at the elbow of the torn sleeve, to prevent any further ripping.

"Tell Grandma to fix it," my mother said. We kissed.

They pushed her inside, and I went down the hospital steps. I was too late for

my First Communion. I went home slowly. Soon I forgot all about Communion. I was proud of this swell shirt, my father's. I pulled the collar down and let the breeze fill my waist. The shirt ballooned out.

I tried to explain to my grandmother. She spoke little English and understood less.

"No communion," I said. "Shirt no good. Sister no like. Sleeve too long. Sister tear. Mama say fix."

"Yah, yah," she said. "Me fix 'um."

She got the scissors and cut the sleeves off at the shoulders. Now the shirt drooped to my elbows.

IV

That evening my father sighed to see his fine shirt so amputated, and he made a noise with his teeth and tongue: Sssk sssk sssk.

"Thank God when your mother comes home," he said.

When he learned the why of it, he clattered the dishes with a wild fist. He was furious with the nun. I watched and listened with a great pride. He growled and pressed his temples.

"By Jesus Christ, tomorrow you go to Communion, and you wear a blue work shirt, understand? A work shirt. Not a white shirt, or a green shirt, but a *blue* shirt! A *blue* shirt. *Blue! Blue! Blue!* And I'm gonna take you out of the Catholic school. And I'll put you in the public-school. I'm tired paying taxes, anyway."

"Shut up!" my grandmother said in Italian. "All the time you talk, talk, talk, and say nothing. All the time. Shut up!"

"Shut up yourself!" my father said. "Who's running this house? Me or you?"

"Blah!" my grandmother answered. "Pie-face!"

The next morning there were many surprises on my bed. There was a new pair of breeches. And a new pair of shoes. And three new white waists. And a new pair of stockings. And two new pairs of BVD's. And a new cap. And two new neckties.

In the kitchen I heard my father humming over his breakfast. He had been with my mother most of the night, and her operation had been a success.

My grandmother said to my father, "Why did you buy him white shirts? They soil easily, and he will tear them. Blue is best."

My father said, "No son of mine will ever wear a blue shirt."

"You are crazy," my grandmother said.

"I know what I'm doing," my father said.

"You are crazy," my grandmother said.

"Some more bacon," my father said.

I went to church. After the bells rang at the Sanctus, I walked down the aisle to the communion rail. There were a million singing crickets in my new shoes. People looked up from their prayers to see who made the noise. They bent their necks to see my new shoes.

Gee, it was keen!

WHAT THE AMERICAN VOTES FOR

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

MY FIRST and only presidential vote was cast many, many years ago. It was dictated by pure instinct. I remember the circumstances well. Like all well-brought-up youngsters, I had been told that it was the duty of every citizen to vote—reasons not stated. I was prepared to obey in all good faith, and accordingly, when the time came, I set forth to the polls.

But what was I to vote for? An issue? There was none. You could not get a sheet of cigarette-paper between the official positions of the two parties. A candidate? Well, who were they? Both of them seemed to me to be mediocre time-serving fellows who would sell out their immortal souls, if they had any, for a turn at place and power, and throw in their risen Lord for good measure. Suddenly, the ridiculous truth of the matter struck me: that the whole campaign was based on no political reason at all, but on an astronomical reason. We were voting simply because, since the time we last voted, the earth had gone 1461 times around the sun, or some such number, and for no other reason in the world. As I approached the polls my resentment of this nonsense grew stronger and stronger, and when I arrived I deliberately wrote in a vote for Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

It was not an ignorant vote, for I was fully aware that Jeff was dead. Nor was it a piece of mere flippancy—far from it. I found out afterward that either Mark

Twain or Artemus Ward, I forget which, had once done something of the kind, on the plea that “if we can’t have a live statesman, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.” There is a great deal to be said for that idea, and I am proud to subscribe to it, but it was not my idea at the time. My vote was a vote of serious protest against what I regarded as an impudent and degrading absurdity, and at this late day I am more than ever prepared to maintain that the instinct which prompted it was sound and enlightened. I am also prepared to show cause for believing that this instinct actually controls the majority of our electorate, whether they are aware of it or not, and to show cause for believing that they are fully justified in letting it control them.

Visiting Englishry, especially English politicians, are usually struck by what they call the American’s lack of interest in politics. We seem to them to have no sense of personal concern with national affairs—that is, of course, the majority of us, exclusive of those who have something at stake, like a tariff-schedule, or something in the way of jobhunting, subsidy or graft. The last one I remember as speaking about this was Miss Margaret Bondfield, who was a member of the late Labor Cabinet. She used our Sunday press to read us a good schoolmarm’s lecture on the subject, and there is no denying that she brought in a true bill.

As these English visitors see it, the

American's interest in politics (provided he has no ax to grind) differs from the Englishman's in being occasional, not continuous. It is a sporting interest, like interest in a horse-race. When election-day is over, he forgets it, buckles down to his job, and contentedly leaves Washington to the mercy of such lobbyists, crooks, black-legs, editors, politicians and desperadoes as normally find their way there, seeking what they may devour.

These foreign visitors also say that the American's interest differs from the Englishman's in being more concerned with men than with issues. They account for this by the fact that the official issues of our national campaigns are so trivial that they are really no issues at all, and that therefore the actual cleavage between our parties is not spacious. In other words, we have nothing that an Englishman would understand by an effective political Opposition. Hence whatever public interest there may be in an election must focus on the personality of the candidates.

There can be no doubt, I repeat, that this is a true bill. It takes a heroic deal of prodding to goad the free-born American sovereign into wielding his royal prerogative on election day. An immense amount of money and energy is spent on getting out the vote, but the result is never impressive. If 40% of the total electorate turns out and votes, it is a good haul, and 50% is a large one. If local contests did not coincide with national contests, the national vote would be even slimmer than it is.

I shall not take up space to fortify Miss Bondfield's true bill by discussing the official issues of the last campaign, or the width of the cleavage between the two parties. Nothing of all this impressed me particularly, but that is a small matter. I do not think it would have made much

more of an impression on the average Frenchman or Englishman, but that need not be considered, either. Beyond doubt, however, the personality of the candidates, or of one candidate, counted for a great deal. It was actually, though not officially, the major issue. A very large proportion of the vote was cast in complete disregard of any question except that of pure personal sentiment, favorable or unfavorable, towards Mr. Hoover.

As for the post-election lapse of interest which now, once more, mystifies foreign observers, I see nothing mysterious about it. All those who have an ax to grind are of course very busy—job-seekers, bankers, brewers, farmers, railroad men, everyone who stands to gain or lose something. Aside from these, now that the sporting event is over, the general run of the electorate has resumed its customary attitude of profound detachment. As far as it keeps any track at all of national affairs, it views them as a spectator and not as a participant. It waits to "see what they'll do" and makes more or less idle conjectures, shaped largely by the journalists, on what it will be. But, as usual, there is little if any personal concern with "their" doings or misdoings.

II

Now, what about this attitude? Does it prove that the American is politically ignorant, shiftless, irresponsible, and gets no better government than he deserves? I say no. All that may be true—in fact, I think it *is* true—but his attitude towards national politics does not prove it. Moreover, if he be ignorant and undeserving, it is fair to point out that his political institutions give him no incentive to be less so. Furthermore, if he were ever so informed and ever so interested and lively, his in-

stitutions give him no adequate means of making his will effective. "American efficiency," as expressed in American political institutions, certainly means the poorest, slowest, most discouraging and incompetent way of getting anything done.

In the many long years that have elapsed since my one and only presidential vote was cast, I have seen an enormous amount of blame and obloquy shovelled on the nape of the American sovereign for his attitude of detachment. I can speak of this with a certain degree of personal concern, because it has been shovelled on me, I being that American sovereign—one of them—and that attitude being mine. I have waited a long time for some abler person to come out and defend it, but nobody has done so, and I therefore undertake to defend it myself. In so doing I may say that for once in my life, perhaps the only time, I have the pleasing consciousness that I am speaking for many millions of my fellow-sovereigns.

We are blamed for laziness, triviality, carelessness, lack of patriotism. If public affairs are ever in a bad way, it is our fault. If we do not express our will at the polls, and do not strive between elections to have it carried out, what may we expect but a reign of corruption, oppression and bureaucracy? Not long ago our fine old friend, Mr. Wickersham, got into such a pucker over our shortcomings that he proposed some scheme of compulsory voting, under penalty, as I recall it, of fine or jail—good sound paternalistic doctrine! Every once in a while somebody publishes a magazine article urging us to take more interest in politics. I remember that the new Governor of New York, Mr. Lehman, published one lately that was very fine and striking. And all sorts of clubs and societies are on foot to educate the apathetic electorate and stir it into action.

If the rest of our delinquent sovereigns feel as I do, I may say that we do not particularly resent these efforts. We are inclined to be rather meek under the odium that is put on us. Mr. Wickersham's idea, now, is perhaps another matter; we might think that would be crowding the mourners a little. But in general we are willing to be patient and reasonable, for we are not so ignorant and stupid as we may appear to be, and we really would like, as much as anybody, to have things go ship-shape and happily. All we ask is that our monitors should be a little patient and reasonable too, and listen to us fairly while we make a very simple plea of extenuating circumstances.

Let us look at the last election. Millions of voters got four years worth of bile out of their systems on election day, and were more chipper and cheerful next morning than they had been for months. This was all to the good, no doubt, but the benefit seems rather in the scope of pathology than in that of politics. A large majority registered their opinion that Mr. Hoover was not a satisfactory public servant, and this also was all very well. But if that is the way we felt towards Mr. Hoover, why should we have had to put up with him for four years before dismissing him?

The French or English can turn out an unsatisfactory public servant at any time. They do not have to wait four years; they can do it in four hours. They have the political machinery for doing that, and we have not; if we had, Mr. Hoover would probably have gone out of office at least two years and a half ago. My point is that people who have no machinery for making their political will immediately effective cannot reasonably be expected to take much interest in a mere hopeful registration of what they want.

The "will of the people" repudiated Re-

publican rule last November, with almost unprecedented emphasis. Why do we have to wait four months before it can really count? In England or France it would get action at once, almost in four minutes. When an English or French government is hit by a vote of no confidence, out it goes on the spot, and the party or combination that has ousted it goes in. We all remember the series of French governments a couple of years ago that one after another went down like a row of dominoes, almost before the members took their seats. One of our newspaper paragraphers said at the time that the French Premiership was one turn around in a revolving door. It was commonly understood, though I do not know how true it was, that an international conference had to be postponed until the French found a Premier who could hold his job long enough to make the trip from Paris to London and back before he was fired out.

In the last election we voted against Mr. Hoover—that is plain enough—but what did we vote *for*? Many, presumably, voted for beer; all right, we will find no fault with that. On the contrary, let us assume that the whole prodigious majority voted for beer. But all it got was a vague promise of beer on some uncertain tomorrow. The English have governmental machinery whereby if they vote for beer they get it at once, and without going through any further motions. If the people say beer, they pass the word to the House of Commons, and when the House says beer, beer it is, and that is the end of the matter.

If, by some trick of the politicians, we get only bad beer, or prohibitively costly beer, or no beer at all, there is nothing we can do about it but wait until the end of another “fixed term.” Suppose Mr. Roosevelt and his crew find it to their political or personal advantage not to give us a

lower tariff, or whatever we all may in good faith have voted for (and this has often happened, *e.g.*, the great tariff-betrayal in 1894, and the war-betrayal under Wilson, who got his second term because “he kept us out of war”), what can we do about it, short of another four years? Nothing. And what kind of executive usurpations, indignities and rascalities does our history show may be practiced on us with impunity meanwhile?

The fixed term means simply that ours is not a representative government at all, but a delegated government. The vote that seats our President, our Congress, our State and municipal officials, is simply a *carte blanche*, or rather, something in the nature of a letter-of-marque. How can an intelligent citizen be expected to take interest in the conduct of politics under these conditions?

Even if our elected officials all stand by us loyally, we cannot get what we vote for except on the sufferance of nine old men, irresponsible, inaccessible, appointed for life, and concerning whose appointment the people have nothing to say. The intelligent citizen knows this, knows that even with the President and Congress unanimously on his side, his actual sovereignty amounts to exactly nothing. The Supreme Court is the actual sovereign power, the final law-making authority—not law-interpreting, but law-making. How, then, can the citizen be interested? What the British House of Commons says goes, even for the King on his throne, and it goes straight off the bat; the Britisher knows it, and he feels and acts accordingly.

Moreover, not only can the American citizen do nothing between elections to make his will effective, or to bring retribution on those who thwart it, but his party can do nothing. The thing that most keeps the Englishman’s interest in politics

alive between elections is the power of the Opposition; and the power of the Opposition lies in the fact that it can turn out the government at any moment when it can command a majority in the House. "His Majesty's loyal Opposition" sits in the House like a cat by a rat-hole, waiting for the government to make a break on some question, small or large, that will shift enough sentiment to pass a vote of no confidence—and then, down goes the government. No one can tell when this may happen, and the constant surveillance of the Opposition tends to make the government prayerfully watch its step.

This sort of machinery makes any change possible and practicable at any time the people want it. If the government is fairly sure that the people do not want the change, it can always "go to the country"—that is, hold an election on *that issue*. The issue is likely to be a pretty real one, and thus it is that the British voter gets the habit of regarding politics as a matter of issues rather than of men.

III

Again, how can the American voter be expected to have any interest in the doings of the Executive between elections, when the whole Executive is irresponsible and ungetatable by any means short of a congressional investigation, which takes dynamite to start, and is a matter of months spent in all sorts of futile and vexatious foolery?

The President picks his Cabinet where he likes, and they are utterly inaccessible; they cannot be seen or spoken to unless they choose, let alone called to account. The British Prime Minister must choose his Cabinet from the House, and they keep their seats in the House and can be called to account by any member. Once when I

was in London a member got up at question-time, took an envelope out of his pocket, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I wish to ask the Postmaster-General," who was sitting about fifteen feet in front of him, "why he did not deliver this letter on time." The letter belonged to some constituent who had kicked about it to his representative, and got him to put the question. The Postmaster-General asked for time to look the matter up, and in a few days made his reply, and the thing was properly straightened out. He had to do that, or he would have lost his job.

That is the British equivalent of a congressional investigation, whether concerning a small matter like a delayed letter, or a large matter like a profiteering army contract. It is direct, simple, business-like. There you have the machinery of really representative and responsible government. The citizen who has that kind of machinery at his disposal can afford to be interested in politics because he knows he can get action and get it at once.

It is even conceivable that the government might have fallen on the apparently petty occasion of that delayed letter. Such a thing has happened, and it could happen again. Suppose the government has only a small majority and is not very popular; suppose the Opposition has smelt out a few disaffected votes that they think may turn the scale; suppose the Postmaster-General is evasive and does not give a straight answer. The leader of the Opposition makes a red-hot speech, asking Mr. Speaker what in Heaven's name he thinks the Empire is coming to, when a venal and bungling government won't let His Majesty's loyal subjects get their mail. Some one on the government bench, perhaps the Prime Minister, replies as best he can—then a vote of "no confidence," and down goes the government.

I was once told in London that one government had just missed destruction by the closest kind of shave, on what would seem to us the curious issue of a girl having been picked up by the police for soliciting. She told the police that she was a daughter of the rector of some church out in the country, that she had lost her direction on Piccadilly, and had stopped a stranger to ask her way. The police detained her overnight. Next day it turned out that she *was* that rector's daughter, and that her story was true.

At question-time that afternoon, the member for her district was on his feet with fire in his eye, asking the Home Secretary what in high hell he meant by sloughing up the daughter of his rector, and the government was in a hole, knowing that every newspaper in the Kingdom would be on the warpath next morning. As I got the story, the government compounded handsomely within two hours, with an apology and a cash indemnity, and so saved its neck.

I pass by the Electoral College, that remarkable institution which every once in a while gives us a minority President, like Harrison. Why should any one who voted in that election, when Cleveland got the votes and Harrison got the Presidency, ever take the trouble to vote again, at least until the Electoral College is abolished and the President elected by direct vote? I see no reason why he should do so.

Finally, how can we be interested in politics when our Constitution makes the existence of a national issue impossible? The provision which obliges our representatives to reside in their districts automatically converts every issue into a local issue. We have at last learned that General Hancock told the truth—which so mystified the country at the time—when he said that the tariff is a local issue. But so is every

issue, and must be; Prohibition, for instance, is notoriously a local issue. What is one to think, really, of the state of politics where the Constitution forbids the legislature to take any but a purely parochial view of every public question?

The United States is often criticized for having no continuous foreign policy. But this provision of the Constitution makes it impossible to have any foreign policy at all. The members of the Foreign Relations committees of Senate and House must live in their districts, and each one must first and foremost reflect the prevailing interests and sentiment of his district, or lose his job. He simply cannot afford to take a national view of any foreign relation, even if he were ever so willing and able to do so. He may take a national view only in so far as it is not incompatible with local interest.¹ Hence every change in the personnel of these committees brings new sets of local interests to the fore, and our policy is merely a series of improvisations.

In England, on the other hand, a representative who falls out with his constituents over a matter of public policy may get himself put up in any other district in the whole Kingdom where he thinks local sentiment will support him. He may be an utter stranger who has never set foot in that district in his life, but that does not matter. If we had that mechanism, a dry Rhode Island Congressman, for instance, could go out and put himself up for some safe dry district in Maine or Kansas. A pacifist devotee of the League of Nations, living in an armament-making district of Pennsylvania, could get himself put up in some mid-Western district where sentiment ran the other way. This mechanism,

¹ Those who feel inclined to doubt this may be referred to the disgraceful history of the dispute with Canada over the fisheries question, in Cleveland's first administration. Examples are plentiful enough, but this one will suffice.

obviously, tends to preserve dignity, integrity, self-respect, all round. If we had it we need not have been disgraced by the odious spectacle of the dry-voting, wet-drinking legislator; nor by the more odious spectacle of the rush for the band-wagon.

IV

Nevertheless, Mr. Wickersham might say, it all comes back to the people in the end. If our institutions seem expressly designed—as every one who knows their history knows they were designed—to paralyze our activity and suffocate our interest, why do the people put up with them? Why are we not whooping for reform? Why not unite, organize, get up “campaigns of education” and all that sort of thing, in the orthodox American way, and crusade for a brand-new set of political machinery?

This is plausible. It has the right sound, and is all right “in principle,” as the diplomats say, but it is actually impracticable. We have seen those crusades before, and we know what happens to them when they meet what Ernest Renan so finely calls *la bassesse de l'homme intéressé*. Suppose the Forgotten Man, who is about 80% of our population, asked Mr. Roosevelt and his horde of voracious Democrats to pause on their way to the trough long enough to call a constitutional convention aimed at the reforms I have suggested. Would they do it? Not in the whole history of our republican institutions is there a single incident to warrant the suspicion that they would. But suppose they did, then that same history enables us to forecast exactly what sort of convention we would get. We can see the whole make-up

of it in our mind's eye; it would be made up of the very people who have every interest in keeping our political machinery exactly as it is.

No, there is nothing in crusading. The English can have what the Duke of Wellington called “a revolution by due course of law” whenever they think the occasion warrants it. They have the machinery for doing it, and we have not. There remains to us only the recourse to violence, which is no doubt our privilege, but is not to be considered, for we have no confidence in it. Probably our descendents will have to come to something of the kind, but it is nothing for us at the moment. We have learned something from our own revolutions and also from those in other lands; the outcome would be far too uncertain.

It turns out, then, that our practical instinct about politics is sound. All that the Forgotten Man can do is what we so largely find him doing. He can take our national politics as supplying him with a recurrent sporting event, a sort of extravaganza, in which the actors appear to him as more or less clever mountebanks, and his own relation to it is that of a spectator who is only mildly stirred. He may walk out on it, and usually does so whenever anything more attractive comes along; that is to say, as a rule, when he is not wholly idle. He may use it as an occasion for the display of resentment; indeed, the returns seem generally to show that this is the most nearly serious use he ever makes of it. To expect more than this of him seems to me unreasonable, whatever Mr. Wickersham may say; and whether more be expected of him or not, this appears to be about all he will do.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

ST. LOUIS SEES IT THROUGH

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

St. Louis

IN THIS land of lamentations and dark fears, there is at least one city which refuses steadfastly to be taken down with the Depression jitters. New York may be in the hands of its bankers, Philadelphia may be threatened with insolvency, and its citizenry with a municipal income tax, and Chicago may be actually cracking up, with its tax collections doing a nose dive and its banks a tail-spin, but St. Louis is calmly trimming its budget even in the sacrosanct department of public schools, cleverly caring for its unemployed out of the tolls of its municipal bridge, and pridefully contemplating a record unmarred by a single important bank failure.

To this fortunate city the present indisposition of things seems nothing to get excited about, simply because it is nothing new. For the Depression did not start in St. Louis with the stock market crash of October, 1929; it started with the Dry Pestilence of January, 1920. Suppose the town at present has an army of unemployed? Then it can recall that thirteen years ago thousands of its citizens were not only thrown out of work, but actually deprived of their trades as well. Again, what if some once proud business houses are now humbly bowing and scraping before receivers? Well, St. Louis has not forgotten that in 1920 many of its equally respectable firms were subjected to an even more cruel and inhuman punishment. And suppose, finally, that the city, before it began

using the tolls from its bridge to support its unemployed, had a slight deficit because of the cost of relieving them, and had to borrow from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Still St. Louis refuses to become overwrought, for it knows that the sum of deficit and loan can be easily covered by the annual yield of the saloon license tax of which it was despoiled by the dry Huns.

Behind this philosophic attitude, of course, is the sad memory that the price St. Louis had to pay for Prohibition cannot be computed entirely in dollars and cents. To it the year 1920 brought a débâcle that was not only financial but cultural. Perhaps the only authentic German city in this hemisphere, it was long distinguished by its exotic and charming way of living. The brewing capital of the Middle West, the town had a thoroughly civilized tradition of eating and drinking which had broadcast its fame.

What Prohibition did to this way of living and this tradition may be easily imagined. The pleasant beer-gardens were transformed overnight into such virtuous institutions of 100% American culture as barbecue stands and filling-stations. All the famous restaurants of the town were soon suffering a similar fate. Indeed, the most famous of them all, Tony Faust's, had given up the ghost at sight of the advancing shadow, and Lippe's and McTague's expired soon afterward. Presently Koerner's was accused of the heinous offense of laving the civilized palate with vintages proper to succulent goose and other game. Louis Caesar, who came from

Hanover on the Leine, and learned the art of the steward on Mississippi river boats, hung on longer than the rest, a sneer plainly visible in his hard eyes for the new barbarism of cafeterias and drug-store lunches. But finally even Micholob, probably the best brew even produced west of Munich, became only a hallowed memory, and down where the Budweiser had flowed there began to gurgle a yellowish fluid which must have broken the heart of its makers.

A city whose pride has once been humbled in such a fashion as this surely has good reason to be hard-boiled in the face of mere business stagnation and financial embarrassment. But even its ignominious experience with Prohibition goes only half way toward explaining the present stoicism of St. Louis. Quite as important is the continued preponderance in its population, and in its politics and commerce, of conservative middle-class persons of German descent.

To speak of the conservatism of these burghers may seem unreasonable, for, as everybody knows, they are the children and grandchildren of the mooney Reds of 1830-48, and so might themselves be expected to have a penchant for bad ideas. But the truth is that the aforesaid Reds were hardly settled in Missouri before they became approximately as satisfied with the *status quo* as Frederick William IV. Once recovered from the Abolition malaise,—their sole case of infection by the Uplift,—they began voting the Republican ticket with the consistency of a member in good standing of the Union League Club. Today their descendants stray from the faith only when dry Republicans run against Democrats who are wet.

The *mores* of these descendants are admirably suited to enable them to withstand the current shocks. The German of St.

Louis has shown all the industry and thrift popularly attributed to his race. As a rule he has no broker, and his banker is usually a fellow German—which is to say, a man who seldom speculates himself, and hence will not do so with his depositor's money. If this depositor accumulates a sizeable account, he nevertheless sticks to his unassuming home in South St. Louis. If he sends his sons to a university, he is quite as likely as not to make them work their way through. If he doesn't send them, he is sure to see that they go to work and stay at work.

One effect of Prohibition upon this individual was the confirmation and aggravation of his natural conservatism. As the beer-halls and gardens closed up, his attachment to his home was strengthened. As the admirable German cooking of the restaurants gave way to bad American, he gave the German culinary art a new birth in his own citadel. The best *Apfelstrudel* and *Quarkkuchen* in St. Louis today are not to be obtained in beaneries, but in the homes of these burghers, and the best beer in the city is not the needled stuff of the speakeasies, but the *Heimgemacht* of the same.

But the St. Louis German's heightened conservatism was even more signally displayed in another respect—to wit, with regard to the public affairs of his municipality. He began insisting more emphatically than ever that the city fathers keep their feet on the ground. He continued to appraise public officials in inverse ratio to the number of the fancy schemes they concocted to raise taxes.

For this display of caution he received a double dose of the sort of denunciation to which he had long been accustomed from the local boomers and city planners. For many years the sniffish Anglomaniacs of the West End had used the term South

Side Dutch to indicate unprogressiveness and niggardliness. Typical of this snobbish element was the remark of an individual devoted to Service who, when asked to partake in a beer party, replied with the sneer that "Beer is only for Germans."

But all this was before the Depression. The St. Louis German is no longer an object of opprobrium today. Even the above mentioned devotee of Service who sneered at him and his sublime beverage has undergone an awakening, for this devotee, like many others of his superior sort, has maintained such a standard of living that he is now obliged to mortgage his home. At any rate, St. Louis, having cleaned out its breweries and installed fresh taps in its bars, is under no illusion as to why it has been able to weather the Depression with equanimity. The town knows now that this is not only because it became hardened to the slump ten years before other cities, but because the local Germans, by keeping it from booming when sailing was comparatively smooth, have saved it from busting when the sea is running high.



PHILADELPHIA ACQUIRES A GOOD NEWSPAPER

BY HENRY TETLOW

Philadelphia

IT TAKES time for any unusual phenomenon to penetrate the public consciousness. So it is not, perhaps, surprising that only within the last year have Philadelphians begun to ask themselves and each other in appreciable numbers, "How long has this been going on?" with respect to that *lusus naturae* in their midst, a really liberal and intelligent newspaper. Yet it is a matter of five years since Mr. J. D. Stern, the successful publisher of the Camden,

N. J., *Courier*, bought the fast ossifying Philadelphia *Record* and started to revivify it.

The time was ripe and the field wide open. Forty or fifty years ago Philadelphia was one of the fountain heads of good journalism in America. All old journalists will recall the *Press* that produced the Hunekers, James and Diane (formerly Mary, bless her young heart!), Richard Harding Davis, *et al.* But newspapers suffer the common weakness of all human institutions: they are no better than the people who run them. When the generation which produced the *Press* passed, Philadelphia journalism sank into puerility and obscurity.

Except for the *Record*, it stands today just where it did twenty years ago. Mr. Curtis's version of the *Public Ledger* began by absorbing the *Evening Telegram* and putting out an *Evening Ledger*. The *Press* followed the *Telegram* into the pot, and the *North American* the *Press*. A few years later Col. James Elverson's executors succeeded in selling Mr. Curtis the *Inquirer* (morning). But that paper is run separately from the *Ledger*; while the *Evening Bulletin*, still independent, continues to plow along in its dull and profitable way. "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

All these papers, the *Ledgers*, the *Inquirer*, and the *Bulletin*, are not only stand-pat Republican (save with respect to Mr. Vare's machine); they are so much alike that the reader encounters great difficulty telling t'other from which by internal evidence alone. But the *Record* has been Democratic since 1866 or 1892 (scholars are not perfectly agreed). With no Democratic competition, and with the opposition sunk into almost innocuous desuetude, its chance came. Mr. Stern saw it and seized it. How successful his work

has been is shown by the fact that in the last two elections the machine control of the Solid South—that block of wards in the old Southern Liberties which for generations has delivered a nearly 100% Republican vote—has at last been decisively broken.

The *Record's* formula for attracting and holding attention is so simple that the layman must wonder why it is not tried oftener. It consists, first, in taking a definite editorial stand on one side or the other of every debatable subject treated in its news columns; secondly, in making a paper that is readable and entertaining throughout. In the first instance the trend of the times has given the *Record* the breaks. As the only voice of the Outs, it has been the only voice not only of the Democrats, but also of the disillusioned in the Republican party. And its prestige has been greatly enhanced since, by good luck or good management, it came out for the winning candidate so early in the last campaign that it could probably set up a strong claim to being the first Roosevelt-for-President paper in the country.

The *Record's* method of accomplishing the second half of the prescription has been simple as well as successful. It was to make itself from the start, not a mere advertising sheet, but a newspaper man's newspaper. Thus it has succeeded in attracting to its service a lot of the best talent in the profession. Its selection of issues and display of the news delights the literates of the town, and its ability to give a good show fetches the crowd. To cite an instance: Late last November the Common Councils, after stuttering over a budget that made no dent in the wasteful and extravagant administration, announced a plan to raise new revenues by an occupational tax on all who earned their livings in Philadelphia. The scheme

was to collect the tax by an employers' payroll check-off. All the Philadelphia papers roared their heads off at the bare suggestion of the outrage, but the *Record*, much more clever than the rest, went a step further, and got all the gravy out of the pie: by announcing flatly and baldly that it would be damned if it would collect one cent of tribute from its own employés.

Added to this good histrionism there is a flair for gayety, an intimation of a sense of comedy reminiscent of the days when Walter Bradford, Herbert Johnson, and Walt McDougall were riding the sightless couriers of the air and luckless Governor Pennypacker in ill-assorted tandem. When word got out that the Republican rally (there was only one—in Philadelphia!) in the Arena would be ushered by luscious Young Republican cuties instead of by the house staff, the *Record* dug up and broadcast the fact that the idea was to save money on the usher payroll. The day after the rally, it frontpaged a photograph of the little group of attending die-hards marooned in a vast sea of empty Arena seats under the caption:

LOYAL REPUBLICAN CROWDS THRONG HOOVER RALLY

But the top note of the presidential campaign was reached the morning the *Record* ran a large scale picture of an apple vendor, complete with stock, propped up against the outside of Republican campaign headquarters. Appended was an announcement (with affidavits to prove that the man had not been planted) of a contest with money prizes for the best title for the picture. A few days later Reporter Robert Reiss denied publicly that he was responsible for the picture. He had got a tip, he said, from a colleague of the Republican press!

The apple-vender story, which appeared on the first page of the second section, was flanked by Heywood Broun and buttressed by Walter Lippmann. Add the excellent Washington correspondence of Elliott Thurston and you have a batting order hard to beat anywhere. It should be added that the *Record* still so far kowtows to the comic-strip trade as to include O. O. McIntyre, Arthur Brisbane, and Senator-Doctor Copeland among its troupe of performers, but maybe that is only a passing aberration.

Philadelphia has been hard hit by the Depression. Indeed, it was hard hit years before the rest of the country, for as a predominantly textile town it had been losing business hand over fist to the Southern spinning and knitting States. Three months before Mr. Hoover came down off the mountain with the tables of stone fore-ordaining perpetual prosperity there were reported to be 50,000 jobless in one section of the city alone. Thirteen years is a long time to take it on the chin. The temper of the city has tended to be bad, as witness the so-called Red riots so ineptly handled by the egregious director of public safety, and the taxpayers' march on the City Hall a year ago. It is a temper that might be quickly transformed, if the late Marshal Foch has the right dope in his text-books, into panic and stampede.

The *Record*, with a locally unique technical deftness, is re-forming that temper; it is, with increasing influence, inculcating the curiously saturnine spirit which does duty for patriotism in these United States: a spirit best expressed by the line successively attributed to Lieutenant John Marshall (later Chief Justice) in front of the Chew House, to Major Cadwalader on the red-hot left flank of Gettysburg's first morning, and to divers sergeants on the Franco-American front: "Come on, you

— — —, do you want to live forever?" Since Philadelphians in increasing number are applauding and supporting the *Record's* efforts, there is a not unreasonable hope that good may come of them.



THE DOWNFALL OF A DRY MOSES

BY ALLEN PEDEN

Dallas, Texas

AN IMPORTANT casualty of the recent political wars in Texas is Old Tom Love of Dallas, for thirty years a leader and for sixteen years the practical boss of Texas politics. The almost complete destruction of his hegemony is important, not alone because it brings to an apparent end a long and colorful career in politics, but more especially because it symbolizes the downfall of a Puritan moral system that has tyrannized over the Lone Star State for a generation, with Old Tom as its chief whip-cracker. The event has caused a general rejoicing, both among the young Liberals who want to see Texas enrolled in the company of civilized States and among the old-timers who remember that they are the heirs of Houston, Crockett, Bowie and those other heroes of the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto.

Few abler or shrewder politicians have ever been born in America than Thomas B. Love. He first saw daylight on a farm in the Missouri Ozarks in June, 1870 and he moved to Texas in 1900. There began at once an ambitious, aggressive career that carried him to extraordinary power in both State and national affairs. Generally able to think several times faster and farther than his opponents, and always a bold, hard, ruthless fighter, he made one of his first serious errors in 1928, when he

led the Methodist-Baptist bolt against Al Smith and carried the State for Hoover in the first Republican victory since Reconstruction days. Had he foreseen all the consequences, he might and probably would not have thrown in his lot so wholly with Bishop Cannon, for Old Tom has ever been practical in his politics. Two years later, when he saw Simmons, Heflin and other Hoovercrat leaders slaughtered for their betrayal of the party, it was, in the words of an old dance-hall ballad of these parts, "too late now to be sorry."

Hoping against hope, he tried to rally his erstwhile cohorts behind a campaign for the governorship in 1930 by raising the old cry against Raskob, Rum and Tammany, charging that they were now trying to seize the government of Texas. He won a minor skirmish with the State Democratic Committee, which had sought to bar Hoovercrat names from the primary ballot, but he found his former followers hard of hearing. Two years of Hoover and hard times had convinced a majority of them that he had given them a bum steer. Beside, the campaign revolved largely around another pro- and anti-Ferguson fight, and so poor Tom became just another Forgotten Man.

There were signs during the ensuing interim that, somewhat chastened by this experience and sensing at last the size of the wet tide, he would have been glad of an opportunity to make his peace and return within the fold, there to try to rebuild his shattered power. He still inveighed more or less against Al Smith and Raskob, but they were obviously on their way out, and his friends hoped that he would find some means of coming back without entirely losing face. As a matter of fact, there was such a means, but his political foresight was growing a little

dim, and so he failed to grasp the possibilities of a seat on the Garner bandwagon, whose construction began the moment Cactus Jack was elevated to the Speakership, despite the fact that Texans generally had hardly been aware of his political existence, much less his "greatness", prior thereto. Instead of jumping at this golden chance, Tom joined the W. C. T. U. in badgering John about Prohibition.

The young group of wet Liberals, led by Steve Pinckney of Houston, were much quicker on the uptake. They blocked successfully an attempt to make the Garner movement dry, took charge of the State convention after a bitter fight with the "harmonizers" (which is to say, dodgers), and rammed through a resubmission resolution. Tom, realizing by now how completely he had faded out of the picture, didn't show his face at the convention. Instead, he contented himself with opposing the Fergusons by supporting the foredoomed Ross Sterling, the Hoover of Texas. When Ma won the nomination and subsequent court fight, Tom made an open alliance with the makeshift Republican candidate, Bullington, still, seemingly, under a fond delusion that he held his 1928 forces intact. Bullington's decisive defeat not only showed him his error, but destroyed what little remained of his once great power.

This catastrophe also worked the downfall of the professional moralists in Texas, for Tom had been their only really able leader. He has been, indeed, their Wayne Wheeler. But it would be a mistake to rate him as a mere Prohibitionist, for he is a man of very real parts aside from his battles on behalf of Righteousness. He entered politics while still a minor and at twenty-two was elected county attorney of his home county in Missouri. In 1896

he campaigned in Missouri and Texas for the nomination of Richard Parks Bland, the Father of Free Silver, from whom Bryan snatched the prize by his Cross of Gold speech. He moved to Texas in 1900. Two years later he entered the Texas House. Four years thereafter he became its Speaker.

During this period in the Legislature he brought about, on the one hand, the establishment of State banks and wrote the statutes governing their operation, and, on the other, helped saddle the atrocious Terrell election laws upon the parties. Governor Tom Campbell appointed him State banking and insurance commissioner in 1907 and he continued in the post until 1910. It was this experience and the reputation gained thereby that were later to make him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under McAdoo.

Tom stood high with the Wilson administration because of his leadership in the fight to line up the Texas delegation to the 1912 convention for the Jersey professor, a fight he won over the redoubtable Joe Bailey, heading a coalition of Wilson's opponents. It was during this fracas that the caustic Bailey charged that "the Lord wrote across his face, 'Without recourse on Me', and then loosed him on an unsuspecting world." The wheeze has been heard in every campaign since.

But Tom's appearance, while not impressive, is not so bad as all that. A rather small, spare man with a high, bald forehead, he has a sharp nose with a decided downward hook and a pointed chin that seems to hook upward. Between them lies a small, but firm mouth, its short upper lip covered by a bristling gray mustache. It is the bright, snapping eyes, however, that reveal the restless, fiery vitality that, in its day, withered so many enemies.

Tom's part in the Wilson victory of 1912

made him Democratic dictator in Texas in all national affairs, and he remained so until 1928, a stretch of sixteen years. He led the unsuccessful campaigns for his ex-chief's nomination in 1920 and 1924 as national committeeman from Texas. Always an enemy of the Fergusons, Ma and Pa, he fought their nomination in 1924 and bolted to the Republican candidate, Butte, in the general election. Two years later, or exactly twenty years after he had been made Speaker of the lower House, he sought and secured election to the State Senate, his specific aim being the repeal of the famed Amnesty Law, by which Jim Ferguson had sought to remove the constitutional bar to his holding office on account of his impeachment. The Supreme Court saved him the trouble by holding the law unconstitutional.

Tom served two terms in the Senate. An indefatigable fellow, he had a hand in almost every legislative pie on the counter, though he concentrated his fire on the wicked wets, who were daring open attacks upon Prohibition for the first time in a decade. To his credit it should be said that, where no allegedly moral issues were involved, he was a sound legislator. He himself once boasted that "few men, living or dead, have written more lines of the laws of Texas than it has been my privilege to write." But it was in party affairs—at executive committee meetings, in the primaries, and at the conventions—that he found his real sphere of activity, and there he continued to rule for many years. But now he is apparently done for.

What will he do hereafter, with the wet winds howling about his barn? One thing is certain: he will not be content to tuck his head under his wing. He's too hardy an old bird to be counted completely out. He voted the national Democratic ticket last November, thus breaking with his

1928 lieutenants. And he begins to speak significantly of his "friend, Frank Roosevelt" and recalls their association in the Wilson administration. He stands pat in his opposition to the Rum Demon, but an idea of his change of strategy may be gathered from the following statement, made recently:

If we are to have legalized liquor, I am opposed to localizing the legal control. The whole power of the Federal government ought to be behind the enforcement of any liquor regulation that may exist. To leave control to the States is to allow liquor to control itself in many, if not most, of them. If the traffic is to come back the Federal government ought to get all the profits, instead of only a part, through a tax.

Tom will undoubtedly try to rally his retreating forces on this line, but he might as well save himself the effort. It comes too late. The retreat has become a rout, in Texas as elsewhere.



NEVADA'S TRIAL OF LICENSED GAMBLING

By ANTHONY M. TURANO

Reno

ASIDE from Prohibition, it is not easy to think of any statutes that have been less successfully enforced, or more generally ignored, than the various State laws against lotteries and games of chance. Such laws prevail in forty-seven States; but it is not difficult to find, in all of them, gaming houses and gambling snares that do a thriving business. That thousands of European lottery tickets are annually sold to Americans is well known. In fact, the latest winner of an Irish sweepstakes prize, in the impressive sum of \$52,000, was a Connecticut woman, and

she duly made her little speech of acceptance in the news-reel.

Among the Negroes of New York, the favorite pastime is policy slip, or numbers, a dodge based upon the daily published figures of the clearing house reports; it brings its promoting Cagliostros millions of dollars a year. In Chicago and elsewhere, the unwary are induced to guess lucky numbers through an intricate system of dream-divination, for a fabulous fortune held out by another shady lottery, known to the manipulators as "the tax on the imbeciles".

In addition to the gambling that is everywhere conducted *sub rosa*, there are hundreds of petty drawings, games of numbers and quasi-lotteries that manage to survive on the semi-legal edge of prohibiting statutes. During the Olympic games in California last year a New Jersey concern was openly selling tickets, at a dollar each, to what it called an International Federation of Sweepstakes. In California, betting on horse races is forbidden, but nothing prevents that amusing piece of legal subterfuge, whereby spectators group together and purchase an interest in a favorite horse.

As a reaction to this disparity between the law and the facts, there is a growing and widespread movement, particularly throughout the Eastern States, for the repeal of the anti-gambling statutes. In the State of Maryland, for instance, there is serious discussion of a legalization of lotteries. Especially significant is the fact that these demands for new legislation do not come from any of the so-called sporting groups, but from the most grave and solemn elements of the population. The motive is a desire to recognize legally an activity that prevails in every State, added to the utilitarian consideration of diverting into the State treasuries the reve-

nues now being gathered in by clever thimble-riggers.

Such, in fact, were the main reasons that induced the State of Nevada, early in 1931, to repeal its anti-gambling statutes, and to substitute the licensing system that is now on trial. The State treasury was not only suffering from its share of the depression, but was struggling also to recover from an official embezzlement of some years before. The revenues that the State had lost during a Puritanical wave in 1909 were now being harvested by an ambitious chain of speakeasies that conducted every known skin-game, including even Chinese lotteries.

After repealing all prohibitory legislation against gambling, the Nevada statute prescribes a license fee of \$50 a month for each table of faro, monte, roulette, keno, black-jack, fan-tan, big injun, klondyke, craps, chuck-a-luck, or "any banking or percentage game played with dice, cards or any mechanical device or machine." A fee of \$25 a month is imposed for such card games as solo, whist, stud and draw poker, bridge and pangingue, but there is a specific exemption of "social games played for drinks or cigars, or games played in private homes for prizes." Purely mechanical devices, such as slot machines paying money, are taxed at \$10 a month.

The license fees are collected by the sheriffs of the various counties, who are authorized to deliver 75% of the money to the county treasurer, transmitting the remaining 25% to the treasurer of the State. When license fees are collected within the limits of incorporated cities, the division of revenue is 25% to the State, 25% to the county, and 50% to the municipal treasury.

The current annual revenue of the State from these gaming taxes is approxi-

mately \$69,000, a considerable item for the small treasury of Nevada. An additional \$50,000 is gathered every year by Reno, a municipality of 22,000 inhabitants. There are nine or ten licensed gambling houses, large and small, in Reno, including one or two well carpeted casinos intended mostly for the patronage of the better-to-do divorce seekers. The largest place, the Bank, is devoted to general trade, and employs fifty or sixty men, including dealers and boosters, divided into three eight-hour shifts, and conducting from fifteen to twenty separate games of many kinds.

Of the various games that involve any considerable exchange of money, faro and roulette are the favorites, the first because of its equity to the player, and the second because of its fascinating variety of risks. Craps, poker, black-jack, keno and chuck-a-luck are also popular.

In order to place the games within easy police control, the law provides that every applicant for a license must give "a complete description of the particular room" where he proposes to carry on any game. The result of this requirement is that nearly all gaming clubs of Reno occupy ground-floor locations. Through their large, uncovered windows the passer-by may see their brilliantly lighted interiors. Their general atmosphere is that of any other legitimate business. There are no steerers or criers. The visitor is never urged to play, and is at liberty to linger and merely look on. A small number of women may generally be seen at the various tables, including two or three who are regularly employed as dummy players. However, they are treated with the usual courtesies, and their presence is not deemed anomalous, for gambling is no longer an auxiliary activity of the boot-legger, and no drinking is permitted. In

the evening, the more popular casinos attract good crowds, but their behavior is no more disorderly or noisy than that of like groups of people in a department store.

Among the most objectionable elements of prohibited gambling was the fact that the illicit operator, in dodging one law, was not too scrupulous to ignore several others. Most games were grossly unfair, and it was not seldom that minors were permitted to play them. The new statute provides that any licensed operator who conducts a "thieving game or device", or who permits persons under twenty-one years to "play any licensed game or loiter about" any gaming room, incurs a penalty of fine or imprisonment, in addition to the revocation of his license. In open gambling, however, there is small incentive toward the violation of either provision. The management is assured of its profit in the known percentage of each game, and customers are never so scarce that a juvenile contributor is worthy of the risk. The house, furthermore, like any other legitimate business, must hold its reputation for fair dealing. Consequently, the enforcement of these provisions has required very little prompting from the police.

On the whole, the new law is no less satisfactory than any other piece of regulatory legislation; and there is small likelihood that Nevada will relapse into the older futility of attempting to exorcise fundamental human instincts with prohibitory rhetoric. Among the supporters of

legalized gaming in Reno may be counted such sober and ponderous citizens as judges and college professors. In the case of the merchants, their scruples have been removed by such infallible solvents as the silver brought to town by persons attracted from neighboring States, and the fact that professional gamblers are proverbially good spenders.

The new legislation was opposed by the usual group of Methodists, who solemnly predicted that the residents of Reno, suffering a complete moral breakdown, would immediately transfer their homesteads to the roulette dealers. But it is needless to say that those who gamble now are largely the very persons who have always managed to do so. It is equally true that even these prodigal souls are not wholly lacking in ordinary prudence. With rare exceptions, the stakes are small, and the clubs rely, not on plungers, but on the bulk of the trade. This is a fact often remarked by those who knew gambling in the early West. The wiry prospector of poker history whose ante was his burro and who staked his gold mine on the last card, was probably just as rare as he was heroic. It is certain, however, that the modern player is not so reckless. It is seldom that a poker pot exceeds \$10, and the \$25 betting limit of faro is almost never wagered. One of the most popular games is tango, a miniature lottery played for ten cents a bet, at which the losses of a whole afternoon would not equal the expense of a golfer for the same period of time.

THE RACKET ON CAPITOL HILL

BY HILTON BUTLER

LOCKED in the Library of Congress are two annual reports that the private American is not allowed to see and seldom hears of. One is the annual report of the clerk of the House of Representatives; the other is the annual report of the secretary of the Senate. From a late copy of the latter I take the following:

24 jars Naicurema vanishing-cream	\$15.60
6 bottles Brilliantine hair-dressing	2.10
1 dozen nail files.....	2.75
1 dozen nail brushes.....	5.75
1 dozen orange sticks.....	.60
2 gallons bay rum.....	9.00
1 bottle Pinaud's Lilac tonic.....	.90
6 bottles Listerine.....	3.30
3 blackhead removers.....	.45
7 boxes Chocolate Ex-Lax.....	.60
1 dozen Sylph bath brushes.....	6.00
53 gallons Beau Brummel liquid soap	66.25

The items listed, of course, are trivial stuff. It costs the taxpayer far more to quench the senatorial thirst than it costs him to slick the senatorial locks and lave the senatorial gills. The grandest of all the prerogatives of a Senator is his right to unlimited talk, and talking dries the throat. Thus quaffing the senatorial thirst becomes a major problem for the taxpayer. In 1931 it took nearly \$9,000 to do the job properly, though for six months of the year the noble Romans were idle. This is the bill:

300 cases White Rock splits....	\$3,234.00
235 cases Apollinaris splits.....	2,937.50
170 cases Mountain Valley water	919.30

60 cases Poland water.....	630.00
49 cases Kalak water.....	613.04
28 cases Capon spring water..	254.20
350 gallons Glen Springs water	186.42
38 cases Conoy spring water..	60.83
1 case Pluto water.....	8.50

\$8,843.79

To which were added:

1,030,700 pounds of ice.....	\$2,041.40
200,000 Dixie paper cups.....	773.50
Repairing the cooler in the Vice-President's office	4.00

Now, if "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," what about "naked, and ye clothed me?" Ah, fear not. The clothing item was a noble Christmas Eve gesture, whereby the taxpayer put out \$60 for an overcoat for the chauffeur to the secretary of the Senate. The following April a voucher for that amount was cashed by Saks & Company, a Washington department store, bearing the notation:

For one uniform overcoat furnished to the United States Senate for the chauffeur of the secretary of the Senate, \$60. December 24.

II

Sound rest is another major prerogative of Senators. Each of them has in his private office a long, wide, firmly grounded, over-stuffed leather couch. Many a hotel bill has been saved by Senators satisfied with their office for sleeping. To that end, all other modern conveniences are at

hand. Between the Senator's office and the office of his secretary is a creation that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of Chic Sale's specialist. It is all in marble, and on its shelves stand the cosmetics that the taxpayers provide.

Supplementing these private office comforts there is a gaudy row of cloak-rooms on the House side of the Capitol and a still finer and more secluded set in the Senate wing. Couches more magnificent than those of the office are in them to soothe in over-stuffed softness the wearied limbs of the great men of the nation. Also, if it is made necessary from the effects of the night before or the onward march of senility, a trained nurse, also on the public pay-roll, is available. In more serious cases, one of the Capitol physicians—an expensive set of gentlemen who take post-graduate courses at the public expense—is within call.

Aside from the sonorous chaplains of Congress, who get more in cash per minute per prayer than any bishop in the land, the congressional physicians have the softest jobs among the 3,000 leaping slaves on Capitol Hill. When not mending congressional sore toes or easing aggravated cases of the morning after, they run over to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore or up to New York for professional lectures, with all expenses paid out of the public funds. In their absence the congressional patients take no chances. They solemnly voted for themselves in 1931 an appropriation of \$1.90 for a copy of Gould's Pocket Medical Dictionary, \$6.75 for Bayer's aspirin, \$1.20 for essence of peppermint, \$2.07 for Bromo Seltzer, and 60 cents for Chocolate Ex-Lax.

The lazy life on Capitol Hill is conducive to a lingering senility. Assassination is, of course, the appropriate manner of death for a public man, but few of

them enjoy that mode of earthly departure. Brandegee killed himself, but the score is heavily in favor of those who die in the slow, feather-bed manner of Tillman of South Carolina, Hughes of New Jersey, Martin of Virginia, and Clark of Florida, to name those of an earlier, happier day; or, in more recent times, Jones of Washington, Watterman of Colorado, and Harris of Georgia, son-in-law of Fighting Joe Wheeler.

"Senators, the most dangerous man in the world is a tired surgeon or a worn-out doctor," warned the Hon. Royal S. Copeland, M.D., A.B., M.A., LL.D., F.A.C.S. and Senator from New York, when his colleagues were discussing a motion to hold night sessions. He went on:

We members of the Senate are dealing with a disease of the body politic, and it is very important that the legislative doctor be in vigor and health. It is not right for men to attempt to do the sort of work expected to be done by us if we come here worn out, with frayed nerves, and unfit for the great responsibilities which rest upon us. Senators, we can not do effective mental work if we have tired bodies, and I believe from the bottom of my heart that we will make greater progress by a reasonable limitation of hours of work than by attempting to stay long past the time when tired bodies and minds are capable of functioning as they should.

The convening hour of the Senate, remember, is 12 o'clock noon and the customary adjourning hour 5 P.M. Witness the disastrous result of a motion to begin sessions at 10 A.M. The *Washington Post*, on the morning of May 27 last, carried this front-page head-line:

CURTIS BANGS GAVEL
TO OPEN SESSIONS;
EMPTY SEATS RESPOND

The Senate was deeply pained by this heading, and the Hon. Simeon D. Fess, LL.D., of Ohio, arose in grievous protest:

Mr. President, very rarely do I obtain the floor to take any notice of what is said in any newspaper, but throughout the press this morning there appear comments under glowing head-lines about the failure of the members of the Senate to be present at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when we were to begin our early sessions. This article states:

"A Senate consisting entirely of empty seats was called to order today by Vice-President Curtis. The daily session began at the unusually early hour of 10 A.M. in an effort to expedite the passage of tax legislation. Not a Senator was visible as the hands of the clock touched the hour of ten and the vice presidential gavel fell. A page went running for Senator Fess of Ohio, the Republican whip. Arriving a few seconds after ten, he suggested the absence of a quorum. The Vice-President and Fess smiled at each other. A page boy yawned sleepily. The clerk began to call the roll, and the bells rang frantically throughout the Capitol and the Senate Office Building to summon the tardy Senators."

This is a very newsy item, and the situation was such as to furnish copy for the bright newspaper boys, and from that standpoint it is not subject to criticism. But it does convey an impression throughout the country that will not be corrected by the press, but can only be set straight through the records of this body. The impression is given that the members of this body are tardy, indifferent, unsolicitous of the welfare of the people, with not sufficient regard for the public interest to be present when the Senate convenes. Those with any acquaintance of the actual situation, as, for example, the boys in the press gallery, understand the situation, and such articles to them are nothing more than humorous; but, unfortunately, the people back in the country do not get that impression.

Nor do they get, the doctor might have added, much of a favorable impression from certain other senatorial activities—for example, the annual junkets to Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines; and the trips

in mid-Winter to Florida and in mid-Summer to the Pacific Coast.

When the senatorial Sherlocks undertake one of their celebrated investigations, such things as \$200-a-day fishing trips, \$12 meals and \$10 tips are elementary, my dear Watson, elementary. The actual cost of investigations by the Senate in the fiscal year 1931 was \$424,408.84, and it went chiefly for hotel bills, transportation, and the other personal expenses of the investigators.

III

A year or two ago wild life—not their own, but that of the lower fauna—disturbed the minds and trigger-fingers of the august lawmakers so grievously that they adopted a resolution to investigate it. Summer was almost at hand; the session was soon to close and senatorial vacations, at public expense, were being arranged as usual and parceled out.

For the wild life investigation, the chairmanship plum dropped into the lap of the Hon. Frederic Collin Walcott of Connecticut, A.B., honorary M.A., D.Sc., and holder of the Officer's Cross of Poland. On the committee with him were Senators Hawes of Missouri, Pittman of Nevada, Norbeck of South Dakota, and McNary of Oregon.

The first thing they did was to set aside \$5 a month for the services of a press-clipping bureau. Their next move—as soon as Congress had adjourned and the heat wave started in Washington—was a dash to Canada, where, at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, four members of the committee ran up a \$265.57 bill in forty-eight hours, exclusive of \$36 reported separately for tips and \$13.55 for "service." What the "service" was, the members failed to reveal on their expense account.

About the time the Toronto dash was over, someone reported that the fish were biting near Wabash, Minn. So over they rushed—at a cost of \$1,983.67 for transportation and hotel expenses for ten days. Row-boats, motor-boats, and guides followed, and the vouchers solemnly recorded: “three sinkers, 15 cents; mineral waters, \$6.50; one can of minnows, 75 cents; one note-book (ah! Sherlock is in action. What? No magnifying glass?), 15 cents; spoon hooks, \$1.25; matches, 15 cents; and fishing licenses, \$22,”—all at the public expense. It was, when the items were totalled, a \$200-a-day fishing trip for ten days—and it was only part of an investigation that cost the taxpayers more than \$27,000.

Alaska attracted a junketing committee headed by the Hon. Robert Beecher Howell of Nebraska, who prepared for his assignment by purchasing, at the public expense, “\$143.55 worth of photographic supplies.” Two colleagues went with him “to investigate the Alaskan Railway, determine its economic situation and its prospects.” The cost of their little trip was \$4,360.54, and the result, a neat little printed report.

No such trivial sum would do for the Hon. Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, super-sleuth of the Senate. His committee to investigate general and primary elections asked for and got \$150,000 and spent \$128,795.69 in the first twelve months of its operations.

“I can hear tongues wagging,” he told his colleagues one day in the Senate, “and I can see lips moving in whispers, pointing out some little item showing how lavishly Nye lives when he is out on governmental expense, showing how liberally he tips, what extraordinary and lavish accommodations he insists on having.”

But this tongue wagging did not dis-

turb him. As soon as his committee was created, he hired three investigators at \$500 a month each, plus expenses; a committee secretary at \$500 a month and expenses; a special assistant at \$600 a month and expenses; four clerks at \$550 a month for the four; and then put his brother, Donald P. Nye, in charge of handling the committee's expenses.

The Nye committee was flat broke when it reported sadly that not a Senator had been ousted nor a voter jailed as a result of its activities. However, for the \$150,000 investment, the people who paid the bill got a nicely bound report.

Another Nye committee, instructed to make an inspection of the proposed Everglades National Park in Florida, found it convenient to go south shortly after a cold Christmas in Washington, and on December 30, reached the Florida sunshine. It immediately hired two house-boats, the *Windswept* and the *Chico*, and kept them for five days at an expense (for rental, not purchase) of \$1,687.50. That included oil, gas, guide, pilot service and the inevitable “incidentals.” The committee later hired a blimp and paid \$75 for a brief view of the proposed park from the air. The total cost of this holiday tour to Florida was \$4,241.15. A good time was had by all, and the taxpayer got another neatly printed report.

China next occupied the attention of the senatorial Sherlocks. Information was wanted on treaties and trade relations. Get it from the Library of Congress and the State Department? Not on your life! Get it, by gad, on the Pacific Coast. So a committee rushed to San Francisco, headed by the Hon. Key Pittman, LL.D., of Nevada, aided by Senators Swanson of Virginia and Shipstead of Minnesota.

Their hotel bill in San Francisco at the Fairmount Hotel ran to \$1,085.95 for two

weeks, just about half of what it cost them to spend the next two weeks at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, where the bill was \$2,221.82. A jump to Seattle with a bill of \$1,370.92 at the Olympic Hotel for one week completed the excursion.

The Senate allowed \$10,000 for this junket. When all expenses had been itemized, the bill reached \$9,698.19. What? Was there to be a refund to the taxpayers? Not a penny, dear Watson, not a penny, for the last item on the bill made the \$10,000 allowance come out exactly even as follows:

To reimburse self [Senator Key Pittman] for expenses incident to and in connection with trip and hearings on Pacific Coast, and two trips to New York City. . . \$301.81.

For the \$10,000 the taxpayer got another nice little report—and just about that time, Lo! the poor Indian had to be investigated. The Hon. Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota took up the task and his committee turned their backs upon burning Washington for a pipe-smoking tour with the Red man. The cost was \$6,589.45.

About this time the senatorial Sherlocks decided that something should be given the taxpayers in return for the \$200-a-day fishing trips, the Summer junkets to Alaska, and the Winter flights to Florida and California, so they ordered an investigation of the price of bread. For this noble task the Hon. Arthur Capper of Kansas was named chairman. Two "experts" were immediately hired at \$50 a day to aid the committee in finding out why, if wheat was thirty cents a bushel and flour \$3.50 a barrel, bread was not selling for five cents a loaf. The investigation lasted thirty-four days. When it concluded, the taxpayers got a neatly printed report in exchange for their \$3,523.33, and the price of bread remained exactly where it was.

Meanwhile, the Sherlocks in the lower branch of Congress were planning to save the public from Bolshevism. "The Reds are coming!" The chamber of the House resounded on May 2, 1930, with that ominous warning from the lips of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, A.B. *cum laude* Harvard, captain for three years of its football team, holder of the Croix de Guerre, and member of the committee that wrote the preamble to the 100% American constitution of the 100% American Legion.

Shaky congressional hearts voted 210 to 18 to give him \$25,000 of the people's money and two pistols to conduct the investigation. The pistols, solemnly accounted for in the committee expense account, were a \$20 Smith & Wesson M. and P. Model, No. 50417, and a Colt P. Positive .32 calibre, also costing \$20. To fill them, one box of 32/30 cartridges was bought at \$1.75 and a box of .32 Colt N.P. cartridges at \$1.18.

Alas, some of the Hon. Mr. Fish's colleagues were a little skeptical of the necessity for the investigation. The Hon. Mr. Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York had the audacity to say that the House "should give some sort of study to the question of unemployment and do it in the good American way, and in that way we will stop all need of a congressional investigation of communistic activities." As for the Hon. Lindsay C. Warren of North Carolina, he took a look at the contingent fund. He said:

Evidence presented to the Committee on Accounts indicates that the \$25,000 asked for by the so-called Fish committee is absolutely unwarranted and unnecessary. Let's stop a minute and see about the high cost of congressional investigations. We set aside from the House contingent fund every year \$40,000 for investigations and special committees; yet the House has al-

ready authorized at this session investigations and authorizations to the extent of \$231,736.45, making a deficit in its contingent fund of \$173,736.45.

But the \$25,000 was promptly transferred to the credit of the Fish committee, and Representatives Hall of Mississippi, Bachman of West Virginia and Eslick of Tennessee were named to serve on it. New York, not Moscow, beckoned; later, San Francisco. San Francisco, in fact, lures so many congressional committees to the Golden Gate that one House member was unkind enough to say during a debate on contingent expenses that an investigation of the Atlantic tides, if it were ordered, undoubtedly would be made on the Pacific Coast.

After several months of traveling without a Red being ensnared, the committee put up its two revolvers, and issued a check for \$18,210.95 to cover its expenses. It also issued a nice little paper-bound report, almost as entertaining as the famous bulletin of the Department of Agriculture discovered by Senator Pat Harrison, dealing at length with "The Love Life of the Bullfrog."

Nothing, it appears, is safe from congressional investigation. In the brief space of ninety days the Senate ordered and conducted investigations or special inquiries on these subjects:

- Wild life
- Cures for cancer
- Cotton exchanges
- Indian conditions
- Naval oil reserve leases
- General and primary elections
- The operation of the revenue tax laws
- Coastwise shipping
- Lobbying activities in Washington
- Traffic regulation
- Farm conditions along the Rio Grande
- Storm and flood relief
- Accidents in civil air navigation
- The administration of insular possessions,

- with particular attention to the Massie case in Hawaii
- The abolition of the Federal Farm Loan Board
- Philippine independence
- The Federal food and drug act
- Free highway bridges between Texas and Oklahoma
- Chinese famine relief
- The boundary between North Borneo and the Philippines
- Unemployment
- The deportation of alien seamen
- The Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians
- Migratory bird refuges
- Livestock quarantines
- The consolidation of railroads
- The standard for fruit preserves
- The pay of Army bandmasters
- The regulation of real estate brokers
- Limiting the jurisdiction of equity courts
- The control of predatory animals
- The eradication of the bollworm
- The defeat of J. Thomas Heflin.

To convince the country that Tom Heflin had been actually, legally and vindictively defeated in Alabama, his former colleagues spent \$90,000 of the taxpayers' money. In addition to that, Tom himself added \$1,560 to the bill when he spoke in the chamber for five hours, defending his luckless contest with Senator John H. Bankhead.

The Heflin election inquiry was one of the most expensive investigations staged by the Senate since the Vare-Wilson contest in Pennsylvania and the Frank L. Smith fiasco in Illinois. In fact, it was responsible for approximately 25% of the total cost of senatorial investigations during one whole session.

The operations of the Senate and House in 1931, the last year for which complete figures are available, cost \$11,607,458.30. Second only to salaries and mileage, investigations took the largest single amount—\$424,408.84—from the Senate's running expenses. Even that figure does not in-

clude the drain that investigations made on other accounts, such as the \$60,400 for official stenographers and the \$33,877 for stationery. The House expenses directly charged to investigating committees were \$112,381.68 in 1931, plus a share in such other expenses as \$127,980 for telephone and telegraph bills, \$92,674 for stationery, and \$17,059 for stenographic reports of committee hearings.

IV

Maintaining the Senators in the luxurious life to which they quickly become accustomed—alas, only a few are acquainted with luxury before reaching the Senate—has developed into a major financial problem for the American taxpayer.

The luxuries begin long before the servant of the people reaches Washington. On the March 4 following his election in November, the new Senator or Representative goes on the pay-roll for \$10,000 a year, less the 10% slash ordered last June. A mighty cry was made of sacrificial economy when the servants of the people voted to cut their own salaries to \$9,000. But if the public thinks that such a noble gesture had a degree of permanency about it, the illusion might as well be blasted now. There was a joker in the deck. The \$10,000 salaries were voted, as usual, in the 1932-33 appropriation bill, and then an entirely separate act was passed, effective for one year only, cutting them 10%. This means that the \$10,000 goes back into effect at the end of the fiscal year, on June 30, without the necessity of waking the sleeping populace. However, if enough voters find out about this deception, a howl may go up that will reach the Pottomac before March 4, and result in an extension of the 10% slash for another year.

Once his own salary is attended to, the

member gets a \$10,000 allowance for his personal secretarial staff. That also begins as soon as he takes the oath of office, even if he does not leave for Washington until the following December. When he does go, the journey is on a gravy-train. It nets him a profit of around sixteen cents a mile. Specifically, when the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo leaves San Francisco sometime after the Roosevelt administration begins the actual cost of his transportation to Washington and return will be \$274.76, but just as soon as he reaches Washington, a check for \$1,292.80 will be awaiting him as his mileage for the trip. His clear profit will be \$1,018.04.

Once a Senator is in his office, the real luxuries begin. Thirsty? Hungry? A button is pushed—and in a few moments a steaming meal, a couple of bottles of Canada Dry, and a beaming Ethiopian are at his side. Maintaining the senatorial restaurant cost \$52,171 in 1931, in addition to salaries of \$51,998 for the eighty-eight waiters and cooks necessary to serve the ninety-six Senators. The cost of the food is, however, paid for by the Senator. He does not yet get it free of charge, as he does his shaves, haircuts and Turkish baths.

Does he desire something to quench his thirst in better fashion than the \$9,000 worth of mineral water provided free of charge? A word to his secretary or another leaping slave and lo! in a few moments a well-dressed young gentleman is admitted unannounced and from his brief-case come the modern successors to such sweet elixirs of memory as Johnnie Walker, Old Taylor and Old Jordan. The Senator must pay for the liquor. The government, however, provides him as a part of his office equipment with a cabinet in which to keep it behind a Yale lock to which only he or a trusted friend has the key.

Is it now time to do something for the people? Does the Senator wish to concoct a speech? There are ghost-writers, too, among the 3,000 slaves. They are hidden in a nook of the Library of Congress, far from the eye of the tin-can tourists awed by the mosaics, the rearing horse out front, the gaudy paintings inside, the original Declaration of Independence, and the Gutenberg Bible. To maintain these ghost-writers, Congress voted \$73,990 in the appropriation act of 1931-32 with the explanation:

To enable the Librarian of Congress to employ competent persons to gather, classify and make available, in translations, digests, compilations and bulletins, and otherwise, data for or bearing upon legislation; and to render such data serviceable to Congress and committees and members thereof.

The ghost-writing division is today a major section of the library and its chief is on the public pay-roll at \$6,000 a year. No one argues that he is not worth it. Nor is there much complaint about the gentlemen known as "legislative counsel." They are private lawyers hired to draft the bills that the members introduce. In other words, after having sent a batch of second-rate lawyers to Congress, the public has to foot the bill of hiring some first-rate lawyers to do their work. The cost of such service in 1931 was \$57,354.55.

If it is a major prerogative of a member to have the Legislative Research Division of the Library of Congress write his speech and learned legislative counsel draft the accompanying bill, certainly it is his grandest prerogative of all to have the right to deliver the masterpiece to the nation, actually in the Senate, mythically in the House, and then frank it out by the thousands of copies to his admiring constituents.

This franking is the principal concern of the House member, for he seldom delivers more than the first two or three paragraphs of his speech on the floor. Permission to "revise and extend" is the trick that enables him to rush copies of it out carrying the broad-faced lie that it was "delivered in the House of Representatives." A Senator, not bothered for time, may hold forth as long as he chooses.

The Hon. Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, son of Old Bob, the famous filibuster expert of World War days, delivered a speech in the Senate on February 2, 1932, that consumed 155 pages and cost the public, at \$58 a page for printing it in the *Congressional Record*, exactly \$10,556. Its purpose was to advise his colleagues that there was a considerable amount of hunger and unemployment in the country. He inserted a long series of letters to prove it.

Each year the franking privilege contributes approximately \$3,000,000 to the postoffice deficit, including departmental frankings. During one year alone—just before the last election—more than 26,000,000 pieces of unpaid, letter-class mail went out from the House and Senate. The Senator's office force does not have to do the menial job of folding the speeches, inserting them and sealing the envelopes. That is performed by a special batch of galley slaves in the basement of the building, who get \$1 a thousand for doing the job. They took \$26,000 in 1931.

The grab-fever of Congress spreads from Senators and Representatives to their employes. The Hon. William Tyler Page of Maryland, author of "The American's Creed" and clerk of the House of Representatives, got \$5,000 from the Treasury in addition to his regular salary of \$8,000 a year for such an illuminating "special service" as:

For assistance rendered in compiling list of reports to be made to Congress by public officials; compiling copy and revising proofs for the House portion of the Official Register; preparing and indexing the statistical reports of the clerk of the House; compiling the telephone and members' directories; preparing and indexing the daily calendars of business; preparing the official statement of members' voting records; preparing list of congressional nominees, and statistical summary of elections; preparing and indexing questions of order printed in the appendix to the Journal pursuant to House Rule III; and for recording and filing statements of political committees and candidates for election to the House of Representatives pursuant to the Corrupt Practices Act, 1925 (U.S.C., title 2, sec. 241-256). . . . To Wm. Tyler Page \$5,000.

V

Aside from a personal secretarial staff of four, if he is not chairman of a committee, and eight to ten if he is a chairman, each Senator manages, like a second lieutenant in the army, to get himself at least one striker. It may be only a page or it may be a colored messenger, but he manages to ensnare at least one for full personal service to him at the public expense during his senatorial tenure.

In the Senate itself, serving the ninety-six august Senators and the Vice-President, are exactly 660 slaves, the aristocrats among the 3,000 on Capitol Hill. They range from the secretary of the Senate, who gets \$8,000 a year and a fine automobile at public expense, to the twenty-six pages, no mean salary getters themselves at the rate of \$4 a day.

At the long, semi-circle mahogany table in the front of the Senate sit the experts whose off-stage whispers have saved many a Senator from a break that might have

sent the galleries into a roar. But if the galleries should thus offend senatorial dignity, a batch of strong-arm Capitol police, the cost of which was \$91,005.50 in 1931, would be ordered up to give them the bum's rush. Even the redoubtable Tom Heflin failed in an attempt to liberalize the Senate rules sufficiently to "permit the galleries to indulge in low laughter."

The slaves listed as messengers on the Senate pay-roll, at an annual average salary of \$2,040, numbered fifty-four in 1931. By special resolution, an additional clerk, drawing \$1,800 a year, was lately given to almost every Senator. A relative frequently gets this job. The pay-rolls show that twenty-six out of the ninety-six Senators openly practiced nepotism in the 72nd Congress. How many more were shrewd enough to practice it under one camouflage or another will never be known.

Those whose pay-rolls carried names exactly like their own included such noble servants of the people as Ashurst of Arizona, Bankhead of Alabama, Barkley of Kentucky, Black of Alabama, Brookhart of Iowa (the grand-master of nepotism, who got his relatives on for a grand total of \$25,000 a year and got defeated for re-election largely on that issue), Bulow of South Dakota, Dale of Vermont, Fess of Ohio, Frazier of North Dakota, George of Georgia, Gore of Oklahoma, Harrison of Mississippi, Herbert of Rhode Island, King of Utah, LaFollette of Wisconsin, Logan of Kentucky, McKellar of Tennessee, Nye of North Dakota, Patterson of Missouri, Schall of Minnesota, Stephens of Mississippi, Thomas of Oklahoma, Townsend of Delaware, Trammel of Florida, Walsh of Massachusetts, and Wheeler of Montana.

STRATEGY

BY W. R. BURNETT

IT WAS when I was managing Mickey Deal. Remember Mickey? Sweet fighter he was, but a nut. Used to read a lot of books and stuff like that. He had an uncle was a priest, and I always said he put them ideas in Mickey's head. Me? No, I ain't got nothing against studying; I read a book myself, once. But it's like this: let the college professors and guys like that do the reading and let mugs like Mickey do the fighting. Course, a guy ought to read the papers, you know; but Mickey used to read history and that stuff.

No, I ain't kidding you. He read books this thick. Yeah, I've seen him with books that would cripple you for life if a guy dropped them on your foot. I used one of his big books for a door-stop up at the Mount Carr camp till he seen it one day. Oh, what a howl he put up! Yeah, he read so many books he had to get cheaters. Can you imagine a pug with cheaters? First time I seen him with them on I nearly dropped dead. It made him look refined, you know. Not like a pug ought to look.

Books was the ruination of Mickey, though he would never admit it. Used to read a lot of Roman history, you know; stuff that happened way back two or three hundred years ago. One day he come out with something like this: "A fighter is a chump to get in there and take it. The only thing to do is to use strategy like them old Roman generals like Napoleon done." He said they didn't jump right out and start at it; they was cautious and won

all their battles by outguessing the other guy, or making him put his wrong foot forward or something.

I says: "Listen, Mickey, there is only one way to win a fight and that's by fighting. All that strategy stuff is got up by Grant-land Rice and guys like that after the fight's over."

But Mickey just thought I was ignorant. Me! the smartest manager in the business, even if I didn't graduate from Harvard.

Well, you know, in spite of all that stuff, Mickey come along at a pretty good clip. He knocked over about thirty stumble-bums in one year; mostly one- and two-round knockouts and technicals, and he hurt Ray Bluhm so bad out in California that Ray tries to foul him, but Mickey is too smart and won't let him get away with it. Draw, they called it. Jeez, they sure pick their own referees in California! It was about as much of a draw as the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." But draw or not, it got Mickey on the front page and got him big-time booking. Ray Bluhm weighed about 170 at that time; Mickey, 155.

I was pretty tickled by that fight and I gives Mickey a big hug when he comes out of the ring.

"Strategy done it," he said. "Didn't I tell you, Jimmy?"

"Strategy your fanny!" I said. "It was that right swing in the first. And while we're on the subject, what's the idea of swinging with your right, anyways, in the first round?"

"It was to make him think I was careless."

"Well, ain't you? I could have licked you myself in the third when you opened up with all them rights. Ray must have been drunk."

"No. He couldn't fathom my attack. I had him fooled."

How can you argue with a guy who talks about "fathoming an attack" he ain't got? His idea of an attack was to let his left go, then his right, then his left and right, but he was a tough, fast boy and could get away with it when he had the other fellow busy ducking them swings.

It went on for about a year with Mickey using "strategy" in the form of good healthy socks that never did anybody any good. One time, when he was fighting Abe Gardner, he took a light left to the head, then slipped and fell. He wasn't hurt a bit, and I don't think the referee ticked it for a knockdown, but there he is all stretched out as if he's been hit by a truck and he's so slow in getting up that he almost gets counted out. When the round was over I asks him what's the idea, and tells him if he needs a rest we'll take a vacation and he won't have to sleep on hard canvas. But he winks and says he wanted to make Abe think he was groggy. Anyway, he beats Abe in ten rounds, Lord knows how, and lays it all to this here strategy.

Abe says to me after the fight: "What's the matter with that boy of yours, is he screwy?"

I says: "No, he's been reading history books and he thinks if a guy concentrates a little he can make the guy he's fighting miss."

Abe gives me a look and goes away shaking his head. I hear later that he told his manager Mickey and me was a couple of hopheads.

Well, in the Fall of '28 Mickey was number two or three middleweight, knocking them over and getting stronger every fight. He was reading more than ever and getting even nuttier ideas. Dough was coming our way and things was looking up as the Champion was trying to train on gin and breads and not making no success of it. The only thing was, I was afraid the Champ would be leery of Mickey, a tough, young kid like him, but it turns out that he ain't; he thinks Mickey is a set-up. Champions are funny that way. And so, after promising the Champ the Woolworth Building, the U. S. Treasury and the movie rights, we got a match.

The fight was set for N. Y. and we both started to train down near Ash Harbor, Long Island. Mickey never had to train much. He was a clean liver, I'll say that for him, and he was a natural middleweight. But of course we had to put on the usual ballyhoo for the suckers. The Champ was different; he had a belly, and high life had cut his wind. He couldn't seem to make the weight, so they dried him out—wouldn't give him no water, you know—and, brother, that's enough to make a rabbit spit in the face of a police dog. I heard the Champ spent his free time throwing things at his handlers and cussing the day he ever left the compressed-air riveter.

Mickey was all serene and give his sparring-partners some mighty uncomfortable afternoons, as he was a bear-cat at hitting and wading in. A lot of fighters waded in and hit, or hit and run, but Mickey didn't know what fear was, and when the going got tough he loved it; a natural born fighter he was. But I'd like to get the guy that taught him to read.

Well, one day we was out pretending to do a little roadwork so the reporters could see us and put the usual bunk in the pa-

pers, when who do we run across but the Champ himself, his face red as a tail-light. He's all wrapped up in sweaters and he looks like he could bite a leg off the kitchen stove. He's got about six guys with him, "now Champ-ing" him, but he's sweating in silence. I'm just ready to call "Hello, Joe," when my boy pipes up:

"Look at the mug! The boys have got him out on a leash. Say, you, what makes you think you can fight? You look like Paul Whiteman to me."

Wow! Joe digs his toes in the ground and makes a dash at Mickey, who gets all set to paste him; but some of Joe's boys grab him and hold on. And right there I got a lesson in what makes a Champion in the first place. Joe keeps right on coming with four guys, and none of them little, holding on to him. He made Red Grange look like a ping-pong player. This guy's still as strong as three mad bulls, even if he has been burning the candle at both ends and in the middle.

"Wait a minute, Joe," I says. "This dumb cluck here was just trying to be funny."

"He ought to be at Keith's Palace," said Joe with a sneer. Then he kind of calms down and lets his handlers lead him away.

"Punk," yells Mickey after him.

I just stood there trembling. Has this boy of mine finally gone screwy? But no, he explains everything. This is just more of that there "strategy." The Champion is a swinger and when he gets real burnt up he swings from the ceiling, the floor, and both sides. Mickey says this leaves him wide open and makes him easy to hit, so he's going to keep after him till he gets him good and sore, so the fight will be a cinch.

"Yeah?" I says. "But suppose one of them swings lands, then what?"

"Don't make me laugh," says Mickey.

Well, it wasn't no use for me to argue. The only thing I could do was to try to keep them apart till the weighing in, which I done—only, of course, Mickey gives out a lot of talk to the press about how the Champ couldn't break a pane of glass with his right and what a laugh the Champ is as a boxer. At the weighing in Mickey pulls the "Punk!" stuff right away, but the Champ just looks sort of grim and says: "Hello, sonny. Trying to pick a fight?" "No," says Mickey, "I know I couldn't pick no fight with you. You don't fight, you waltz." The Champ don't say nothing, but he looks like he's going to have appleplex, and pretty soon when he's weighed in (he just made it: one quarter of a pound to spare) his boys hurry him out, "now Champ-ing" him.

Before the fight I tried to talk to Mickey but it was no use. I told him to try to remember he had seen this "punk" carrying four guys along like they was mosquitoes. But, no; he knew what he was doing, his "strategy" was the thing, and then he gimme the wink and told me he wasn't through yet, so I waited for the worst, biting off all my finger-nails. The prelim bouts was lousy and the crowd was in an awful state, howling, stamping, throwing things down from the gallery, et cetera. The betting was five to two on the Champ. Odds always favor the Champ, but them odds looked too big, and the word had got around that it was a frame, and the Champ was going to split with Mickey for taking a dive. I didn't like that a bit, especially as all the sure-thing boys came round offering me dough to give them the honest-to-John.

I went over to the Champ's dressing-room to watch them put on the bandages and when I sees him stripped I begin to give in. He looks like a million, shoulders like a wrestler; that boy was built to stand

the gaff. "Jimmy," he says to me, "you're all right, but that boy of yours is a so-and-so and I'm going to slaughter him, calling me a punk!"

"He was just trying to be funny, Joe," I says.

"What a sense of humor that bird's got," says the Champ.

The Champ's manager tells me to get my boy in first, as the Champ gets burned up if anything should happen he'd have to wait, so I hurries back to get Mickey started; but, no, he won't budge. The Champ has to go in first. It was no use to argue. Mickey said all this was all part of that "strategy" of hisn. The crowd is about ready to tear up the seats after all them bad fights, and when they sit there and nothing happens, nobody climbs into the ring, they go wild.

The promoter comes to me wringing his hands and telling me the crowd'll wreck the place, but Mickey won't budge. I got as bad as the promoter in a few minutes and begin to run around in circles, but pretty soon the Champ, after giving everybody a piece of his mind, goes in first. He's so burned up that when a guy gets in his way as he's going down the aisle he's going to paste him, and Tommy Marks, his trainer, ketches his arm just in time, getting a sprained wrist for his trouble.

But that ain't all. When the Champ does get in there and takes his ovation, mostly bronx cheers, Mickey still keeps him waiting. He's got a busted shoe-lace, this and that and the other thing, till I think I'll have to beat it and ketch the first train for Albuquerque or some place. But fin'ly I get Mickey into the ring and he's all smiles. But, oh, boy! you should have seen the pan on the Champion! His chin was sticking out so far that he couldn't see the floor and he's trembling all over.

Mickey bows and when they go in for the instructions he smiles at the Champ and asks him if he had a nice nap while he was waiting. The Champ's face is brick red and he's dancing like he's on springs.

Just before the bell Mickey says:

"It worked swell, didn't it?"

"Yes," I says, taking a look at the Champion. "Where do you want to be buried?"

The bell rang and the Champ come out with a rush that would have carried Dempsey off his feet. He's wide open, grunting like a bull, and he takes three stiff lefts without batting an eye. Then he swings one which whistles through the air and there was two loud smacks: one when the punch landed and one when Mickey hit the floor.

The crowd begins to howl something fierce. Everybody thinks Mickey is taking a dive like the wise guys said. I see the promoter wringing his hands and looking about for a place to run. Mickey gets up and starts to swing, but down he goes again; then up, down, up, down. What a pasting! It made the Firpo-Dempsey match look like an exhibition. Poor old Mickey is game and I know the Champ is wondering what's holding him up; but pretty soon Mickey goes down and stays down and that's that.

There was a riot. Policemen don't mean a thing to that mob and it's over an hour before we can get the fighters out of the ring and into their dressing-rooms.

When Mickey comes out of the shower, I says, very sarcastic:

"Well, that strategy is great stuff, all right."

Mickey never bats an eye.

"Sure it is," he says. "But that big punk is just too ignorant. I tell you, Jimmy, this ain't shaken my faith in strategy."

That's what he said. Honest, that's just what he said.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Moral Science

CENSORSHIP AMONG THE LEARNED

By M. L. RADOFF

THE charges of immorality recently laid against the University of North Carolina will probably result in exactly nothing, as the authors thereof have recently been completely deprived of all political power and influence. But this last gasp of a dying order has for the moment drawn the attention of the liberal public to the problem confronting every tax-supported university which has by its intellectual progress become alien to its hinterland. When such a breach of intellectual sympathy occurs it is always charged that the university is engaged in a huge scheme to destroy the morals of its students, that the faculty takes a sinister pleasure in doing this devil's work, and that its chief ally, the Michael of the infernal hosts, is the university library.

It is certainly one of the orthodox American's oddest but most firm illusions that a university is a hotbed of propaganda against all the worthwhile things of this life: religion, chastity, the two-party system, womanhood, and low taxes. It is true, of course, that certain institutions have on their staffs men whose economic doctrine is not so catholic as it might be, and every now and then a lewd professor is brought to justice for writing a book which vaguely refers to sex or for rowing with his wife. But for the most part, American professors vote the straight Republican ticket, go to church regularly, believe in rugged in-

dividualism, abstain from cards and hard liquor, and otherwise lead pious and constructive lives.

Although he refuses to admit it, the alarmed layman must be somewhat aware of this state of affairs, for whenever a professor does step from the straight and narrow, even though he be but a professor of veterinary surgery, he will have the front pages of the newspapers to himself until an indignant public gets him safely hanged. This exceptional professor, this criminal and vicious tiger, is, however, erected into a type which the leaders of American public opinion, namely, preachers, politicians and editors of rural weeklies, attack at every turn.

My own first impressions of a university were gained from listening to the impassioned speeches of that great Texan, James E. Ferguson, who was in my childhood (and is now) spreading all over the prairies, and with much political benefit to himself, the low-down on the iniquity to be found on the forty acres which shelter the University of Texas. His stories were so good that I would have gone to any other university had I thought there was one whose morals might be even the least bit less wicked. Since that time I have heard the University of North Carolina and the Johns Hopkins attacked in much the same way; and even such orthodox Baptist institutions as Baylor and Wake Forest have had near-scandals over one thing or another. It is only now, after I have spent twelve years in universities and searched out diligently all the wicked-

ness within their halls, that I have become skeptical of the common opinion. As a matter of fact, I have gone so far in the other direction that I am now convinced that there is no other American institution, not excluding the church and the home, which better preserves the morals of American youth.

In the recent hubbub at North Carolina it was alleged that the works of Sigmund Freud were to be found in the library, available to anyone corrupt enough to want them. Almost always, in fact, the books in a university library are cited to show the wickedness of the lives of its professors and students. It is true that such libraries often harbor books which could not pass customs inspection, and that some of these books are downright lewd, but in justice to the librarians it must be said that they are for the most part bequeathed by respectable alumni whose wills forbid categorically the breaking up of their collections. Whatever way they get into the library, it is certainly never by direct purchase.

Moreover, when such books are in English they are classed as *verboten* to the undergraduate, and stuck away in safes or cellars whence they emerge but seldom. The greatest number of them, however, are in foreign languages, and if my experience as an instructor in modern languages has taught me anything it is that no undergraduate ever attains sufficient command of a foreign language to understand a really bawdy book written in it. I find it difficult myself, and I have been practicing for years.

The layman may now admit the fine influence of the library but continue to feel skeptical of the university as a whole because of the influence of the classroom—that is, of the textbooks used there, which are usually chosen by the instruc-

tor himself, and of the underhanded attacks on morality which this same person may make in the privacy of his class, where he holds almost autocratic power over his young and immature auditors. The book problem is doubtless the more serious and should, therefore, be answered first.

Now it so happens that I teach both French and Italian, in which languages, as is well known, most immoral books are set down. In truth there is hardly a worthwhile French novel which somewhere does not treat of adultery; and to what depths the Italians may sink I leave to the reader who must some time in his life have looked through the Decameron of Boccaccio or the Dialogues of Love of Aretino. Textbooks must be used, nevertheless, and they must be selected, furthermore, from the “good literature” of a language. But there is a way out of this apparently hopeless predicament. Class books in courses in literature are, in fact, almost always censored. Greek, Latin and some of the classics in English enjoy a certain immunity, but this immunity is not absolute, as any layman knows who has been thrilled by the fine decency of the Loeb Series editors, who have inserted Greek in Latin texts where ancient unrestraint must shock the modern ear.

But modern language texts enjoy no security at all. They are absolutely at the mercy of the editor or publisher. There appear to be no exceptions to this rule. Even such a fine scholar as J. Q. Adams, the present head of the Folger Library and one of the leading Shakespearean authorities in the world, found it necessary to make cuts in his “Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas,” a book which is used only by graduate students and by the most advanced undergraduates. If this book is rather widely used, the only

American edition of the "Sainetes" of Ramón de la Cruz certainly is not: it cannot sell over a score of copies a year at the very outside and these to the most exclusive of seminars. Yet the editor found whole passages to delete.

It takes little imagination to guess what is done to textbooks prepared primarily for freshmen and sophomores. One of the most popular of such books is Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon." This text is perfectly innocuous except for the sentence: "Parlez-moi des princes monténégrins pour lever lestement la caille." The difficulty here is that *caille* may mean in French, beside *quail*, a *fancy lady*. Most of the school texts omit the sentence entirely; some change *quail* to *hare* or to *game*, thereby destroying all meaning; some print it without any explanation, thus passing the buck to the instructor; only a very few give the passage with the necessary explanatory footnote.

Almost as popular as "Tartarin" is Mérimée's "Carmen." The layman who has read the story or even seen the opera knows that such a lustful story cannot be given untouched to the young. Here, moreover, it is not a question of one word or one phrase or even one paragraph, but of the whole attitude of the author. Mérimée forgot to consider the possibility of his becoming a classic for the schools, otherwise he would certainly not have written with the color and passion which are to be found in all his works and especially in "Carmen." Of course, there is nothing for the editor to do but to expurgate the warmth and the passion.

The work of deleting him has been done very badly by mediocre editors, but I shall not stop to consider them. I pass immediately to what I consider the best edition of his book for classroom use. It was published very recently by D. C.

Heath & Company, the leading foreign language textbook publishers in America, and it was edited by one of America's most brilliant Romance philologists. This editor certainly did not find "Carmen" a lewd tale, but he saw his duty and he did it. Here is an example of his work: the translation is my own:

Section II begins with the author's story of his trip to Cordova and his meeting with the gipsy girl. The first paragraph ends with this sentence: "At Cordova, toward sunset, there are always to be found a number of idlers on the quay which borders the right bank of the Guadalquivir." The next sentence, according to the Heath edition, begins another paragraph and starts this way: "One evening I was smoking, leaning against the parapet of the quay, when a woman, climbing the stairs which lead to the river, came and sat down beside me." To show how closely the academic profession guards the morals of its charges I shall now give some of the intervening material. The layman may wonder why there were so many idlers on the bank of the river at just this time of day, and many intelligent students have pondered the same thing. I usually explain by saying that the Spanish are naturally a race of idlers and no more could be expected of them, but Mérimée gives another reason which, although it is probably the truth, is no more flattering to the race:

Some minutes before the *Angelus*, a large number of women assemble on the bank of the stream, below the elevated quay. Not a man would dare mingle with this troupe of women. As soon as the *Angelus* has rung it is considered that night has come. At the last stroke of the bell, all these women undress and enter the water. Then there are cries, laughs, and infernal racket. From the height of the quay, the men watch the bathers, opening their eyes wide,

but seeing very little. However, these white and uncertain figures which are designed on the somber azure of the stream stir the poetic spirit, and, with a little imagination, it is not difficult to picture Diana and her nymphs bathing, without, however, having to fear the fate of Actæon.

I was told that on a certain day some tricksters got up a purse among themselves in order to bribe the bellringer of the cathedral and to make him sound the *Angelus* twenty minutes before the legal time. Although it was still broad daylight, the nymphs of the Guadalquivir did not hesitate, and trusting the *Angelus* more than the sun, they made their toilet in all surety of conscience. I was not there. In my day, the bellringer was incorruptible, the evenings were dark, and only a cat would have been able to distinguish the oldest orange vendor from the prettiest grisette of Cordova.

But this kind of censorship is paltry compared with the policy of publishing houses who limit themselves for the most part to texts suitable to mixed classes of freshmen at Berea or Wofford. Anatole France, to choose a striking example, is represented by only one novel on the combined lists of the American textbook publishers, and that one, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," is by unanimous consent his worst. France himself boasted that it was written according to specifications for the French Academy. Let the layman consider this fact carefully. In order to shield his son or daughter from any exposure to freethinking, the college professors have voluntarily banned all the works of France's best known writer of modern times from all the classrooms of this country!

The professor in the classroom is quite as harmless as the textbooks just described. For example, there are times when wickedness in the text cannot be avoided, where it is too hallowed to be ignored, as in Chaucer or in Shakespeare. But even on such occasions the instructor may

be relied upon to protect the class. This is true even in the case of professors of modern philology, who have an especially difficult time of it, for they must use texts edited by the Early English Text Society or the Société des Anciens Textes or some learned equivalent in other countries. Since these texts are for the most part unique editions of rare manuscripts, they are necessarily unexpurgated.

Moreover, there was always a certain lusty realism present in the Middle Ages which finds its way even into the salon literature of the period. For example, it was an ancient and charming custom in France for the lady or ladies of the household to remove the armor from a visiting knight, give him the medieval equivalent of an alcohol rub, and furnish him with a clean linen tunic before admitting him to dine in the castle. One professor in the field always stopped after the knight blew his horn before the postern and resumed when the family was at dessert, describing the intervening material as *et cetera*. In time *et cetera* became a symbol of sin and would call forth blushes from the female philologists in the seminar.

Another distinguished professor prepared the lesson ahead and skipped from marker to marker in his book somewhat in the manner of a revivalist skipping from hymn to hymn. Another tried a seminar in Rabelais one year and by hurdling along managed to get as far as Panurge's plans for the rebuilding of the walls of Paris at the least cost. The subject of the seminar was summarily changed to Calvin at the next meeting, and the rest of the year was spent on the *Institutio christianæ religionis*.

I have known only one man in English—and he taught Elizabethan drama!—who would speak any word in the language to his graduate classes. He did it with fine modesty, without embarrass-

ment, and without discernible effect on his auditors. But alas! even this rare manner came to an abrupt end late one afternoon when he announced that we had finished Jonson and would take Dekker next, beginning with the first part of "The Honest . . ." He hesitated and was lost. He had noticed for the first time many anticipatory blushes.

He was a changed man from that day on; and so am I. In the heat of youth I set about instructing with a kind of looseness of speech and of thought which I thank Heaven is now all but gone. It had to go, for there is double action in this system—when a student has become a junior or a senior, no matter how devilish a fellow he was as a freshman, he

no longer tolerates that kind of freedom on the part of his instructors. And he makes his disapproval plain by voicing it in class, after class, in the college journals, and sometimes even in the local newspapers and in the meeting places of the administrative officers of the university. By the time he graduates the professors have made a paragon of virtue of him.

In fact, there is no more consciously righteous group of young people in the world than a graduating class on Commencement Day. If some become renegades later, surely that must be attributed to Original Sin or to natural human meanness. Honest men must acquit the university of all blame.

Music

THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN PIANO INDUSTRY

BY WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

AN AMERICAN square piano was built in Massachusetts in 1801, and twenty-two years later, with Jonas Chickering's establishment of his factory at Boston, the organized American piano industry began. In 1853 the Steinways established themselves in New York. The history of the modern instrument, with its iron framework, steel strings and elaborately ingenious mechanism, may be dated from the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

During the last century the piano has obtained a position of almost complete dominance over the art of music. That is because it combines two properties that are not to be found in the same combination in any other instrument. On the one hand, its player can instantly and directly control the loudness of the tones he evokes, while on the other the keyboard which he

manipulates gives him command over the entire range of sounds used in music, through seven octaves and a minor third, from the lowest A at 27.5 vibrations a second to the highest C at 4186. He commands every harmony within the scope of his ten fingers; and if he be sufficiently skilful he can even expand this scope by combining rapid skips over the keyboard with a judicious use of the pedal. Many musical instruments, in fact, nearly all, endow their players with the first of these powers. Some, like the organ, give him the second. But only the piano gives both, immediately and directly. Moreover, the piano is the easiest to play of all the more important instruments. It is this combination of powers within a comparatively small physical size that has brought it to the front of the musical art. But today that position is seriously threatened.

The threat does not come from the composers of music. They are not refusing to write for the piano. On the contrary, they

continue to find it indispensable. Nor does it come from performing musicians, who would be at a loss if they were deprived of that particular combination of musical properties which is peculiar to the piano. Even the undoubted facts that its tone, save at the hands of a great artist, is hard and unmalleable, that it lacks sustaining power, that it records badly for the phonograph or the sound film and broadcasts just as badly, are having and are likely to have no adverse effect upon its supremacy. The threat to it comes from another source entirely. It comes, remarkably enough, from the masses of the people, who, in America at least, are and have always been mostly unmusical and musically unteachable, but who quite unwittingly have made the modern piano possible. It is their sudden change of attitude toward it which is now threatening its future.

The early piano-makers, in America as everywhere else, built for the rich. Each instrument was as nearly a masterpiece as its maker could contrive to produce. The output was small, sales were for cash, and prices were high. It was not until the 80's that the idea was born of exploiting the newly risen prosperity of the country by producing a much cheaper piano, to be manufactured on a large scale, and to be sold to the farmer and the urban clerk and mechanic. There was good foundation for the project in the fact that ever since the close of the Civil War a thriving trade had been growing up in the Middle West in reed organs, peddled by salesmen from wagons. Rural taste in these instruments ran to large gaudy cases and much jigsaw ornamentation, and when the question came up of designing pianos for the same trade the lesson was not forgotten. Enormous uprights cased in highly varnished golden oak of an appalling brilliancy were offered to the agrarian popu-

lation, with eminently successful results. Cynical salesmen used to say that the farmers bought their pianos as they bought their hogs—by the pound.

With some external refinements, cheap uprights soon began to appear also in the cities. With their appearance came the instalment system of purchase, already known to buyers of the cheaper lines of furniture. Considering that the retail price of a fairly good upright was in those days about \$250 and that \$15 a week was a good salary for a clerical worker, it is easy to see how the instalment system became a necessity. Very quickly the cheap upright became the money maker of the industry. The number of manufacturers increased year by year, until at the end of the century some 300 were listed.

Many of them were turning out what were unkindly called thump-boxes, that is to say, large, cheaply constructed uprights, poor in tone and poorer in mechanism. Why they were bought at all is still something of a mystery. For the American middle class was no more musical then than it is now, and the number of persons who could play the piano was proportionately no larger than it is today. Yet everybody wanted an upright, and 250,000 were sold each year from 1900 to 1910.

The defeat of Bryan coincided with the first appearance of that remarkable musical phenomenon, the player-piano. It came as the Pianola, in the shape of a cabinet on castors looking like a small reed organ. This cabinet was pushed up to the keyboard of a piano until its wooden fingers rested over the keys, and it played them with deadly skill by means of a perforated traveling sheet of paper and the power furnished by humanly operated foot treadles. Crude though it was, it possessed genuine musical possibilities, and for some years was quite popular. Unfortunately, it

soon fell from its high estate, partly because the art of playing it artistically turned out to involve considerable mental and physical effort, but even more because its destinies came to be controlled by the manufacturers of cheap pianos, who saw in it the means of stimulating their sales among the hundreds of thousands of American families whose members would never learn to play the piano in the ordinary way.

Cheap upright player-pianos soon came on the market, with the playing mechanisms built in. Within a few years after 1905 they were leading all other kinds of piano in output, and had become in their turn the big money makers. The apex of their popularity came during the war-time boom of 1916-19. Almost immediately thereafter this received, suddenly and unexpectedly, a fatal wound, by the emergence of public radio broadcasting. For twenty years, under the feet of thousands of wholly unmusical men, women and children, up and down the land, the player-piano had been emitting terrible caricatures of piano music. But there was no longer need for it when better music, in every style, could be had from a radio set.

The number of pianos made and sold annually in the United States has been declining steadily for six years, nor has the process yet been checked. The effect of this decline has been two-fold. In the first place, it has revealed clearly what has always been realized by a few, namely, that the American people were never really musical, but bought pianos during many years only because their possession was a sign of social respectability. The position which the instalment-bought piano once occupied in this respect has now been assumed by the automobile. In the second place, the decline has had and will con-

tinue to have an adverse effect upon the technical and artistic development of the piano. To manufacture violins one needs, beside the necessary skill, only simple wood-working tools. It is even possible to build at a profit wind instruments, both wood and brass, with no more than the simplest equipment and on a very small scale. But to manufacture pianos a really elaborate plant is called for.

Even if the castings, the actions, the keys and the hammers be made outside the assembling factory by specialists, these in turn must be equipped quite elaborately, with foundries, automatic wood-working machinery, and so on. The assembling factory itself must be equipped with a lumber yard, with drying kilns, with a wood-working mill capable of doing precise work, with elaborate gluing machinery, with a well-furnished varnishing and polishing plant, and with (most important of all) a staff of skilled mechanics.

The personnel of a factory making really artistic pianos is the most important element in the entire plant. When demand falls off, this personnel can no longer be kept at work on full time. The older men begin to think of retiring, and the younger of going into some other line of wood-working. The more specialized branches of the craft—tuning, voicing, action regulating, and so on—no longer attract bright recruits. The piano industry must have such skilled workers. The cheapest instruments, of course, may be built almost throughout by machinery, but some skill in assembling the parts is needed even here. The finest pianos are wholly impossible without highly skilled, patiently trained and devoted craftsmanship.

It is here that the future of the piano begins to appear uncertain. If the industry should be reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, the body of its workers

will disintegrate and recruits will be found only with great difficulty. Moreover, it is not easy to make pianos of the finest kind, especially the larger sizes of grands, such as are used on the concert stage and by professional musicians, on the scale of a small handicraft. Only where a factory can make and sell at a profit 3,000 or 4,000 pianos of the smaller sizes annually, can its managers afford to devote the necessary time and money to producing the small number required of the larger and tonally more splendid sizes.

The prices of good pianos have always seemed high, but they are not higher than they ought to be, and the profit of the makers is not unduly large. It has always cost far too much to build a piano, and far too much to sell it when it has been built. The cause of this is that no piano manufacturer has ever been able to produce and sell more than from 5,000 to 7,000 really good instruments a year. If each of the few best makers were able to make and sell 15,000 or 20,000 a year, prices would be much lower for the same quality. If the demand for pianos goes on declining, the prices of the best instruments will rise, and there will no longer be any point in making the cheaper ones. If the industry is thus brought down it may still be able to turn out fine pianos, but they will be very expensive.

The day of the large-scale production of cheap uprights is gone forever. The player-piano is also virtually dead and not likely to be resurrected, although it pos-

sesses virtues which may yet, under intelligent management, revive it. Today the only kinds of pianos that sell at all readily are small grands and very small uprights, the first for the better sort of homes and for studio use, and the second for small city apartments. The larger styles of grand, which used to be considered essential to the furnishing of any fine living-room, are being made only in small quantities. Their future may lie wholly in the recording and broadcasting rooms, and in the studios of teachers, and of professional pianists.

And yet the piano remains the one really indispensable vehicle of musical sound production. Fifty attempts have been made during the last quarter century to devise efficient substitutes, but all of them have come to naught. The combination of steel wire, felt-headed hammer, and spruce soundboard is hard to beat. All the proposed substitutes have been complicated, uncertain and expensive. Moreover, the composers who, from Beethoven through Schumann and Mendelssohn to Brahms, Debussy, MacDowell and Granados, have put their thought into piano music, have created a literature as large as that of all other instruments put together. Any substitute, no matter how efficient theoretically, which should deprive this literature of the characteristic advantage it gains through its having been written for the piano and in recognition of all that instrument's powers and all its limitations, would come as a disaster to the healthy development of the art of music.

THE LIFE OF THE ADOPTED CHILD

BY MARTHA VANSANT

ROGER and Mary and Jack, Alice and Harold, Hermione, Jane, the sisters Marie and Monica, and I myself were all children together—children who started out in life inauspiciously, who were gathered up by society and redistributed among those who wanted us instead of being left with those who didn't. Where are we today? The string of names, which once meant to our foster-parents a line of bright faces and bright hopes, now marks off an oddly assorted company of men and women in their thirties—men and women who are somewhat less happy and successful, I fear, than any average group of the same size from the same kind of environment. The foster-mothers and foster-fathers who brought us up would probably not be very proud of us if they were to see us all together. Perhaps we should have turned out better than we did.

One or two of us are doing credit enough to our families, notably the gay and pretty Alice, and Roger, who fitted into a family of "real" children with surprising success. Several others, particularly the sisters and Jack, are making their own way in the world, and so am I; though our parents are not particularly impressed over the means we have chosen. But Mary, through no fault of her own, is an anxious and unhappy person, Harold is almost the stock example of a failure and a drifter, Jane is a flourishing prostitute, and Hermione is dead.

What was the matter with us, anyway?

It must not be thought that we were all taken from the same orphanage or reared in the same community, and in each other's company. We were not. We came from a variety of places and went into a variety of homes. One in the group has not today the least idea that she was adopted. It simply happens that I, who was adopted myself, had personal knowledge of all these other adoptions. Some time ago I inquired of several adoption agencies whether they had any information on the adult lives of the children they had placed; and as none had any real material on the subject I determined to find out what I could for myself, by looking up the histories of the adopted children I had known. I wanted to discover how much the fact of adoption had to do with the adult success or failure of each one. I could only conclude, from what I found out, that it had almost everything to do with it.

In one sense we were all fortunate: we did not go hungry, and we were not trained to be counter girls or factory hands, as might have occurred had we been left in orphanages, to emerge in time as useful and perhaps worthy citizens, though certainly submerged ones. We were given a better place in the world than we were born to. But while we all were looked upon as the petted, pampered, spoiled darlings of the generous people who took us in, what really happened was that not a few of us fell into clumsy hands

that tried to mold us, as children can never be molded, into some preconceived form of their own. And some of us collapsed in consequence.

The danger that threatens an adopted child is not his uncertain heredity, his obscure background or doubtful legitimacy, but the fact that his foster-parents take him ready-made, and then expect him to grow and evolve according to specifications which they set down as definitely as they select his sex or the color of his hair. When in any way he disappoints them, the trouble begins. They may take a child for one of a number of reasons: perhaps they want an heir to inherit property, or someone to be a comfort and protector to them in their old age; perhaps they feel an obligation toward the child or to its parents; it may be the illegitimate child of one of them, or a child of relatives or friends, and they feel the need of giving it opportunities it might not have without their intervention. Or perhaps they are really fond of children and have none of their own, or have space and time to provide for an extra one.

However high-minded and sensible the reason, it will not avail to give them immediately a sensible attitude toward the child they take. They cannot, for all their will, make him necessarily into what they want, the child of their heart if not of their loins; and in their harsh or sentimental attempts to get just what they are after, they only too often force him to lead an unnatural life, and to curb his innate individuality and natural gifts until his real worth as a person has been destroyed. They fail to realize that the only way you can affect the creation of a person, beyond his procreation, is to run with, and not against, that person's individuality.

There is no parent, whether a foster-parent or a flesh-and-blood one, who has

not plans and hopes for his offspring; but I sometimes think that the period of gestation, with its waiting uncertainties and anxieties, puts into flesh-and-blood parents a lot of healthy doubt and sensible resignation, not merely connected with the physical attributes of their unborn child, but with his other endowments as well. If the infant is your own, you have had months in which to anticipate his many unknown qualities, and you are prepared to accept him and them for better or for worse.

But the child which you get out of an institution you are likely to take for better only. It is already made when you take it; you find it healthy, of the proper sex and complexion, even, if it is old enough, with what appears to be the proper sort of disposition to fit in with yours and cause happiness all round. With so many known things already provided, shall not the environment you create force the child to grow as you desire, even as regards that unknown element, his individuality? Can you not constrain the young creature to become the child of your dreams?

Indeed you can, for the Behaviorists as much as tell you so. And if the child gets slightly marred in the process, at least you cannot be blamed, for your intentions were of the best and you saved the youngster from a life as servant or farm-hand, which might have been his fate had you never taken him from the institution.

II

When anyone adopts a child, generally the first thing he wonders about is, Will it love me? It seems simple enough to find ways to make it do so. First of all, he will always be kind and considerate to it. He will pet it a great deal, even when he may not feel like petting it; and he will give it things, and spoil it a little perhaps, for the

spoiling may be overcome later, but the bond of love can only be established in infancy. Above all, he will try, by kindness and indulgence, to win its confidence. It shall never for a moment have cause to believe it is not his true offspring. If it should ever find out the truth, it would of course, he fears, cease to love him.

In spite of warnings from the adoption agencies, countless foster-parents believe all this, and seek from the beginning to bind their adopted sons and daughters to them by sentimental and insecure bonds. As the children grow up and the spoiling becomes a burden, and unpleasant or unexpected tendencies begin to appear, the parents allow themselves to lapse from their maudlin affection, and come down on the unsuspecting youngsters with a cold heavy-handedness; and the youngsters, being by this time far more rational than they have any business to be, discover that other parents are not generally so harsh toward childish faults, nor were they in the beginning so sweet for no reason at all. When they start this sort of comparison their confidence is already in danger of being destroyed.

Flesh-and-blood parents, if they have any sense, start out with a far more important conjecture regarding their child than any inane, Will he love me? They may question themselves instead: Will I know how to bring him up to his best advantage? He may love them and he may not, but if he grows up into a worthy individual, that is the best they can hope for him and for them; and if he loves them, so much the better. If he disappoints them they will do their utmost to be philosophic about it. He is their child, he may exemplify the faults they know themselves to possess, as well as the virtues; in any event, they will be sympathetic if they can.

Adopting parents are not always so gen-

erous. Nothing untoward will happen if their child has no bad habits and does not disappoint them; but if the infant they have taken in such good faith and with so much sacrifice can't grow up to what is expected of it, then they have the fatal secret to hurl at it: You are after all not my child! which carries with it the equally disheartening idea: I never really cared for you: the whole thing was an experiment, which didn't work out.

All this is exemplified most completely in my cases. The successful ones among them today are those who in childhood were treated as rational beings who could safely be told that they were adopted, and not as mere emotional entities who had to be controlled by unthinking affection. The one exception to this was a child who never gave her foster-parents a moment's difficulty, but grew up without any important faults or unattractive qualities to strain the bond of love so carefully woven.

That exceptional child was my friend Alice, who was taken at the age of five to brighten the life of a childless couple who wanted her around to keep them from being bored and lonely. Alice was old enough to give substantial proof of her charm at the time of her adoption; she was from the beginning one of those rare children who seem to love the air they breathe. She was perfectly fitted to play the part demanded of her, and as there was no friction in the family to mar her confidence in the goodness of the world, she grew up happily, and became a beautiful girl whom everybody loved. Nothing but charm and gentleness was asked of her, and she was born with these. She went to a fashionable school, made a brilliant début, and is now a popular young woman, exactly the daughter her parents wanted. They have never found need to tell her she was adopted, and she is now unlikely to find it

out; but if ever she should, it would probably have little effect upon her feeling for the good people who brought her up, for she has never had anything to complain of, and neither have they.

But Alice is exceptional in her good fortune, for few children who are ignorant of their adoption lead such completely serene lives. And one hesitates to think what would have happened if Alice had gone into a household whose ideal was a scholarly damsel, or a superior and devoted household drudge; or had fallen into the hands of people who disbelieved in the value of social life.

III

If you compare her life with that of Jane, it will be easy to see what happens when the gay and socially-minded child gets into the wrong sort of family. Jane, like Alice, was five years old at the time of her adoption, and she was taken by neighbors of my family, so that I saw her many times. These neighbors loved her liveliness and curiosity. Their life was rather dull, they had no children of their own, and they wanted a charming young daughter to inherit their property when they died, and meantime to be devoted to them, and spend her youthful energy on making their lives less drab and uninteresting. Jane had brains, good looks, and a way with her which won over governesses and tutors, who were inclined to spoil her. Her parents on the other hand were strict, as they had determined to make her into an impossible creature, gay but sedate, lively but content to keep her liveliness exclusively for them.

Jane came to adolescence very early, and began to run around with boys in a perfectly natural fashion, only that she preferred the slightly older and more experi-

enced boys whom she was not encouraged to see. Her parents could not hold her down, and at fifteen she became what they considered really wild, so that they began to entertain fears for her. Adopted children, with their uncertain parentage, were notably immoral of course, so Jane was warned, scolded, and beaten for doing what other girls of her age were allowed to do.

One day, when she was tired of so much opposition, and protested more than usual about being kept from the amusements that the others enjoyed, the parents' patience gave out and they told her that she was not behaving like a child of theirs, and indeed was none, but the true daughter of her mother, who had never been married. This was meant as a moral lesson, but it was such a shock to Jane that it resulted in her running away. She was brought back not once but several times, and always against her will, for she said it was plain enough that she wasn't wanted at home, and she was now learning how to get along by herself. Finally she left for good. Her career as a prostitute had begun, and the family cast her off.

People who knew Jane, mothers with daughters of their own, agreed that she was no different from the other young people of her time, and that her career was the direct result of hearing that her mother was "bad" and believing that she too must be bad. Her pride and her nerve were both so shaken that she found no choice but to leave home, and her prettiness and charm soon led her into the hands of others who were willing to take care of her. Regular mothers and fathers would never have treated Jane's "wildness" as these adopting parents did, for they are not so painfully worried about the younger generation. The worried ones are those fanatical childless people who have never had a chance to ob-

serve that offspring of one's own may also display qualities and tendencies one doesn't wholly approve of.

Jane is one of several cases on my list which illustrate the danger of telling a child, at an inopportune moment, that it is adopted. Another example is Harold. Harold's foster-parents were somewhat more sensible than Jane's, and refrained from suspecting him of untoward behavior. The father was a hard-working and vastly talented research chemist, who wanted nothing so much as a son to work with him and continue his researches when he himself should be too old. The mother, a firm disciplinarian who believed that she could do anything she wanted with a child (though she had never borne one) chose an infant of healthy parentage, and prepared to develop him into the chemist which her husband wanted. Both of these good people were extremely honest and did not like the idea of fooling the child by allowing him to live out his life under the impression that he was their actual son; but at the same time they wanted him to love and trust them, so they decided to delay their revelation to him until his twenty-first birthday.

As he grew up Harold did not show any particular aptitude for chemistry, but he was persuaded to follow a scientific course in college, somewhat against his will. His marks were bad but his athletic record filled his parents with pride. At the Christmas vacation of his junior year, Harold came home much worried by the approaching mid-year examinations, and spent the larger part of the time at home studying. His twenty-first birthday fell during the vacation, and when the fatal day arrived, much to his surprise his parents called him solemnly before them, and instead of berating him for his academic difficulties, told him what they felt

it was their duty to tell him—that he was not their own but an adopted child.

Harold said little at the time, but over-study had made him morbid, and he at once became certain that he could not pass the examinations. Of course he couldn't. He was the son of a nobody, a mere adopted child, and no wonder he had been having all this trouble; he would never succeed at all. He was in such a state by the time the tests came that he failed most of them and was dropped from college. He was never able to get back, and though his father tutored him for years, trying to make a chemical assistant out of him, he could not or would not learn. Today he is an idle, hopeless loafer, no victim of the Depression, for many opportunities have been put in his way, but cynically unwilling to try anything with enthusiasm, from an inner conviction that he must fail.

If Harold is a pathological specimen, the fact had certainly never appeared until his parents made their announcement. Up until then he was a normal boy. All the trouble might have been avoided, and he might today be leading a satisfactory life, if they had told him in early childhood that he was adopted, and taken it for granted that chemistry might not be his bent. He and his parents might have discovered another occupation to which he was more suited, and there would never have been any need to shock him with a revelation of his origin, for he would have known it already, and become accustomed to the idea when he was so young that it would have caused no shock at all.

But perhaps the most tragic of all these real-life stories is that of Hermione, who killed herself. I knew Hermione in college, when she was at the beginning of her worst difficulties. She was adopted from birth, and turned out not to be pretty, but brilliant intellectually. Her parents were

sometimes brutal to her, so that she hated her home life, but she was always hoping to win them over by something worthy that she might do. During her first years at college Hermione started to write for the local newspapers, and one day she took home a check received for her reporting. She hoped it might help the family to be pleasant to her during the holidays, if they realized that she was soon to be self-supporting, and no longer a drain on them.

But the parents, when they saw the check, made a scene. This was the first they had known of her writing, and now they berated her for daring to do it. She was completely bewildered, and when she asked what in the world they meant, they told her that she was not their child at all, that she was turning out just like her father, who was a well-known writer of cheap best-sellers. Long ago he had seduced her supposed father's sister, who at the time was a promising young singer, and who died giving birth to the illegitimate child. The foster-parents had never really wanted her, but had felt in duty bound to provide for her, and keep her clear of her father's influence. Now that she had proved her ingratitude, they were through. She had shown that she could support herself, and they would do no more to help her.

Hermione learned her father's name and appealed to him for help, as she had no money and wanted to finish her college course. Her father replied that he didn't approve of college for girls, but that as she was in fact his daughter, he would at least get her a job. She took the offered work, but her life was disrupted to such an extent that she grew discouraged and despondent. In the small boarding-house room which was the only place she could afford at her low-paid job, she turned on the gas one day and died.

One other person on my list made a very unhappy discovery of her adoption. This was Mary, a homely, hard-working and moody girl. She had a pretty young sister (a "real" daughter) whom she adored, and who was the family favorite, and she had once had an uncle (who was now fortunately dead) who had figured in the family conversations as a wastrel, a four-flusher, and a cad. One day Mary was called home from boarding-school very suddenly. Her sister had died of pneumonia. In a moment of desperation caused by grief, one of the parents of the dead girl turned on Mary and exclaimed that if anyone had to die, it should have been Mary and not their own daughter. When she asked what they meant, they told her that she was really the child of the dreadful uncle she had heard so much about.

Of course, no one supposes that scenes like this ever take place, or that decent people lose control of themselves to such an extent that they speak as they did to Mary. The only thing that could have protected her would have been a childhood knowledge of her origin. Now, married and with a family of her own, she is still somewhat warped by her experience, and under a continual nervous strain lest she be unjust to her own children, and in some way injure them as she was injured.

IV

I have never understood why people supposed that a child would not love them or be devoted to them if it knew it was not their own. I really believe this idea is caused by the latent fear on their part that they may not love the strange child. They transfer the doubt over to the child, and suppose he will not love anyone to whom he does not belong by blood.

In my own case, I never thought for a

moment that I was the child of those who brought me up; and yet I love them devotedly, at least as much as their own children love them. They had the sense to tell me about my real origin so early that I took it quite for granted, and never felt that there was anything odd about my situation. I knew that both of my real parents had been related to my foster-parents, and that the latter had disliked my father and been devoted to my mother. The qualities of both were talked about so much in my presence that I soon learned the reasons for their feelings, and also discovered why I had been taken into the new family.

It was not from love but from a sense of duty. The more I happened to resemble my mother, the more comfortable life became for me; and the more I indulged in any of the interests of my father, the more difficult it became, so that quite naturally I fell into the habit of suppressing whatever in me was like my father, even to his hobbies and his taste in colors or in things to eat, and making the most of whatever endowments I had from my mother. It was never a completely conscious process, but looking back over my childhood, I can remember countless times in which I really worked to keep down in myself the hated traces of my father. Poor Hermione never had a chance to do that, or a single clue to go on. If she had known about her father before the luckless day when she returned with her poor little check, there might never have been any trouble. She could have gone on writing to her heart's content, so long as she did not tactlessly parade her father's hated craft before her mother's people.

I grew up among several sisters and brothers who were "real" children of the family, and who were, it is true, somewhat better treated than I was. But at least I knew why, and with a child's lurid im-

agination I pictured to myself what might have happened if nobody had taken me in, and so I was grateful. My foster-parents were wise, and I really loved them, and I cannot feel at all sorry for the early responsibilities which were mine, nor think that I had a hard time, as children's times go. I wanted all along to grow up and make my own way in the world. I never wanted to keep on being a child. And my foster brothers and sisters have had a harder time of it in the world than I have, for they did not discover until they were grown up that the world is a rough place.

There remain a few on my list to tell about. One is Roger, who like myself was adopted into a large family. He was such a complete success from the beginning that there is little to say about him. He knew from the first that he was adopted, and the people who took him were fond of children, and seem to have made no difference between him and their own. He grew up, and went his way, like the rest; and he is still one of them.

The story of Jack is somewhat different. He was adopted by a rather elderly Puritan couple who missed having children of their own, and who saw and wanted an attractive black-eyed boy of seven in an orphanage. Nothing was known about his parentage, and his appearance at seven showed no particular racial cast; but much to the surprise of everyone he grew up with unmistakably Jewish features and characteristics. This disconcerted nobody, as no attempt had been made to hide his origin. It became, rather, a harmless family joke. The parents were somewhat disappointed that Jack didn't turn out to be a musician or a writer, but they behaved very reasonably about it when he showed a decided flair for merchandising. They gave him an excellent business training, and he is now a successful merchant, pro-

viding his parents with more money than they ever expected to see in their lives. He may not be the son they dreamed of, but he is loving and devoted beyond their fondest hopes.

The family that took the infant sisters, Marie and Monica, were also in a way disappointed, though they had been frank about the adoptions and were not altogether surprised to find the girls growing into stout and handsome little Italians. When they were old enough they were sent away to boarding-school, and one time they came back with good singing voices, developed in the school choir. The parents had looked forward to their social début in a year or so, but Marie and Monica were so disappointed at the thought of a future of mere social life that the parents were persuaded to follow their wishes, allow them to turn out as nature intended, and send them off to the city for the best voice-training they could afford. The girls improved wonderfully, and when it was plain that their singing would really amount to something, the parents were delighted.

Both girls are now well-known singers, and have still a wide future before them. Their parents sit at home and read about their singing in different parts of the world, and while they are lonely they are nevertheless happy to have had a share in discovering and rearing two such unusual children.

All these later foster-parents, including my own, made no point of forcing their children into uncongenial lives, or of requiring from them a blind love and devotion founded upon a false relationship; instead they wanted each one to turn out as best he might, for his own good. In other words they wanted what the "real" parent wants. And this attitude, with the open and free knowledge they gave re-

garding their children's origin, saved the children from discouragement and the parents from any serious disappointment, in what can prove to be, among self-willed people, a dangerously difficult situation.

V

There is a classic story of one adopted child, whose life was most unhappy, and whose name has been lent today to a perversion in which he was thought to have indulged. That child was Œdipus, King of Thebes, famous now as the original sufferer from the Œdipus complex. Anyone who takes the trouble to read his story will discover at once that he was never the victim of a perversion, but simply of the fact that he was an adopted child. His foster-parents, like many today, feared or neglected to tell him he was not their own, and their failure caused all his misfortunes. When Œdipus killed his father and married his mother, he actually believed that he was preventing himself from doing these very things. When he found out, and saw what he had done in ignorance, his life was completely shattered by the discovery.

Œdipus was the son of Laius and Jocasta, rulers of Thebes. They had been warned by an oracle to beware of any son of theirs, as he would cause his father's death; so at birth they gave Œdipus to a shepherd, with orders to see that he was exposed on the mountains to die. The kind-hearted shepherd instead took Œdipus to a Corinthian friend, who in turn presented him to the childless rulers of Corinth, Polybus and Merope. They wanted an heir, and brought up Œdipus as their own son, but refrained from telling him anything about his origin.

All went well until he grew to manhood, when one day his drunken com-

panions, who knew of his adoption, taunted him by telling him that he was not the real son of Polybus and Merope. Œdipus did not believe them, but sent to the oracle at Delphi to make certain; and the oracle gave him no definite answer about his parentage, but warned him that he was destined to slay his father and wed his mother. Horrified, and wanting only to escape from such a fate, he fled from his supposed parents at Corinth and travelled to Thebes. On the road he killed a stranger who disputed his path—the stranger, as it turned out later, was his own father, Laius. Arriving in Thebes, he was able by his wit to solve the riddle of the Sphinx and save the city from her evil visitations; and as a reward he was given the hand of the widowed Queen Jocasta. The exact circumstances of the death of Laius were of course unknown.

Œdipus set about governing Thebes, and might have lived there happily to the end of his days had not a pestilence sprung up in the city. He at once started to track down the cause of the corruption, and eventually discovered that he himself was to blame, in having angered the gods when, unknowingly, he killed his father and took his mother to wife. Then the entire story was unravelled, and the poor man driven mad. He tore out his eyes, fled once more, and became a tragic wanderer to the end of his life.

It is plain that all this might never have happened had Polybus and Merope been sensible enough to explain to Œdipus in childhood that he was not their son. But they, like too many foster-parents today, decided that to tell him would be to lose his devotion. They knew they had a person of unknown individuality to rear as their own, and in seeking to control him as completely as possible they lost him entirely and destroyed his happiness. Surely the moral of this ancient tale has nothing to do with psychopathic tendencies. Instead it states a warning quite simply and clearly, to all those who consider adopting a child.

The other day a young woman who has no children told me that she was preparing to adopt two. "But I'll have to wait a long time for twins," she said, "and I must have twins, first because I want them both at birth, and then because I want them to be brothers or sisters. As they grow up and realize that they are not mine, they will know that at least they have each other. They may not happen to like me, but they will at least feel their own bond of sympathy, and can fall back on that when they think I don't understand them, and leave me out of it if they want to." When every foster-parent is as considerate as this woman, there will be a far higher average of success in the adult lives of adopted children.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD THE LEFT

BY JOHN ALROY

IMAGINE him telling me it's no good as if a lousy Liberal bastard like him would know what was good or bad when he doesn't know any more about literary criticism than some of these fellows with the capitalist press that pull down big jack writing reviews about books they don't understand because how could they understand them not having the Marxian viewpoint and they have the guts to tell men like me that have studied and worked and examined every angle of the whole business and have read just about everything Marx and Lenin wrote about Literature yes and a lot that Trotsky wrote too because Trotsky was a damn good critic before he turned Social Fascist and the Soviet was perfectly right to liquidate him a damn counter-revolutionary like that even if he did know a lot about revolutionary tactics and maybe did some good work in the October Revolution but then he sells out and fellows like this Rivera that you'd suppose would have enough guts to stick go over with him and join the Left opposition but after all I guess that's about all you could expect from a fellow like Rivera because all he's interested in is just selling a lot of pictures to birds like Rockefeller and making himself plenty of jack and having shows in capitalist galleries which after all is just plain mugwumpism because the fellows who own capitalist galleries aren't interested in real proletarian art at all but just in making money just like the capitalist

press that doesn't even know there is such a thing as a class struggle and think a fellow that's writing really class-conscious stuff is all wet just think of a guy like that telling me that story's no good as if he knew what makes a story good or bad but of course I really shouldn't have shown it to him at all except that I thought he ought to know something about technique at least with all the writing he's done and getting published in all the high-priced bourgeoisie magazines and everything and then come to find out he doesn't even know anything about technique and all he could say was why don't you join the Communist party if you feel that way not realizing of course that I'm of more value outside the party and he said having the hero join the Communist party at the finish was sentimental and just tacked on and didn't come logically with the character I'd built up not being a competent enough critic to understand the great conflict involved in making the decision to join no and he didn't realize that the one way of solving the problem is to become a militant member of the party but he'd have just let him walk out on it and leave the whole thing unsolved and if he thinks the hero in the story shouldn't have joined the party what makes him think I ought to when I have more important work to do and can really help the Revolution more by not joining but by being a free-lance writer putting out revolutionary stuff but I don't suppose a Social

Fascist could get the point in a hundred years and another thing just to show what kind of a guy he is I'm almost positive he was ditching his drinks although he lied and said he was pouring them in as fast as they came around and that he could prove it by Elizabeth as if I'd take Elizabeth's word for anything with her typical bourgeois attitude toward everything and pretending she's such a humanitarian and her poor heart just bleeds over all the suffering and so damn pleased with herself because she got a job for some bird that was down and out not realizing that it doesn't do any good to help out the individual victim of the system but it's the system itself you have to attack but that's the whole trouble with Liberals they get soft hearted over individual examples of the cruelty of the system and close their eyes to the big thing that's staring them in the face and think they're so noble when they help out one guy but won't turn their hand to help out all the oppressed mass of workers and they just seem not to see at all that a real class-conscious minority is growing in this country and about the first people to be liquidated after the Revolution will be the Liberals because they've always been obstructionists and counter-revolutionaries anyway and never have contributed any real help although I guess the party can use them now with the money they give different organizations and then besides their writing sort of wakes people up a little just like feeding milk to a baby before he's old enough to eat real food but of course the stuff they write is actually just manure and not worth a damn and not one of these Liberal writers can appreciate real proletarian literature because they haven't any grounds for criticism not having studied dialectics but getting all their ideas from schools and capitalist

writers and people like them and it's apparent how much these editors of the capitalist press know about what's going on hell I'd feel disgraced to have my work appear in one of their publications like this fellow Carter who started out to be a radical and then sold out and runs things in magazines like *Scribner's* and *Pagany* and that poem in *Pagany* had a French title besides as if that isn't the height of Social Fascism running a poem with a French title and then trying to explain it away by saying it's a quotation from Baudelaire as if anyone gives a damn whether it's a quotation from Baudelaire or any other damn bourgeois when he was really just trying to put on the ritz and show how much he knows about French and why the hell shouldn't he be able to talk French when he had a father with enough money to send him to Paris and another thing they say you can judge a magazine by the stuff it rejects more than by the stuff it runs and it certainly holds true because I know some swell stuff they've turned down but what can you expect of them anyway only I can't understand a sheet like the *New Masses* missing the beauty of good work like they do unless they're too filled up with material or something like that but even so they've run some pretty crappy stuff lately themselves and oh boy did the I.U.R.W. light into them serves them right too because they certainly had it coming although they're still the best magazine in this country which isn't saying much because there isn't a first class revolutionary sheet in America but some day there will be with all the good writers getting themselves posted on Marxism and these fellows aren't going to be able to just keep on selling out to the bourgeoisie forever because after all the movement's too strong to let a few yellow bastards whip it.

SCHOOL TROUBLE

By DOROTHY THOMAS

IT is a pity you couldn't have taught here last year and known Walter Harwood. I liked Walter, liked him both before the trouble came on, when everybody in town would have sworn by him, and after, too, when everybody was talking and half of them against him. I remember how people used to say that if their children were kept out of school with sickness or anything, or had a teacher they didn't do well with, it didn't matter so much because they'd be in Walter's room when they got to the seventh and eighth grades, and he'd catch 'em up on anything they missed. He was just a wonderful teacher, Walter was, and the best son to his mother I ever saw.

For about the first five years they were here Old Mrs. Harwood could do for herself pretty well. She'd scoot around in that wheel-chair and get a meal as good as I could, but then she got worse, and part of the time he had to wait on her like she was a little child. He'd run over from the school-house at recess to see she was easy and had everything she needed, and in school time he'd look out the window maybe twenty times a day and over that way. If she was up she'd be sitting at the window.

Walter wasn't at all bad looking, tall and long-legged, with hair so light that you couldn't tell, after he begun to grey, which was the grey hair, hardly, and he had that terribly clean look some indoor men get, and so thin, his jawbones just

under his skin, and sharp. He wore those unrimmed pinch-glasses, and he used to take them off and hold them in his thumb and finger when anyone would stop him to ask about his mother, or their children in school, or anything, kinda bending forward and putting his whole mind on what you had to say, so polite it was kinda embarrassing.

He was always dignified like that, and he just tended to his own business and never got thick with anybody. People were as fond of him as he'd allow. As for the women—he never looked at 'em. Everybody called him Walter to his back and Mr. Harwood to his face. Eleven years he taught here, and we'd have him yet if the board hadn't gone ahead and reelected Arvilla Kemp to teach another year after she married Bob Tracy.

Arvilla taught the fifth and sixth grades here for three years. She was a good teacher, too, and the children learned under her, but she was always getting the notion that somebody was trying to put something over on her, and always putting up her lip about something. Here at the house—I had five teachers boarding with me then—she was just the same. Evenings, the girls would get together in one of their rooms and play bridge, and then, of course, one of them would have to sit and read, or crochet, or something and they tried to take turn about at it. They'd ask Arvilla in to play and she'd let on she thought they were asking her just to

be polite and say, "No, thank you," and then what would she do, as soon as they got to playing, but come on downstairs here and sit in the dark in the living-room and play and sing, "Yes, Jesus Cares," sniffing a little between verses, and then go off and leave her tear soppin' handkerchief on the piano bench?

When Bob Tracy started going with her I think there was nobody as surprised as Arvilla herself. She's really not a bad-looking girl, if she didn't have such a put-out look on her face. Bob's real jolly and maybe he thought he'd like to cheer her up or something, but it did surprise everybody, him being kinda wild and carefree like he was, and a railroad man, and her being so touchy and serious and religious, too. Being in love certainly made over her disposition, and loosened up her face a lot. I remember a Saturday morning, I think it must have been the day he asked her to marry him, they'd been in his Ford down along the creek, and she come home with her arms full of wild plum, and she looked so nice I just couldn't realize it, hardly.

The board had voted earlier in the year to let her go, just because she was so hard to handle, but after she and Bob started going together she got so reasonable and nice they decided to keep her on, since she wanted to teach another year. She and Bob moved into one of the new bungalows up on the hill, and really, when she started in teaching next Fall folks that had children going to her before she married and after, said there just wasn't any comparison in the way they got on. She was just lovely to the children, up until just after Christmas, when the little Bohemian girl came back to school.

Zdenka, old Milo Ptacek's girl, Zdenka. Their place is outside of town, but close enough that she went to the town school.

Milo's pretty near deaf and that's the reason he's never learned to speak English as well as most of the Bohemians around here. The little girl showed it too, in her talk. I always liked her, myself, the way she'd draw a word out, with her voice rising and falling where you didn't expect it to, and always that surprised sound in it.

Milo's a widower and he kept Zdenka out of school three whole years to keep house for him, and then all at once that year, after Christmas, he decided to send her back. I don't know how it was she'd been kept out that long and nothing done about it, but she had. She was an awfully pretty girl, around fifteen, and had bright bushy hair with red in it, and brown eyes and the clearest skin. A little Bohemian girl like that, one day she'll be just a little girl, and then the next—there she'll be, bloomed out overnight and so pretty it'd just take your breath.

When she was in school before, Zdenka had been in the fourth grade, so when she came back she went into Arvilla's room to be in the fifth. Well, the first day, Walter Harwood, he saw her out on the grounds, head and shoulders above the children she was with, so he went up and asked her who she was and all, and then he took her upstairs to the superintendent's office, and asked Pierce, the superintendent, if he couldn't have her in his room, since she was such a big girl, and had been out so much, and see if he couldn't get her caught up so she could take the eighth-grade examinations and go on into high-school the next year. Pierce thought that was all right if Walter wanted to do it, so he went back downstairs with Zdenka and told Arvilla she was to go into Walter's room.

He'd got used to Arvilla being so much pleasanter that he didn't think any more

about handling her with gloves on, and if she didn't go all to pieces, up there before that roomful of children, and light into Pierce, telling him she had four or five children in the sixth that might be crammed through an eighth-grade examination, and should she have them get out their books and go along, too! She was just in a fury.

Now, wasn't that a fine way for a teacher to talk back to a superintendent before a roomful of children! It made Pierce sore, and my Jack says the board didn't blame him when he brought it up in the next board meeting. Jack's been on the board eight years now, and he says they've had few teachers as hard to handle as Arvilla. Just had to carry her around on a chip all the time. Well, they liked Pierce and they liked Walter even better, and if Walter wanted to put in the extra work and time helping the child they didn't see anything wrong with it. Certainly, he'd helped plenty of others that had been out and missed a lot, or was just naturally slow. Why, when Stone's boy broke his leg, Walter went up there every night of the week and heard his lessons, and wouldn't take a cent for it. Stone is president of the board now, he wasn't even on it then, and he's not the only one that has things like that to thank Walter for.

Just the same, all the children in Arvilla's room, after she threw that fit at Pierce, went home and told their folks and it made so much talk that people would say, when they saw Zdenka, "There goes that little Bohemian girl that Arvilla and Pierce and Walter had the fight over, for skipping her three whole grades." It was easy enough to pick her out. She came to school bareheaded and that hair of hers was just like a fire-bush coming down the road.

II

If that had been all, nobody'd remember it by now, but there was more. It seemed like Arvilla went right back to her old ways after that, and not knowing any different, people laid it all to the trouble over Zdenka.

There was a rule the grade children had to stay outside the schoolhouse until the first bell rang, all except the children that came from far out. They could come in and put their lunch pails on the step and run on out, and if it was bad weather and they'd got chilled coming, they could come in and stand in the lower hall, but they couldn't come on up to their rooms. Well, one morning—you see, this was in February—Arvilla was going from her room to Miss Trout's, the kindergarten teacher's room, to take back some tracing patterns she'd borrowed, and she looked down the hall and there was Zdenka coming up the steps, and she said to her, "Outside! Outside! You know better than to come up now!" Zdenka started back down and then changed her mind and turned around and said Mr. Harwood had told her she was to come on up.

"He did!" Arvilla said. "What for?" And Zdenka told her it was so he could help her, and Arvilla said she could stay right down there until the bell rung, and of course she hadn't any business to interfere like that, and a minute later, Walter, he came out of his room, and motioned with his glasses in his hand for Zdenka to come on up. Both Miss Trout and Arvilla were standing in the door of the kindergarten room and he never so much as looked their way, though he must have heard what Arvilla said to Zdenka all right.

Arvilla had to tell the teachers all about it at lunch that day, down in Funk's Café.

All the teachers ate lunch down there, all except Pierce and Walter. Even Arvilla. You see, Bob Tracy's run got him in town only three afternoons and nights a week, and since his train didn't get in until around one o'clock Arvilla ate down at Funk's. Bob ate there, too, on those days, though of course Arvilla was always back up at school before his train got in.

I never ate down there but the one time. When we were having the new linoleum laid in the kitchen, Jack and I ate down there once, and while the cooking was good enough, I just couldn't bear that red-headed Funk woman, coming through that sawed-off door from the kitchen and swinging that lippy bosom of hers around the room, and nearly falling over the traveling men when she stopped to take their orders, awfully free, and loud. Kinda pretty in the face, though.

Well, Arvilla told the teachers about Walter having this girl up to his room early to be helped like that, and the way she said it made the English teacher sore and she shut her off good and proper. The girls came home that night and were telling me about it. I remember the third- and fourth-grade teacher said, "Why, I tell you, that Bohemian girl's just beautiful, and if Walter wasn't a saint and a fossil he'd see it himself."

While they were talking, and the girls laughing at her for saying that, and her explaining that she didn't have anything against Walter, and hoped she'd be the last one to cast reflections on a man that was as good as he was and so sweet to his mother, why Jack walked in from downtown and said, "What do you know, folks? Old Mrs. Harwood is dead. Walter found her dead in her chair when he came home from school this evening. I bet that man will be just lost without her, burden that she was."

And I guess he *was* just lost, too. The children said in school time he'd be teaching away and go over toward the window and look out toward his house, and catch himself doing it, and whirl 'round and not remember what he'd been talkin' of just before. Folks wondered if he wouldn't start eating down town or something, but he never did. He stayed right on there, doing for himself. Out on the school grounds, he'd pace up and down, his hands in his pockets, whirling, when he came to the walk, so his coat tails would fly out, and pace back again. The teachers and everybody were just as nice to him as they could be—all but Arvilla.

You'd think, with him bereaved like that, that Arvilla would have left him be, wouldn't you? Well, she didn't. She had to go and start that trouble about the brassière. You see, the fifth and sixth grades always went into the seventh and eighth grade room for music, like they do yet, and Walter played the piano and Arvilla taught the singing, walking up and down the aisles, and helping them.

The little Duncan girl that was in the seventh grade told her mother what happened in Walter's room and Miss Trout, the kindergarten teacher, told me the rest. One morning, it was the first music morning after Walter had come back from burying his mother, why, here Arvilla brought her room in just the same and got 'em seated. They had to sit two in a seat for music. They had sung one song and were in the middle of the second one, and all at once Arvilla stopped, right by Zdenka's seat, and then tore up to the front of the room, grabbed a pencil from Walter's desk, and wrote something on a piece of paper and set the ink bottle down on it, plop, and then told her children that that would be all for that morning and marched them right out. Soon as they

were gone, Walter went over to his desk and picked up the note she'd written, and read it, wadded it up and threw it in the wastepaper basket, his face just scarlet, the Duncan girl said, and then picked it out of the basket and stuffed it in his pocket. It wasn't like Walter to get so excited.

That noon, down in Funk's Café, Arvilla told the girls about the note she'd written Walter. She told them she just couldn't stand that Bohemian girl going around not dressed decent, that she'd told Walter that if that child didn't have on a brassière when she brought her room in the next music day, she'd take her children right out, and she'd tell that girl why she did it. She went on to tell the teachers how she hated red hair like that, and a woman that made a show of her figure, looking at that Funk woman all the time where she was over at the desk, joking with some railroad men and filing her nails.

Well, if she saw any comparison between that woman and her brittle, dyed-up hair, and Zdenka and that pretty wavy red-brown hair of hers, why it was pure orneryness put it into her. And as for Zdenka's clothes, her father just hadn't noticed, I guess, how she'd grown and thought to get her new. He isn't rich, by any means, but he has enough he could have dressed the child. When she'd take off her jacket, why there she'd be in her little-girl clothes, but Arvilla's way of going at getting her dressed right wasn't a good one, sure.

III

Well, Wednesday morning came and Miss Trout (she was a nice little thing and kind as she could be), went down early and met Zdenka and brought her up here

and took her up to her room and got her into some of her own things and she said to me afterward that that child was so pretty and white, except for her hands and wrists, from the corn husking, it made her want to cry. I took to the little girl myself, right away, and asked her if she wouldn't like to come on Tuesday evenings and iron for me. I'd been having a high-school girl, and I declare she was so gone on the doctor's boy she'd be standing the iron on end every three minutes and running to the door to see if he wasn't whistling for her, so really she wasn't worth her pay, and she kept scorching things, too.

Arvilla telling it in the café that way, about writing Walter that note, must have got around, for the little Duncan girl came home from school and threw her arms around her mother's neck and whispered that Zdenka had on a brassière and did her mamma think Mr. Harwood really *did* tell her? And something must have got to Pierce, too, for he stopped in the store one day and asked Jack if he thought they ought to suggest to Walter that maybe he'd better not have that little girl up there early to help her in the mornings, any more. Jack's the one on the board Pierce always comes to first about anything. Jack said he didn't like the idea of having Walter bothered about it, that saying anything would sort of suggest that they didn't trust Walter like they used to, and he'd likely resent it, and he wouldn't blame him, long as he'd been there and never any complaint from anybody, and him having helped so many children extra, with his mother just laid in her grave, too. Anyway, he wouldn't like to give Arvilla that satisfaction, and Pierce said, "Yes, I guess you're right, Jack."

Zdenka came here to iron and did real

well. After her shyness wore off, she used to talk quite a bit and I loved to hear her. She had a nice voice, and the oddest sweet way of saying things, and when she would talk about Mr. Harwood, well, I just wished anybody that thought there was a chance of anything being out of the way about him helping her could have heard her. She just adored him, and thought everything he said and did was just right, and when she talked about him, why, her look was just as clear as the sky.

One night I remember she'd finished ironing and after she'd put the board away she picked up a book that was lying on the table and said she was going down by Mr. Harwood's on her way home and have him give her another one since she'd finished that one, and Jack was standing there in the pantry doorway, piecing on a banana, and I looked at him and he looked at me, and neither of us said anything. After the girl'd gone, I said, "Well, why didn't you say something? That girl's no business going on down there to his place, and him alone now." And Jack begun to argue, standing there chewing on that banana like it was something to chew on, and started in telling me what I knew already, that the children came there every night to borrow Walter's books, that they always had, him having more books than anybody in town except the doctor and the Episcopal minister, and the school library not being up to much, and nobody'd thought it was anything but all right, so why should they open their eyes about Zdenka going down there?

And I said, "Arvilla'd open her eyes and have plenty to say if she saw her going, and you know it!" And I made him put on his coat and go on down there and he came home so mad he'd hardly talk. He said Zdenka'd already been and gone,

and when he told Walter whatever it was he'd thought up as an excuse for coming, he felt that Walter thought he'd just come putting his nose in, and looked down on him for it, and Jack said he didn't blame him any.

Then one Tuesday afternoon, Zdenka came in from school, pale as a sheet, and put up the board and began to iron and didn't say hardly a word, and kept her head turned away, and when I did get a look in her eyes, why, they looked like somebody had just jumped at her. I said, "Child, whatever's the matter? Are you sick?" She just shook her head and went on ironing. Pretty soon the teachers I had with me then came in, and stopped in the front hall to pick up their mail, and they were all talking away, and then I guess they must've looked out through the dining-room and seen Zdenka, ironing there in the kitchen, for they all stopped talking at once and pussyfooted it right upstairs, and I dried my hands and went up after them.

They were all in Miss Trout's room, and I rapped and went in and shut the door and said, "Girls, what is it?" They all looked at Miss Trout and she told me. She'd seen the start of it and several of them had been out on the school grounds and seen the finish.

That morning they'd had a teachers' meeting up in Pierce's office. Arvilla and Miss Trout were the last ones to come down and were alone on the stairway when they saw Zdenka coming along the hall, and when Miss Trout saw her, she said, "Look, isn't she just a picture!" And I bet she was, too. It was Spring then, and an awfully nice morning and she'd stopped by the creek on her way into town and had waded around in the wet grass and picked an armful of plum blossoms. And there she was, coming along the hall,

with her cheeks so pink and her hair all blown around.

Miss Trout had forgot, just for the second, I guess, what a dislike Arvilla had taken to the girl. And then, before she knew what she was about, Arvilla'd started down the hall to meet Zdenka, and held out her hands and said, "Those for me?" Zdenka drew back, fussed, because Arvilla'd asked her in such a mean tone of voice, and then Arvilla said, "Go on! I wouldn't take your flowers! Take them on to 'Dear Teacher.' You look like a drowned rat!"

Zdenka's face got red, but she just walked around Arvilla and went on to Walter's room. Miss Trout was still standing there, too surprised for anything at Arvilla acting like that. She had to go past Walter's room, to get to the kindergarten room, but Arvilla didn't have to, to get to hers. Just the same, Arvilla stuck right by her, breathing so loud anybody could 've heard her, all up and down the hall, and when they got even with the door of Walter's room, Arvilla said, "Look at that!" And they both looked in and there, up by his desk, was Walter, and the girl in front of him, with the blossoms still in her arms.

Walter'd taken off his glasses and was holding them in his hand, and then he laid them on the desk and looked down at Zdenka, well, it was hard to tell, from the way Miss Trout told about it, but I guess—like Adam, and his eyes just opened. And he put out both his hands and took hold of her arms, up near the shoulders. Then, before Miss Trout could stop her, Arvilla shot through that door and up to the front of the room, like she was a dog and after somebody, screaming, "Take your hands off of her," and a lot of stuff like that.

Miss Trout shut the door on them so

the high-school children coming through the halls wouldn't hear them, and a minute later Arvilla came out and told her Walter had insulted her, had told her to get out of his room and stay out, and she was going right upstairs and tell Pierce about it. Miss Trout reminded her that Pierce was having a meeting with the seniors about the high-school play and he'd not be able to see her, so she'd have to wait until recess. And when she went up at recess, he had a couple of book agents in there and either couldn't or wouldn't see her. Miss Trout said, at noon Arvilla's face was just gray, she'd worked herself up till she looked terrible. So she told her she ought to go home and go to bed. And for a wonder, she did go home and they had a high-school girl in to take charge of her room.

IV

Well, at recess, Walter was out on the grounds, walking up and down, but keeping an eye on the children, like he always did, and here Bob Tracy came bristling across the school grounds and up to him, and Walter took off his glasses, like he would, when he talked to anyone. It was plain to see, the teachers said, that Bob had been worked up into a state.

He said to Walter, "Did you tell my wife she was to get out of your room and stay out?" And Walter said, "I did." And Bob hauled off and hit him in the face, smashed that thin nose of his right in, and the blood just spurted. Walter was still dead to the world when the doctor got there. Bob cooled off pretty fast. He was scared when he saw what he'd done and helped carry Walter in and stood there telling Pierce and the teachers he'd lost his head and hadn't realized. Bob's good-natured, and Arvilla must 've put

on quite a scene at home to get him so worked up he'd pitch into Walter like that.

When I came downstairs from talking to the teachers and hearing all about it, Jack had come home, though it wasn't near closing time, and he took me out on the back porch and told me the board had called a meeting for right after supper, and we were to have Zdenka stay in, because they wanted everyone that had anything to do with the trouble to be there. And I said, "Jack, whatever do you suppose has got into Arvilla, to make her want to stir up all this?"

And he said he didn't know. It looked to him like she'd have troubles enough of her own, and I said, "What troubles, Jack?"

And he said, "That Funk woman. Bob Tracy's been hanging around down there and carrying on with her since around Christmas-time."

When we went back into the kitchen, Zdenka looked up at me so quick and scared, and I felt I knew what was on her mind, and so I said, "How's Walter, Jack?" And he said he was up and around and wouldn't hear to Pierce or anybody staying there at his house with him.

Jack 'phoned out and told Zdenka's father that we wanted the girl to stay in to supper with us and we'd bring her out later in the car, and he had a hard time making him understand. Zdenka hardly touched her plate at supper. When Jack told her they wanted her to come to the board meeting, she looked so scared. But when I told her Miss Trout was going, too, she seemed to feel easier about it.

I sat up for Jack, and it was twelve before he got home. Miss Trout came in about nine and just spoke, and I could tell by the look in her eyes she'd had all

she could stand, and didn't want to talk about it. I judged right, too, for when she got up to her room, I heard her slide the bolt and when a minute later the third- and fourth-grade teacher came rapping, she never answered the door. It wouldn't have been just the thing for me to ask her about it, anyway, with Jack on the board and all.

When Jack did get in, he asked me to make him some strong coffee and when the pot was on and the kitchen door closed, I said, "Well?" And he said, "Mamma, I just don't want to talk about it."

So I waited until after he'd drunk a cup, and then he said, "We suspended 'em. We suspended 'em both, and the little girl can come to school or not, as she pleases. We wired the school agency to send out a teacher for Walter's room and we can get Mrs. Parks, if she can get someone to take care of the baby, to finish out the year in Arvilla's room."

I poured him another cup of coffee and he unlaced his shoes and took them off, and told me all about it. All the board was there, and Arvilla and Bob, and Walter, and Miss Trout and Zdenka, and Zdenka's father. He hadn't quite understood what Jack said to him, over the 'phone about Zdenka's staying in, and got worried and drove into town and stopped in the grocery store and just happened to catch something somebody was saying about the school trouble and that there was to be a meeting and Zdenka was to be there, so he went up to the school-house and they found him on the steps when they got there. And there wasn't anything for it but that he should sit in on the meeting.

Stone, the president of the board, asked Pierce to take charge of the meeting. Walter'd done so much for Stone's boy he'd have felt pretty awkward to sit there fac-

ing Walter, his face all bandaged up like it was, and manage a meeting that might go against him.

They were having the meeting in one of the high-school classrooms and first Pierce told Zdenka she could go out into the assembly room and stay there until he called her. Pierce had Arvilla talk first, just as soon as Zdenka was out of the room, and she sure lit in and told them, making it look just as bad as she could, and real ugly for Walter and the girl. Jack says Bob Tracy never lifted his eyes once during the whole thing, just sat there biting a wart on his left hand.

When Arvilla'd run out of breath, Pierce called on Miss Trout, the kindergarten teacher, and she got up and told them what she knew about it, making pretty short work of it, too, and not leaving any doubt in anybody's mind but what she thought Walter was all right and hadn't been anything but nice to Zdenka, like he was to all the children. She was a quiet little thing, Miss Trout, but she's got plenty of dignity and Jack said that when she sat down again you could see the whole board had come pretty well around to her way of thinking.

And then Pierce asked Walter what he had to say. And he said, "Not a word!", just like that. They sure were taken aback. Stone said, "Don't take it that way, Mr. Harwood. No one is accusing you of anything. We just want you to tell us what happened." And Walter said, "You've heard what happened," nodding his head toward Miss Trout. Jack said he looked like he was in pain, and I expect he was, his nose broken like that, and just set.

Then Arvilla spoke up again and asked why they didn't have Zdenka in. Stone seemed to think that would be all right, and then Walter turned to Pierce and asked him, please, not to have her in, and

that seemed to make Stone kind of mad, Walter turning to Pierce like that, instead of to him, and he said for Pierce to go ahead and call the girl in, and so he did.

V

Jack said Zdenka was just white. There she'd been setting out there in that big old assembly room in the dark, not knowing what was going on at all, and now they called her in. She took a look around the room, and then what did she do but run over to where Walter was and drop down and catch up one of his hands and begin crying over it and talking in Bohemian. Jack said it just took their breath away. Then Arvilla jumped up and yelled, "There, you see! She's in love with him! Oh, no, nobody would listen to me. Nobody would believe me. Now, I guess you see!"

Zdenka's father hadn't heard more than half of what was going on, but he heard that, all right, and went over to Zdenka, all excited and began to talk Bohemian, and Walter—Jack says Walter's face was working, there under the bandages. His other hand went up to his glasses and of course they weren't there. And then he put his hand on her hair, not so much like he was going to pat and comfort her, Jack said, but like, well, like—in wonder.

And at that, Arvilla yelled, "And he's in love with her! He is! He is!"

You could see that what she said went right through Walter, like lightning, and he got to his feet, lifting Zdenka up, and led her over to Miss Trout, and walked right out of the room, and Jack said they could hear him, going on down the stairs, and all the time the board was looking around at each other, with their jaws hanging, and Arvilla was standing there, hanging onto Bob's sleeve with both hands

and simply howling, and Jack said he never saw a woman look uglier, crying.

Pierce told everybody they could go, then, everybody but the board, and they sat on and hashed it over until midnight and would you believe it, Jack says him and Pierce was the only ones that stood by Walter at all. Zdenka's going to him and crying, and Walter's walking out like that had turned them clear against him. Stone, too. And so they suspended 'em, both.

I tell you, Jack was so upset over it all, he didn't know whether he was afoot or horseback.

Walter left a letter to Hahn, in the bank, that they could sell or rent his house for him, and took the morning train east, and that's the last we ever saw of him. Pierce says he's in a university, taking Greek or some higher learning like that.

I haven't seen Zdenka since, or heard tell of her but once. She quit school, of

course, and she never comes into town at all. The only time I heard of her, old Mrs. Beal, that weaves rugs, came around here asking if any of the teachers had left any old coats or things she could have to cut up and she told me that one morning she was out past the edge of town, down there on the creek side-road, where the young-folks park lots, of nights, looking around in the brush to see if she could find any thrown-away whiskey bottles, to put up catsup in, and over beyond the plum thicket she saw something reddish brown and thought for a minute it might be some old coat or something, thrown away, that she could use. She went around the thicket and came closer and there it was Zdenka, lying in the sun there in the open grassy place, and her hair all around, looking up at the sky, just as still and sober.

Old Mrs. Beal spoke to her and she jumped up and run like a deer.

PORTRAIT OF A MEXICAN STATESMAN

BY ROBERTO PIÑA

GALLARDO was a proud name, and he bore it with pride. "And what if you are a Pliego?" he once replied to an old aristocrat who during a quarrel made reference to his social standing. "I am Gallardo, sprung out of nowhere, but the master of the lot of you."

He was a big man, heavy, powerful. For all his hectic career his complexion remained amazingly clear and fine. On his cheeks you could see tiny veins that gave them the freshness of apples. Although much given to saying sharp things, he said them calmly, without histrionics. I never heard him raise or lower his voice beyond its normal pitch, save when he stood up to address a crowd. Then it would boom, deep and resonant.

His speeches were almost pure satire, one arrow after another. In this he delighted, and he would pause after an especially clever sally and smile a little, his brown eyes twinkling, waiting for the crowd's roar. Several times I saw him in tight pinches, with a hostile audience that seethed and shouted, and his enemies closing in for the kill. Then I would watch him go in among them, calmly, confidently, impaling his attackers one by one on the barb of an epigram, while the mob howled with delight. Off he'd go, leaving his victims writhing and the crowd obedient to his will.

"Never take the initiative in an attack," he was fond of saying. "Wait for the other fellow to lead, and then come back with

all you've got. You'll always have the crowd with you then."

Years ago, when the machine which later was to control politics in his town was still in the making, a well-to-do and honest burgher opposed him for the mayoralty. Tena was the name of this burgher, and a strong opponent was he, for his honesty was unassailable and he was a kindly and popular man. In print and by word of mouth his backers never tired of calling him "as good as bread." A contrast indeed to Gallardo, of whom the blackest rumors were then, as always, afoot.

A good many of these rumors—or perhaps they were facts—were collected by an uncautious lieutenant of Tena into a fly-leaf and strewn about profusely, so that the town was in an uproar. In Mexico there is a great difference between whispers and printed words. The sheet was signed by Tena and about a dozen of the best known men on his side. Gallardo announced that he would answer the charges at the public plaza, and proffer some of his own. Long before the time set the square was jammed for blocks.

Gallardo stood at the orchestra kiosk, the offending sheet in his hands, and began picking out the signers, one by one. Never was his wit keener, his aim truer. Each had errors in his record, or hidden weaknesses, and it was uncanny how he exposed every man in a few words and passed on to the next. Studiously he avoided Tena's name.

As might have been expected, the crowd noticed the omission. "What about Tena?" they shouted from all sides.

"Tena?" replied Gallardo. "Well, there you have me. There is nothing I can say against him. Come to think of it, there is nothing I can say for him either. He leads an honest, harmless and tranquil life. They've made much of this, in comparison with my appalling record. But perhaps these are only negative virtues. Anyhow, I am willing to find out. I hereby post a reward of one hundred pesos, open to anyone, and payable within the next month, to the first man who comes forth and tells me what Tena has ever done, good or bad."

The crowd seemed disappointed, expecting a more violent attack. Not until days later did anyone understand the full subtleness of the charge. Hundreds delved into Tena's past, seeking some deed, however small, to claim the reward and found . . . none! "Eleven days and the reward unclaimed!" chortled the Gallardo newspaper. So general was the laughter, so great the ridicule, that Tena abandoned the campaign and left town.

On another occasion one of Gallardo's most trusted understudies, used for years in menial, if confidential capacities, turned against him, and during an opposition meeting spoke at length and with great detail of his secret dealings. Word got to him of what was going on, and he arranged to make a grand entrance when the faithless servant should be nearly through.

I should add here that the man's name was Kazal, and that, though he was a citizen of Mexico by birth, his ancestry was Turkish, or perhaps Syrian. He spoke always with a slight accent and had a decidedly foreign appearance. Of this Gallardo immediately took advantage.

He mounted the stage (the meeting was being held in a theatre) without being invited to speak and disregarding the fact that it had been arranged by the opposition. Everyone waited with bated breath, for Kazal had not minced words, and a good many uncomplimentary things, to say the least, had been brought to light. But instead of plunging into the charges, Gallardo held aloft a bandaged hand.

"I met with a slight accident this morning," he explained in a tone one would have used to open a casual conversation. "One of my dogs bit me. As you all know, I take great pride in my kennels. The best of all my dogs is an especially fine breed of German police, of which I have a dozen running around my home. Because they are such powerful beasts I have for years taken the precaution of feeding them personally at least once daily, and the result, known to all who have visited me, is that all these dogs love me, and come and lay at my feet whenever I sit in the garden. But as I was feeding them today one of them turned and bit me. I can't explain it. At my hands this dog has received nothing but kindness. I have fed him, nursed him when he ailed, romped with him when he was well. The only possible explanation is that, careful though I've been of his pedigree, some tainted blood somehow crept into his ancestry. I do not hold him responsible. I have merely put him from my side. In the same manner I have today put a man from my side. In his case biting the hand that fed him is much easier to explain, for God only knows what has *not* crept into *his* ancestry."

With that Gallardo left. At the Casino an hour later he tore off the bandage, revealing a perfectly sound hand. Kazal slunk into obscurity, not to emerge until his death several years later.

II

Little was known of Gallardo's origin. His opponents took joy in repeating that he had been a *santero*, a derisive appellation for men of a calling that is little better rewarded than that of a *peon*. A *santero* is a man who spreads a number of pictures of saints on the sidewalk, and looks piteously at the passersby, silently entreating them to buy. He makes a picturesque figure, trudging along cow-paths and mountain roads from town to town, his wares in a box on his back, supported from the head by a leather strap.

Since the revolution no one can make fun of the *peon* and get away with it, especially around election time, but even a *peon* can hold a *santero* up to ridicule, and in Gallardo's case they often did. It was never definitely established, however, that he had at any time been so occupied. He did sell pictures of saints, along with cigarettes, newspapers, and the lurid paperback novels of a past generation in the hotel lobby of a little mining hamlet. It may be that he had actually worked his way up to that from the estate of an itinerant peddler. Anyhow, his first job must have paid him close to nothing at all, given the inaccessibility of the town and the small demand for his articles.

He first came into the public eye while still a young man, during a series of bloody strikes in this very town. He wasn't at all concerned in the strikes, but, having gained the friendship of one of the leaders, one Manuel Perez y Perez, he ran errands for him and helped him in publishing a fiery little labor weekly. This was done in his spare time, and for no better reward than that, through Perez, he felt he was taking a poke at those above him.

"I thought until then that I was destined to live and die in that town," Gal-

lardo once said. "I had been in school only a few months altogether, and what a school! There were about a dozen children of all ages and only one class, presided over by a civic-minded carpenter who volunteered to take charge when otherwise unoccupied. Beside the textbooks in his possession—only one copy of each was furnished and he kept it—he owned two books. I remember them vividly, having looked at them in awe for years. One was a translation of Ponson du Terrail, and the other a threadbare 'Don Quixote.' I had had no contact with men of the outer world. Do you wonder at the impression made on me by Perez, the first man who came and spoke in detail of a world beyond our own, of such undreamt things as the rights and dignity of the working man?"

Blood ran during the strikes; there were murders, dynamiting and other excesses. Finally, the Federal government's patience was exhausted, and the military chief of the district was ordered to round up the agitators. This was speedily done and Perez, together with some of his helpers, was sent to the undersea dungeons of San Juan de Ulua. But not Gallardo, who beside baiting the police chief during the day employed the night to court his daughter. It was she who helped him escape. There was nothing half-hearted about the girl. First, a timely warning sent him scurrying to a cave high in the mountains, and later, that same night, the girl stole a horse from her father and brought it to him, saddled and armed.

For a long time Gallardo was hunted by agents of the relentless Porfirio Díaz, who stood for no nonsense from the lower classes. But persecution from the dictator was a passport to the affections of the peasants in that lonely mountain region; they would as soon think of giving away a rela-

tive as a man who, being an enemy of the administration, was therefore a friend. So Gallardo lived from hand to mouth, sheltered first in one humble hut and then another, and always ready for instant flight.

Providentially for him, Madero's revolution broke out in 1910. The old régime, worn by thirty years of self-perpetuation, tottered and crashed. Out of chaos rose a howling mob of new leaders, little and big, good and bad, all scrambling for the top. Gallardo was not the man to waste an opportunity like that.

He organized a band of hardy mountain men, armed them with whatever was at hand, and with them began harassing all the Federal garrisons within reach, until the triumphant wave of the revolution swept him and his little army to the capital. Carranza's government was hardly organized when Gallardo returned to his district and was elected to the House of Representatives. From then on his story was not unlike that of countless other politicians who rose in the upheaval, except that he had the strength and the craft to stay on top while weaker men returned to the obscurity from which they had risen.

After filling a number of elective posts, each more important than the last, he retired to his estate on the outskirts of his town, and from there ruled through a machine that remained impregnable until his death.

III

"Looking back," he once said in one of his rare moods of self-analysis, "I don't think an impartial man could call me especially good or especially wicked. I've been neither one or the other. It is true that my career is strewn with the corpses of those who have crossed my path, but for each there was a good reason, and if I took

you behind the scenes I am sure you would agree that at least the impulse to act as I did would be natural in any normal man.

"What, indeed, is more universal than the desire to stand up for one's friends and to smash one's enemies? The only difference between me and the average man is that he lacks the means, or the singleness of purpose, to accomplish his ends. I've been fortunate in that respect, that is all."

Parenthetically, I'll bear testimony that his claim to standing up for his friends was no idle boast, and the following may serve to show what extremes he went to in that direction when so minded.

A cattle thief named Rojas was picked up and lodged in jail. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been nothing about him or his doings to merit attention. He was a worthless but pleasant old fellow who went about on his horse, keeping an eye open for a stray calf or whatever else the heavens might throw his way. Unfortunately, in the course of his wanderings he came close to one of the ranches of the Pliego family, powerful cattle barons and for generations sworn enemies of all members of his clan. A few telegrams to Mexico City (one of the Pliegos was then in the Cabinet) and Rojas found himself awaiting trial in the municipal jail, which, under Mexican law, was presided over by Gallardo, then mayor.

The town was amazed some days later to see the cattle thief riding next to the mayor in the latter's car, sitting beside him at restaurants and bars and even in the Municipal Palace while the mayor transacted business. There were ugly mutterings from the Pliegos and more telegrams to the capital. The opposition newspapers viewed with alarm, and finally the Governor demanded an explanation.

Gallardo, in reply, pointed to the court order, which said that the accused was to be "in the custody of the mayor" pending the outcome of his trial. That's where he was, wasn't he? Nothing was said in the order about jail. So zealously was that order being carried out that the accused was within sight of the mayor even at night, for he had arranged to have an extra bed placed next to his own. Threats from the *Pliegos* availed nothing. Gallardo refused to budge and refused to argue. To all protests he replied by pulling the court order from his pocket and reading the custody clause. And so Rojas remained, a guest and not a prisoner, for months, until his trial came, and he was duly sent to the penitentiary.

I don't know what ties bound Gallardo to the cattle thief. No doubt there was some sentimental attachment of years standing, for Gallardo had friends, and enemies, too, in the most unexpected places. But I do know that the incident made a gap never to be bridged between him and the *Pliegos*, an enmity not to be lightly dismissed.

"Years ago," Gallardo once told me, "a reporter wrote a long story of my misdeeds, in the course of which he said that I've never had more than one enemy at a time. And that is very true. I concentrate on one, and forget everything else. First of all, I warn him—I'll agree with you that there may be more vanity than altruism in calling my shots—and then I go to work. Never mind how I've done it. Fair means or foul, everything goes.

"Do you remember the time I was in jail? Few people ever knew why. They probably thought I had it coming to me and let it go at that. But then I walked out, completely vindicated. A few months later the judge quietly resigned and went Heaven knows where. No one, not even

the judge, suspected any connection between my detention and his resignation. That is, not until I told him. I'll tell you about it now.

"It happened that, out of the thousand things I could have been very properly jailed for, they picked me up for something of which I was entirely innocent. No, it wasn't anything like a movie plot, where a milk-white hero is enmeshed in the villain's diabolical cunning. Circumstances really pointed to me, and it was logical that I should be under suspicion until the thing was threshed out. I was guilty in that I knew what was going on and failed to denounce the real offenders, but there was no justification for the zeal with which I was persecuted after my personal innocence was established, especially if you stop to think that the guilty ones were far above me, politically speaking, and that what they did or failed to do could not possibly concern me.

"And you know that one of our worst vices in Mexico or perhaps it is one of our highest virtues—I don't know—is that we never accuse anyone else. Our troubles are strictly our own, and not a matter for discussion before a magistrate. Penned in that tiny cell, I spent some sleepless nights wondering what to do. My liberty was at stake, my career was at stake, as well as the name my children bore. You can never understand what it does to a man to be visited by his children in jail until it actually happens to you. There is something in their faces, and in their little hearts too, I have no doubt, that should never be there at all.

"Naturally, during all these days I expected the guilty ones to come forward and clear me. Nothing else would be enough, because of my silence in the face of the evidence that was piling up against me. They could not fail to know that each

day spent in jail did irretrievable damage to a career based, as mine was, on the public good will. And when at the end of a month they had done absolutely nothing except send me some expensive lawyers who could themselves do nothing but run around in circles, I finally decided to speak out. I then asked the judge for a private interview, and showed him uncontested proof of my innocence and the others' guilt. The judge was convinced and said so, but demanded that the proofs in my possession be included in the record before I was freed.

"Of course, I refused to make public documents that would have damned my friends, and the trial proceeded as before. I brooded for days over the judge's decision, and asked for other interviews, always demanding that since he was convinced of my innocence, I should be released forthwith, and the matter of the prosecution of others left to the proper authorities. You know that a district judge in Mexico is absolute in a case of this kind, and has no explanations to make as to his decision. It is not looked into by the higher courts unless there is an appeal, and in this case there would not be.

"But no, the judge said, it was just barely possible that the facts would come to light years later and that his procedure would be criticized, although I objected that the same proof could be used to convince others. I could not shake him. He was willing to have the trial continue, and an innocent man go to prison rather than risk the very slight possibility of being 'criticized' until I could clear him with the documents in my possession. No wonder I was bitter.

"The trial dragged on, one interminable day after another. Altogether, I had about ten lawyers, I think—some I had hired, some sent to me by the men I was shield-

ing, and still others, friends of mine, who came and volunteered their services. They worked independently; their conferences were quarrels at which no two could agree. So most of my time was occupied with signing the papers they prepared, and listening to their long-winded explanations. Finally, it was I who hit upon a scheme which was to prove my salvation.

"I was idly thumbing through a law-book, forgotten by one of them, when I came upon a paragraph that made it mandatory upon a judge to disqualify himself when there has been a public quarrel between him and the accused. There were also a good many other provisions, such as blood relationship, and so forth, but the quarrel was what interested me. I was certain that if the judge disqualified himself, any other judge would free me at once. I saw that there was everything to gain and nothing to lose. They couldn't put me in two jails at once.

"Then followed an agonizing wait until His Honor should make the monthly visit to the jail, as decreed by law. When he finally appeared I invited him into my cell, and once he was there I biffed him one on the nose. The yelling, the running, the rush of soldiers and attendants, while one of the keepers fumbled frenziedly with the lock! Before all these witnesses, and while the judge wiped the blood from his face, I biffed him another, because the quarrel had to be public, you see. It was just in time too, for the keeper finally opened the door and the guards led me to a dungeon.

"For once my ten lawyers agreed. Bright and early the next day they were in court demanding that the judge disqualify himself, and he had no choice but to comply. All the proceedings went to the next district, as did I and my lawyers, and four days later I walked out, a free man, completely exonerated of all charges."

IV

Gallardo took a deep draught, and as he set down his glass he looked about, amused at our bewilderment.

"That wasn't the end," he resumed. "I was free, yes, but free to brood over the fact that in the administration of justice in Mexico there was a man who was willing to wreck another's life rather than take a slight personal risk, and I searched long for a way to even a score now heavily one-sided.

"One night when I was tossing in bed in that semi-consciousness between sleep and wakefulness, an idea so brilliant that it dazzled came to me, and I sat up with a start. Somewhere I've read that writers and poets have known the same experience, and you ought to know if it is true. To lie in bed quivering with excitement, turning the scheme over and over, shaping, adding, rounding it off, anxious that day come so you can put it in practice!

"It dawned at last. I invited all my lieutenants to breakfast, and asked them to get up a big parade, the biggest possible, with flares and banners and music and everything else for that very evening, which should go around town with a lot of yelling, indiscriminate yelling, so that no one would know what it was about. It was to wind up at the district court-house, which was also the judge's residence, and there the best speaker among them was to offer the judge the candidacy for Governor! I left my men to arrange details, and I went to town to seek information very necessary in shaping my plan—about the judge's financial strength. I learned that he had some ten thousand dollars in cash, a small car and no debts. Just about what was needed for my purpose.

"You should have seen that parade. It was the biggest the people around here

have known. And you should have seen the judge's face when my agent was making that speech. Had we given him a little time, if it was only an hour, I am sure he would not have fallen. But the lights, the banners, and the shouting and the impassioned speeches! All about the intellectual youth of the land taking a firm grasp of the reins of government for the fulfillment of our country's glorious future! The dawn of a new day when men who were whole, physically, morally and intellectually, should be drawn into the arena of politics, to the eternal benefit of the proletariat, of the weak and the down-trodden! Oh, it was very pretty. I had taken great pains to see that it was so. The judge accepted with tears in his eyes and my men came to my house to gloat and lay plans for the morrow.

"The very next day I drafted the judge's formal announcement of his candidacy, as well as his acceptance speech and an outline of his programme. All were to be printed in enormous quantities, to be distributed over the State. When they were submitted to the judge he replied loftily that he was perfectly capable of writing his own statements; nevertheless, he returned all with hardly a word changed. Next they went to the printer—my printer—and I was on pins and needles for three days, anxious to know whether the judge would pay the bill or not. If he paid, and this was his first expense, amounting to several hundred dollars, I knew he was hooked. Imagine my relief when the printer telephoned to tell me the money was in his hands.

"By the way, I ought to tell you that we knew all along who was to be the next Governor. Word gets around to the local bosses. So I went to the capital and made a few arrangements. Then we began organizing the judge's campaign with a zeal-ousness unequalled even in our own fights.

Committees with speakers, flyleafs and what not were to be scattered over the State. I next went to a city a hundred miles south, got together the local boss and his friends and we organized a mammoth meeting, wiring glowing accounts to the judge. All the men who were supposed to scatter over the State had congregated there, and we drew lots to see who was to stay and send fifty or so congratulatory telegrams to the judge daily, while the rest went to a nearby ranch and had a long-to-be-remembered, week-long spree! I myself was in the background. It was pure coincidence that I happened to be there with the committee. When the official candidate's name was made public I announced, of course, that I should personally support him, but my organization kept working as before. At the end of the week we were broke and had to wire the judge for more money to carry on the glorious work.

"I needn't tire you with more details. You can imagine a good many. All that I needed was the coöperation of influential

men in other districts, with whom I had been on friendly terms for years, and whose sense of humor was tickled by my plan.

"And now for the results. After a while, the judge took the race so seriously that he went about behaving as if he had already won. By that time there was nothing for me to do but sit back and enjoy it. He was doing everything I could have suggested. And on election day he received less than eight hundred votes, ninety-five percent of which were in our home town!

"Some two weeks later a crateful of printed speeches, newspaper reports and the like, all chosen very carefully, got into the hands of the Supreme Court, and some time after that the judge was summarily dismissed by telegraph. He had to sell his car to get enough money to take him and his family out of town. I went to the station to see him off, and we shook hands and smiled, but his smile was a little awkward, for I had managed, some hours before, to have him learn of the part I had played. I've never heard of him since."

THE SOAP-BOX

THE HOOVER DAM

FOR the purpose of correcting a misapprehension that seems to exist in the mind of Mr. Roscoe Peacock, author of "Gasoline on the Fire" in The Soap-Box for last November, I make the following explanation:

Hoover Dam is being built to create flood control and a storage reservoir for lands in the Imperial Valley, Calif., some of which have been cultivated since 1900. The area under cultivation now is 605,000 acres, with a half million acres in crop this year. If Hoover Dam had not been built it would have meant the eventual total loss of this agricultural area and the necessity of 60,000 people abandoning their homes. Hoover Dam in no way adds to the general agricultural problem. Furthermore, the money the government is spending in its erection will be repaid through the sale of electricity generated from the stored waters.

Hoover Dam will afford water for a limited acreage of new lands, the first of which cannot get into production under ten to fifteen years. These new lands, together with those already cultivated, do not produce the type of agricultural crops that are now classified as being over-produced. Imperial Valley's lands are given over largely to the growing of winter vegetables, grapefruit, cantaloupes and a variety of crops known generally as specialties. The other crops produced are absorbed wholly in the Southern California market and never leave the state.

Holtville, Calif.

RUSSELL BENNITT

A RETURN TO ARCADY

How often we talk about a changed America, and then delve into profundities to explain that change. But changed America need not be explained by profundities; in fact, it can't be. It can be explained only in a very simple sentence: America has changed because, as a result of the war, it has thrown off the old German influence. That covers it all.

I love it here in Munich because I am re-living my youth. I see about me the men and women of my youth, dressed in the clothes of my youth, enjoying themselves in the pastimes of my youth. I look into the storewindows of my youth, decorated in the naïve manner of my youth, and when I enter those stores I am received and waited upon with the politeness and friendliness I knew in my youth.

Then there is the matter of eating and drinking, and again my youth is re-lived. When I am sitting at Schwarzwälder's here I am sitting once more at Lauber's in Philadelphia. Once more little Karl is waiting on me; once more do I pay my hastily-penciled bill to *him* instead of to a cashier; and once more do I see him dig his hand into his pocket and haul out a bushel of small change and count it out to me piece by piece. Of other things I need not speak: how the smell in any restaurant here makes me almost want to bite off a table leg; how the taste of the food almost brings me to my knees; how the pride of a *Wirt* in his business not almost but actually makes me believe in an Eighth Art.

Truly, when it became dangerous in America to be German, it became an abomination to live there. AN OLD-TIMER
The Hofbräuhaus, Munich.

HOWITZERS VS. TANKS

"OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN" by Mr. Hoffman Nickerson in last November's issue was splendid. But as a reserve officer with some World War experience I disagree tactically with his statement:

As to equipment, put trench weapons . . . down in their place and the new fast tanks up in theirs.

Fast Christie tanks, etc., armed with 75-mm. and 50-calibre guns, are indispensable for the attack, but modern trench mortars and heavy howitzers, with competent fire control and properly trained crews, can disable tanks and their personnel by the use of persistent gasses, and high explosive shells. Tanks make good aviation bombing targets, and when *hors de combat* are a liability; they bog down in marshy ground and their cruising radius is uncertain; under proper terrain conditions they are very effective in gaining ground, however.

Spokane, Wash.

A. H. SUNDAHL

THE HONOR ROLL

EVERY time one hears of a veteran of the late war, he is either trying to grab some kind of public office or hollering for a bonus or pension. I often suspect that there must be plenty of veterans who want neither, but if so they seldom get into the papers. I think it would be a good idea if THE AMERICAN MERCURY gave a page now and then to printing the names of war heroes who are really heroes—that is, fellows who volunteered for the war before the bogey-man got after them, served through it without complaint, quit when they were through, came home, and have

been supporting themselves ever since without trying to chisel anything out of the Treasury.

New York

INCOME TAXPAYER

** THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be glad to print any such names as may be sent in. Each should be accompanied by the attestation of the bearer's pastor, or of some other discreet person.

A COUNSEL OF DESPAIR

I HAVE read the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *New Masses* steadily since October, 1929. I have read all the books of Stuart Chase. I have read more than 100 volumes on Russia, pro and con. I have read both the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. I have subscribed to three different Wall Street services. I have gone through the *Congressional Record* almost page by page. But I have yet to find any clear explanation of the causes of the Depression, and I have yet to discover an expert with a really practicable scheme for ending it.

All of the professional wiseacres seem to have failed. The publicists talk nonsense, the bankers stagger around like punch-drunken pugs, and the economists are all in hiding. No one knows what to do. Why not a return to first principles? Why not a resort to the most ancient refuge of suffering mankind in time of trouble? I allude, of course, to religion. In the South, when there is a drought, they pray, and the rains fall. But the Depression is much worse than a drought, and it needs stronger medicine.

I propose going back to the Old Testament. I propose something that worked among the ancient Jews and likewise among the Aztecs: maybe it would work again. I propose a trial of human sacrifice. Who will volunteer as the victim?

Kew Gardens, L. I.

AN EX-CALVINIST

THE CONSTITUTION

I AM glad to see that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has enlisted himself against the monstrosities and absurdities embodied in the Constitution of the United States. This hoary document is the greatest existing obstacle to any genuine recovery from the Depression.

Each of the three branches of government it established has been active in rendering null and void practically every clear and unmistakable mandate in the Constitution; and far from one branch being a check on the others, they have actually all aided one another. Each has sought wider powers, and still greater powers, and they have all succeeded. Perhaps of the three branches, that headed by the Supreme Court has been most instrumental in undermining the Constitution. This body of jurists was established to pass upon "all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution"; but it is nowhere stated that their interpretation should become a part of the Constitution. This however, has been the result.

But, as vague and contradictory as are many of the provisions of the Constitution dealing with the powers prescribed to the Federal government, the worst confusion, and one which was bound to arise, was that introduced when the States and the super-State were hitched together. No doubt at the time the instrument was promulgated it was felt that the separate limits of the two spheres of power were sufficiently prescribed. The event has proven that the makers were only children when it came to the theory and practice of government. No such scheme of two separate and individual governments; one called a State and the other a Union of the States could long survive without one devouring the other; and it

could not long remain a question of doubt which one would furnish the meal. The so-called wise framers of the Constitution plainly did not ponder deeply what the effect would be of establishing three coördinate branches of government, each hungry for power, and each able to secure it with the aid of the other two, and with great mutual benefit to all three.

This is the condition of affairs that now confronts us, and the one which Mr. Masters so deeply bemoans. I sympathize with him, but I see no remedy until it is possible to persuade a sufficient number of people that, if the electric light, the typewriter and the limousine are improvements over the tallow dip, the goose-quill pen and the ox-cart, perhaps this sacred document might undergo some alterations for the benefit of us all.

Michoacan, Mexico ROYAL P. JARVIS

A CALL TO ARISTOCRATS

TO ALL intelligent men, democracy is worse than a joke—it is simple lunacy. For what does rule-of-the-people-by-the-people mean but the rule of idiots? All men with any sense whatever know that four persons out of five in America are practically feeble-minded. Their opinions on all subjects are worthless. In fact, most of them are too unintelligent to have opinions on anything. And yet we Americans profess to believe that to be ruled by such nit-wits is to be governed by God. Perhaps this bright idea is one reason why so many of us have come to doubt that the universe is controlled by an intelligent power.

What does any sensible person care what Jefferson, or Washington, or any of the other Revolutionary Fathers thought about government? After all, they were merely men and, consequently, not infallible. We have traveled a long way since their day, and it is fair to say that we know some

things they did not know and never dreamed of. What, for instance, did they know about the origin and descent of man? Jefferson believed in universal education, but he did not know, as we now know, that three-fourths of the people are incapable of being educated to any appreciable extent. The real reason, perhaps, why he believed in this was because even he had a suspicion that democracy wouldn't work.

There is one thing he said which all sensible persons can subscribe to, but which all politicians seem never to have heard of, to wit: "The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest." But what would happen in America if the politicians should suddenly become honest? A more searching question: What would happen if the people should become intellectually honest? It would probably result in the overthrow of our present form of government.

Intellectual honesty is the characteristic of the aristocrat. Americans generally are as muddle-headed on the subject of aristocracy as they are on most other subjects. With birth, wealth, or position, aristocracy has nothing to do. The aristocrat is a superior personality, and that is about all there is to it. Jefferson was a great democrat because he was an aristocrat. Generally speaking, our so-called financial aristocrats are not aristocrats at all, but merely snobs and nabobs. Many of our old families are snobs, not genuine aristocrats. The aristocrat is never a social climber or a religious bigot. He is man at his best—a thoroughgoing individualist.

The trouble with America is that the scum has risen to the top—and what we need now is a fighting aristocracy to skim it off. If the real aristocrats of this country could arise and take charge of things the dream of the Fathers might be realized on

this continent. Even should it not be, we should be playing the part of men in our day as they did in theirs.

Arrington, Va. LEWIS RANDOLPH

YOU-ALL IN THE BIBLE

I BELIEVE that the discovery of S.A.H. (announced in *The Soap-Box* for November) that "the collective pronoun *you-all*, which Southerners always claim as their invention, is in the King James Bible: I Thesalonians I, 3" (he really means *II* Thesalonians), is somewhat misleading. The Southern use of the form is quite different from that intended in the Bible. In the Bible it is truly a collective pronoun, while in the South it is used whether referring to one or more persons.

In the American Standard Version of the Bible the passage becomes "and the love of each one of you all toward one another aboundeth." In the Moffatt Edition it is: "because your faith grows apace and your mutual love, one and all, is increasing." In the American Translation by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed we find: "because your faith is growing so wonderfully and the love of every one of you for another is increasing."

Spokane, Wash. DARWIN F. BOOCK

* * Mr. Boock is himself probably in error on one point. The Southerners deny that they ever use *you-all* in the singular. It may be done by the lower orders, whether white or black, but it is not done by the high-toned. But they all use *you-all* in the plural.

CIRCUS TERMS

AFTER five years, reference to Jim Tully's "Circus Parade" may seem a trifle belated, but it is still being discussed around the circus lots. It is the only circus story I have ever read which even approached ac-

curacy or gave any indication that the writer had any personal familiarity with the subject. One hesitates to find fault with a picture so accurate, but what can Jim mean by the paragraph on Page 53:

"Cut the ropes and drop the tent!" a rube yelled. The rubes thought the ropes alone held the tent. *They were mistaken.*

It would seem that not only the rubes, but all showmen as well, are mistaken. If Jim thinks anything else holds up the tent, he should try cutting the main-guys and side-guys—only faith would be left to hold it. Many a big-top has been let down by the towners in this manner.

The word *tent* has a strange sound when used by a trouper. (By the way, one wonders why Jim does not use the word *trouper* in the entire story.) There are *big-tops*, *menagerie-tops*, *pad-rooms*, *dressing-rooms*, *candy-tops*, and *cook-houses*, but seldom, or never, is the word *tent* used.

All elephants are *bulls*, whether male or female. The term is used in the same manner as *cats* is used to indicate many varieties of jungle animals.

The origin of the verb, *to red light*, is, as Mr. Tully says, in doubt, but the explanation generally accepted among showmen is this: the ceremony is (or, perhaps better, was) performed at night while the train is running and generally at a safe distance from towns and railroad yards. After being thrown from the train the red-light finally stops rolling, and sits up in the cinders just about in time to see the red lights of the caboose on the circus train disappearing around the next curve. *Bloomington, Ind.* PATSY O'DELL

HARVARD VS. YALE

HARVARD was founded in 1636 and Yale in 1718. Both are now big, prosperous, and famous. Both are situated in approximately

the same latitude and longitude, and their endowments, considering everything, are about the same. The football scores of the two universities, viewed through the years, are pretty close. In short, Harvard and Yale are as peas in a pod in everything, except in the men they have produced. Try to think of any truly distinguished Yale professors or former students, whether of the present day or of former days, and you will find very few, but in the case of Harvard so many names come to mind that one is at a loss where to begin. What is the reason for this strange difference? My own belief is that Yale's mediocrity is due to the predominantly Anglo-Saxon character of its professors and students. It hasn't had as many foreigners as Harvard. The foreigners have given Harvard its distinction, and the lack of them has made Yale second-rate. As I say, this is my belief. If I'm wrong, I want to know why. *New Haven, Conn.* A FRESHMAN

DR. GOLDBERG ON TOLERANCE

I FIND, in the December, 1932, issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY that Mr. Charles Wickham Jones interprets an obvious jest of mine at the expense of the late Charles Klein (in the article, "Sousa," in the October number) as a symptom of religious intolerance. He suggests that I might attach less importance to my "purely inherited creed", and quotes Lucretius at me.

Let me enlighten him. If my "Gentile university," as he calls Harvard, "failed signally to teach" me religious tolerance, it was only because the university had already been spared that noble task by the exercise of my adolescent intelligence. Long before I was out of high-school I was an atheist; not an agnostic, but a simple, unbelligerent atheist who considered

it quite as superfluous to argue the non-existence of God as to argue the non-existence, let us say, of dragons or hippogriffs. As for Lucretius, a gentleman whom I had the still-remembered pleasure of studying under George Santayana, he is great, but not infallible. When he says that "all religions are equally sublime to the ignorant", I dissent; that word "equally", for example, sticks in my throat. For, if anything is certain, it is that the ignorant have divided their suffrage among a thousand creeds; the more ignorant they are, the more securely they consider their own creed the one sublime belief, and all other creeds more or less criminally in error. Some religions have advanced from human sacrifice to symbolical immolation; surely, if one had to choose, one would select the less inhuman creed. There are other possible standards of such a choice.

As to the Lucretian remark that all religions are equally ridiculous to the philosopher, again I dissent. This is the statement of a desirable ideal, not of a reality. I shall feel more optimistic about it when I behold that all philosophers have shaken off the puerility of what we know as religion; when scientists cease, especially as they grow older and more respectable, from trying to smuggle God back into the universe whence they banished Him; when the Oliver Lodges disgorge their spiritualism, and the Millikans and Edgingtons surrender their recrudescing childhood faiths.

Mr. Klein had a perfect right to become a Christian Scientist, or anything else. And I have a perfect right to comment as I see fit upon the humor of such transformations. It's a poor tolerance that will not work both ways. Klein's Jewish origin was an accident of the material at hand; had he been of any other belief,

my comment would have been, of course, the same. It is regrettable, but the world is still a most illogical place; and, *pace* Lucretius, many persons, otherwise intelligent, remain more or less loyal to the religions in which they were nurtured, long after they should have outgrown this miseducation. When they move from *any* creed to *any* other, however, it is in my eyes, *ipso facto*, a descent. Even Dante's Hell had its heights and its lower subdivisions.—To return to Klein, it appeared to me that he had gone from nothing to something less than nothing.

I do not confuse toleration with acceptance. And, since we're on the subject of toleration, how about a little tolerance of our unbelief from those believers who seem to think that they have a monopoly upon the right to toleration?

Roxbury, Mass.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

ITS CIRCULATION IS UNIVERSAL

MR. KEARNY's discovery of a copy of THE AMERICAN MERCURY in Massawa, on the Red Sea coast, does not surprise me. Several months ago I actually found the magazine in Dayton, Tenn., the scene of the celebrated Monkey Trial. I was tempted to notify the town constable, but restrained myself.

Louisville

J. L. M.

VENEZUELA FALLS INTO LINE

APROPOS of Mr. George Francis Kearny's note in your issue for last November, it may interest you to know that THE AMERICAN MERCURY has two regular readers in La Guaira and three or four (maybe more) in Caracas.

J. H. SOMMERFELDT

La Guaira, Venezuela

AND SOUTH AFRICA

MASSAWA is not the only African town with readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. When I was lately in South Africa I found it on sale in Cape Town, Pretoria, East London, Bloemfontein and Johannesburg. But, somewhat curiously, not in Durban.

WILLIAM B. GARNER

*Aboard SS. Bremen,
Off the Grand Banks*

NOTE ON A LIVE ONE

I SEE in the Soap-Box for December that the ego of Benjamin DeCasseres has burst again, spewing more words all over the pages of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. He says that he is wholly alive and that almost all of the human race is only partly alive. He carries along Spinoza, Nietzsche and some few other big-wigs to get his own ego across.

Wholly alive! Why, I've seen this DeCasseres so dead drunk in Jack's that there wasn't an atom of life left in his bean. At the risk of soiling your refined pages, I pronounce him a bladder.

Knoxville, Tenn. SAMUEL J. SNELL

QUERIES

22. THE THUNDERER.—I am trying to find out who it was that first called the *London Times* the Thunderer. I shall be obliged if any reader of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* will tell me.

Hamilton, Bermuda TEAGUE AHERN

23. DID BACH HAVE JEWISH BLOOD?—The other night I was at the house of a friend who owns more than 3,000 phonograph records—and there is not a piece of jazz or a musical comedy song among them. We put in three hours with Bach, and after we shut down the phonograph we spent an hour talking about him. My friend, who knows his music, told me that Bach's grandfather or great-grandfather was a Jew. Will some

musicologist be good enough to tell me whether it is true or not?

Philadelphia

JUST A GOY

24. NOVELS ABOUT SUFFRAGETTES.—Woman suffrage has been in effect since 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was adopted. The agitation for it before that date extended over at least half a century. The entire movement, as all intelligent people now agree, was wholly futile and the resulting victory one of the most foolish in the history of the United States. But that is not my present point. What I want to know is this: Have any of our fiction writers taken advantage of this rich material and worked it into novels? At the moment I cannot recall a single one.

Austin, Tex.

MOTHER OF FOUR

25. THE ORIGIN OF TOOTHPICKS.—Were toothpicks known to the ancients? The first mention of them in classic literature I find in Spinoza's "Ethics."

Dubuque, Iowa

OSWALD K. POU

26. THE FRENCH AS CLEAR THINKERS.—Often I read in the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and other papers and magazines that the French have very fine heads and are clear thinkers. I have also read the same thing in books by professors and other people. What I want to know is, Is it true? I am a letter-carrier, and there are some French people on my route, and take it from me, they can ask some mighty foolish questions. Where did they get the reputation that they are better thinkers than anybody else? Did some French writer start it? If so, why do all the big writing men of other countries believe him? I should think common sense would tell you different.

Staten Island, N. Y.

D.

27. THE ORIGIN & DISAPPEARANCE OF CANES.—In 1925, when Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States and John F. Hylan mayor of New York City, I used to see lots of canes on Fifth avenue. I also saw them in 1926, 1927, 1928, and 1929, though in diminishing numbers. In the last three years, however, I have barely seen one on the avenue—or anywhere else in New York.

Within the past year I have seen two former candidates for the Presidency walk down the avenue with their hands in their coat pockets, and for some unaccountable reason I felt sad. What has happened to the canes? And while I'm at it, I want to know what was their origin.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIAM O'C.

REPLIES

1. THE MORON.—I read some time ago a version, credited to Dorothy Parker, of the poem on the moron mentioned in The Soap-Box by A Charter Subscriber and by Dr. Wingate M. Johnson. It ran as follows:

Oh, see the happy moron.
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron—
My God! Perhaps I am.

Sanatorium, N. C.

JOHN M. GIBSON

3. FLY-PAPER.—Your correspondent, Mr. Saunders, in last November's issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, erred when he said that fly-papers were unknown in England before 1900. If he has another look at the N.E.D. he will find on page 369 (F-G volume) a reference dated 1848.

My memory of fly-papers goes back to 1880 at least. They were not sticky, but were brown paper squares about 8 x 8 inches, to be soaked and spread on a plate. The lethal element was, I believe, arsenic. One of the most celebrated murder trials in this country, the Maybrick case, depended on the allegation that the wife poisoned her husband by arsenic obtained from fly-papers. Perhaps that is why such papers became unfashionable. I haven't seen one, certainly, since 1900. The N.E.D. reference is easily missed among dozens of others in small type.

London, England

A. BURT

7. BLOTTO.—I have always supposed that the word *blotto* came from blotting-paper. The idea would be that a drinker loaded to capacity is like a blotter that has absorbed all the ink it will hold. Or, it may come more directly from *blot*; three of the Standard Dictionary definitions of which are: to disgrace; to blur, or obliterate; to obscure, or darken. The idea would be that the happy mortal's wits and dull common sense are blurred, ob-

scured and darkened after he—or she—has hoisted one too many aboard.

New York

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

12. LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—There is a life of the Virgin Mary by the Ven. Mary of Jesus Agreda, published by P. J. Kennedy of New York City.

Abbott Laboratories,
North Chicago, Ill.

EDITH JOANNES

Librarian

13. BREACH OF PROMISE.—Light on the origin of this legal phenomenon may be obtained in the Corpus Juris, Volume IX, p. 322, Sec. 1 and note:

The usage of *sponsatio* or promises of marriage among the Romans was of very ancient origin. It was observed among the people of Latium. It was spoken of in the Theodosian Code, in Justinian's, in the decree of Gratian, &c. (Pothier's Pandects, book 23, title 1.) If the promise was not fulfilled, an action was permitted. In his "Treatise on Marriage," Pothier says that the usage of *fiancailles* existed among the Greeks, and, as it would seem, among the ancient Hebrews. Under the Spanish law we find that the ecclesiastical tribunals would take cognizance of a breach of promise, and punish the party until he consented to fulfil the promise. (Partida 4, tit. 1, law vii.) . . . In England, formerly, the contract could be enforced in the spiritual court, and under the Common Law an action will lie for the violation of such an executory contract *per verba de futuro*, for the temporal loss to the party.

Spokane, Wash.

A. H. SUNDAHL

14. AMERICAN DOCUMENTS.—A book that will be of use to Mr. Underwood is "National Documents: Being a Collection of State papers from 1606 (First Charter of Virginia) to 1904 (Panama Canal Treaty)." The book is in one volume, and contains all of the papers asked for by Mr. Underwood and many others of value to those interested in United States history. It was published in 1906 by the Unit Book Publishing Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

Detroit, Mich.

JOHN F. GRAY

15. BUTCHER PAPER.—Butcher paper is still made. They use it nowadays for Christmas cards. Out West we still know it as butcher paper, although your artists' materials shop may call it "block-print paper," or your paper jobber "sulphite screening."

San Francisco

M. H. R.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Agonies of Dixie

LIBERALISM IN THE SOUTH, by Virginius Dabney. \$3.50. 5¾ x 9; 456 pp. Chapel Hill, N. C.: *The University of North Carolina Press*.

RESEARCH BARRIERS IN THE SOUTH, by Wilson Gee. \$2.25. 5⅞ x 8¾; 192 pp. New York: *The Century Company*.

THE most hopeful sign of the times in the South is the appearance of such young men as Mr. Dabney himself. He has a fine tradition behind him, he is intelligent, and he has the quiet and solid kind of courage that is better than any other. It may seem a small thing, to a Northerner, to speak as plainly as he does in this book, but it is not a small thing in the South. The imbecile notion that it is somehow treasonable, in bad taste and against God to tell the truth still prevails down there, and if the frowsy and preposterous Yahweh Who reigns below the Potomac be accepted as God the third part of the theory is probably more or less sound. The South, in brief, lingers in the state that afflicted New England before the Enlightenment. It still takes theology seriously, and the kind of theology it affects is the simple shamanism of all pioneer peoples. The shaman is not only a magician; he is also an expert in secular knowledge, and must be heard attentively no matter how absurd his pronouncements may be. But of late there has arisen in the South a disposition to examine him more realistically and one of its protagonists is Mr. Dabney.

He is a newspaper man of Richmond, and has done a great deal of vigorous and effective writing locally. Now he under-

takes a survey of the whole South, and to the business he brings a wide acquaintance with the movements of Southern opinion and a highly civilized spirit. There is no ranting in either his narrative of events or his judgment of men. He is polite even to his most grotesque opponents, and is wise enough to see that their extravagances are due to ignorance rather than to villainy. But he never makes any compromise with those extravagances, and there is never any doubt about his own position. He is in favor of free speech and free thought, and if they are ever restored in the South he will be in the forefront of the free spirits who bring them in.

A large part of his book is given over to describing the state of affairs down there in what may be called the Classical Age. The South was then not only not backward; it was actually far in advance of the rest of the country. One may reasonably hold today that the Jeffersonian system was imperfect, and, in some details at least, even absurd, but there is no denying that, as a whole, it was immensely intelligent. Jefferson was a politician, but he was also something very much more. No other American publicist, of his own time or since, has ever thought things out to more places of decimals, and none has ever displayed a greater learning or a finer originality. Moreover, he did not stand alone, for Virginia produced many other men who were fit to meet him on his own level, if they were not actually his equals. It is to these men that we owe almost everything that is rational and valuable in the American scheme of things. They did not

produce an ideal republic, but they at least produced a republic, and most of the defects that it shows today are due, not to them, but to their opponents.

But after the Classical Age the South began to go down hill, and it kept on going, lickety split, until quite recently. Its curse was slavery. Slavery not only bound it to a wasteful and malarious economic system, but also debauched Southern politics and paralyzed Southern thinking in general. The statesman began to disappear, and his place was taken by the demagogue. The South ceased to consider things calmly and became a sort of beleaguered and demoralized fortress, commanded by quacks. There was some revival of sound leadership during the Civil War, but it did not survive the disaster of Appomattox. The best blood of the region drenched the battlefields. When the clouds of Reconstruction cleared the Old South was no more, and the New South was in the hands of its poor white trash. To that poor white trash it owes all of its subsequent troubles, whether economic, political or theological. If it has sometimes appeared, in late years, to be committed to a raucous and implacable war upon all sense, all decorum and all decency, then the blame must be laid upon its hedge politicians, its dunghill theologians, and their customers.

But, as Mr. Dabney shows, there is now a movement under way to get rid of them, and in the long run they will probably be unhorsed. Such reforms, of course, do not move quickly. It took New England nearly a century to throw off the Puritan demonology: it may well take the South quite as long to lay the Methodist-Baptist brand. But a beginning has been made, and some genuine progress is to be recorded. The South begins to produce some excellent writing, and in the course of time that writing may be diverted from the

trivialities which now chiefly engage it to really significant issues. A Southern school of sociology rises at Chapel Hill, and already it is notable for its courage and its realism. There is a gradual improvement in Southern journalism, led by such men and women as Julian and Julia Harris, Nell Battle Lewis, and Grover Hall. Even among Southern politicians a few men of intelligence and dignity appear, battling to maintain their hold among the Heflins and Bleases. In brief, some rays of light break through the clouds. Mr. Dabney charts them competently in his book, and makes it plain that something more than a series of tallow dips is behind them.

Dr. Gee is somewhat less optimistic. He confines himself to one small part of the Southern field, and there he finds a good deal more to disquiet him than to encourage him. What he is interested in, specifically, is the present status of the Southern educator, especially in the social sciences. He finds that this educator is badly paid, that he is overburdened with routine work, and that his incentives to original research are almost nil. Beyond all other parts of the United States the South needs a scientific examination of its own peculiar problems and difficulties, made by Southerners, but most of the Southern colleges remain so backward that they lose all of their best men. This "drag" out of the South, as Dr. Gee calls it, takes on really serious proportions. A young Southerner, fitting himself to serve his people, finds only too often that they don't want him, and are actually hostile to him. So he looks for a job in the North, and once he gets there he seldom comes back. Of the social scientists of Southern birth listed in "Who's Who in America" for 1930-31, no less than 45% have left the South, and of the natural scientists listed in "American Men of Science" 60%.

This drainage goes on in other fields—even in that of business. There is still plenty of good blood in the South, but the organization of society down there remains unfavorable to it. Public opinion is colored too much by the ignorant. There is not sufficient understanding and appreciation of the really able man or woman. A Southerner of any genuine talent, whether for journalism or for anthropology, for making laws or for writing books, must still fight for his chance: the great bulk of his people, led by their shamans, are violently against him. But now that the fact is grasped, and its implications seen, maybe something will be done about it.

The Russian Imposture

RUSSIA IN TRANSITION: *A Business Man's Appraisal*, by Elisha M. Friedman. \$5. 6¼ x 9¾; 614 pp. New York: *The Viking Press*.

SOVIET RUSSIA AS I SAW IT: *Its Accomplishments, Its Crimes & Stupidities*, by William J. Robinson. \$2. 5⅞ x 7⅞; 224 pp. New York: *The International Press*.

MR. FRIEDMAN is an investment banker with a taste for economics: he lectures at times at New York University and also at the New School for Social Research. Dr. Robinson is a physician with a severe and apparently incurable case of *cacoethes scribendi*: he has written many books and edited several magazines. Both went to Russia, not because they had any business there or hoped to find any, but because they were greatly interested in the Soviet experiment and eager to have a close look at it. Both have supplemented their observations, necessarily more or less superficial, by a careful study of the reports of other observers. Both are quite devoid of that Bolshevikophobia which causes 100% Americans to tremble, and both believe that the Russian government should be

recognized by the United States. But both present overwhelming evidence that, as it stands, it is based mainly on fraud and delusion, and is a curse to all save a small minority of the Russian people.

The two authors, though the conclusions enforced by their books are thus substantially identical, differ enormously in their temperaments and methods. Mr. Friedman is cool and judicial throughout. He sums up the arguments for and against the Bolsheviks in a completely impartial manner, and mixes so little prejudice with his conclusions that it is sometimes hard to make out what his private position is. Dr. Robinson, on the contrary, is wholly subjective, and does his grieving, when he comes to it, in an overt and touchingly innocent manner. He is an old radical, and was one of the first Americans to be fetched by the Bolshevik buncombe. For ten years he whooped it up in public and in private. Then he joined a party of American medical men on a tour of Russia. He came back with one of the worst cases of *Katzenjammer* ever recorded in the annals of moral medicine. He is so sick that, when his pains come on him, he almost howls. It is a distressing spectacle, indeed, for the doctor is a tender-minded and sensitive man, but it is also, I believe, very instructive.

The amazing thing, reading the evidence set forth in these two volumes, is that any sane person should ever have believed in the Bolshevik Tammany at all. Its pretension to altruism, and in particular its pretension to an altruistic concern for the common people, is only impudent nonsense. It is actually a gang of politicians like any other, and its one and only honest purpose is to seize and enjoy the usufructs of power. If it differs from any similar band of thieves in another country it is simply in the detail that, having destroyed

all opposition, it need not offer any conciliation to public sentiment. It does not bother to put popular heroes in its show-window: the cadaver of Lenin is all it needs there. Behind that mouldering clay it carries on its operations in a stupendously callous and cynical manner. Outside the bounds of the organization, no one has any rights whatever, and even within those bounds the only way to get on is to yield complete obedience to the ruling camorra. When Trotsky rebelled he was heaved out of office and out of the country. Most of the other masterminds of the first days have gone the same way. Bolshevism today is the private possession of a small group of bosses headed by Stalin. He is supported and kept in power, on the one hand, by a faction of sadistic fanatics animated by a frantic determination to rule or ruin, and on the other hand by a considerably larger faction of shrewd go-getters who yearn only for jobs.

What the common people get out of this grotesque burlesque upon civilized government it is hard to make out. They are free to stay away from church on Sunday and to be impertinent to their natural betters, but that is about all. None of the ordinary liberties of man are open to them. They are not allowed to move about as they please, they have little if any actual freedom in their choice of occupations, they cannot bargain freely about their wages, they cannot buy what they please with their meagre and hard-earned money, and they are denied all effective voice in their government. If they belong to the city proletariat they must work according to the official specifications, or starve. If they are peasants, the products of their labor are taken away from them, and they are slandered and kicked about to boot. Is it a fact that all of them at least have work—that unemployment is unknown in

the country? Only in the sense that unemployment was unknown among the Negro slaves of the South before the Civil War. Free agency has almost completely disappeared. The citizen has been converted into a mere serf of the state, which means of the reigning oligarchy, and the instant he makes any move to evade his serfdom he is thrown out to die.

The thing is carried to brutal and almost incredible lengths. As Dr. Robinson shows, even the care of the sick has become a political job. The hospitals are open, in theory, to all comers, but only in theory. The invalid who has got on the right side of the right politicians gets the first choice of beds, and the first attentions of the doctors; the invalid who is suspected of subversion may linger up an alley, like a sick cat. There is no provision for the ill and indigent aged: they are too old to take in the new gospel, and so had better die. If they have friends abroad, eager to care for them, they are forbidden to leave the country. If their friends send them foreign money it is seized by the politicians.

Everybody works, but the most anyone save these politicians gets out of working is a bare subsistence. The net monthly income of the average mechanic, in actual buying power, is scarcely more than \$10. He lives in cramped and miserable quarters, without the slightest sign of civilized comfort, and eats a dismal round of black bread, cabbage and herring. Meat is a rare luxury, and fruit he seldom sees at all. His intellectual recreations are confined to reading the official newspapers and gaping at propaganda films. This man, ordinarily, is a poor workman—stupid, clumsy, and without much interest in his job. He improves slowly, but to what end? All that he earns, over and above what it takes to keep the breath of life in him, goes to the state, which is to say, to the politicians. It

is actually the insatiable monster that Western capitalism is accused of being in radical fulminations. It squeezes the last kopeck out of the workers, and wastes the money upon grandiose and preposterous efforts to outshine Hoover Dam and the Ford plant at Detroit.

To call this scheme Communism is to deny the word any rational meaning. It is actually an extraordinarily cruel and senseless form of capitalism, with all the profits going to the members of a small and socially useless group. To say that these exploiters do not put the money into their own pockets is irrelevant: they spend it precisely as if it were their own, and to their own glory. Their alleged hatred of capitalism, in fact, is only a kind of envy, and transparent to any psychologist. What apparently animates them is simply a furious desire to beat it at its own game—to prove to an amazed world that they are even gaudier fellows than Ford or Rockefeller. All the values that their acts show them to cherish are capitalistic values, and belong, indeed, to the crudest and most barbaric stage of capitalism. They are drunk on size, power, high mightiness. Their aim is to have the biggest of everything, regardless of its utility—to blind all humanity with their idiot magnificence.

The origin of these precious reformers sufficiently explains their megalomania. With few exceptions they issue from the lowest orders of the Russian population. The accidents of war and revolution gave them their start, and they carry on by waging a venomous and relentless war against their betters. An intelligent Russian must either grovel to them, or starve. They prohibit every rational exchange of ideas. They have driven almost all the more enlightened and self-respecting people out of their unhappy country, and can carry on their witless and bombastic

schemes only with the aid of the foreigners they profess to despise. What they build at the cost of their victims they seldom have the skill to operate. Their huge plants produce next to nothing; their immense dams deliver little power; their railroads do not relieve the chronic famine in the cities; their highfalutin financial operations yield Russia no profit. The country is being converted into a howling wilderness of steel and concrete. The chimneys rise higher and higher, but there is always less to eat. Everybody has a job, but no one gets anything for his work. The sole winners in the macabre game are the politicians in the Kremlin, strutting in the fading tinsel of the czars and thrilling over the hollow monuments to their glory.

Dr. Robinson's book makes better reading than Mr. Friedman's, for the glow of a really fiery indignation is in it: it is the testament of a man who has been very badly shocked, and is not ashamed to admit it. But Mr. Friedman's accumulation of facts will be more effective, in the long run, than Dr. Robinson's indignation. He is an extremely careful man. In fact, he often stops far short of pushing home the full significance of his figures. He allows everything to the Bolsheviks. He takes them at their word whenever he can. But how anyone can read his evidence without concluding that they are making a fearful mess of Russia is more than I can understand. He believes that the country, in the long run, will work its way out of the morass, and resume its place among the civilized nations. But it is made plain by his record that that can never happen until the present combination of lunatics and scoundrels is unhorsed, and the Russian people set up a government that gives some care to all of them, and is not merely a machine for exalting a small gang of unconscionable grafters.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

JOHN ALROY *was born in Illinois, and is a graduate of the University of Michigan. After several years in newspaper work he became an instructor in journalism, at Michigan. Later on he entered business.*

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE, MUS. D., *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

W. R. BURNETT's latest book is *"The Giant Swing."*

HILTON BUTLER *is the subject of an Editorial Note.*

JOHN FANTE *was born in Denver, Colo., the son of an Italian father and an American-born mother. He is now living in California.*

ALBERT JAY NOCK *was one of the editors of the old Freeman. His most recent book is "The Theory of Education in the United States."*

ALLEN PEDEN *is a newspaper man of Houston, Tex., and was one of the editors of the Gargoyle there, a weekly lately suspended.*

KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON *was born at Newtonville, Mass., and is a graduate of Harvard. He was an assistant in English there from 1913 to 1917, and since 1919 has been an instructor in English and a tutor in the Division of Modern Languages. He has written seven books for boys, and many short stories.*

ROBERTO PIÑA *was born in Mexico, and lives at Nogales, Ariz., where he is correspondent for the United Press.*

MAURICE LEON RADOFF, PH.D. (Johns Hopkins), *was born at Houston, Texas, and educated at the Universities of Texas*

and North Carolina. At the latter he took his A.B. and A.M. degrees. He is now teaching French and Italian at the Johns Hopkins. He is a frequent contributor to the philological journals, and will publish a translation of Cipriano Piccolopasso's "Arte del Vasojo" this Spring.

H. W. SEAMAN *is an English journalist with American experience. For a number of years he was on the staff of the Boston Post. More about him will be found in Editorial Notes.*

JAMES STUART *was born at W-Hollow near Riverton, Ky., August 11, 1916. He was educated in the rural schools of Greenup county, and spent one term at college. Since his return home he has been working the family farm, and attempting to write. He is a brother to Jesse Stuart, whose "Elegy for Mitch Stuart" was printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for January.*

SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR., *is on the staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

HENRY TETLOW *is a Philadelphia business man.*

DOROTHY THOMAS *was born in Kansas and lives in Nebraska. Her first novel, "Ma Jeeter's Girls," will be published this Spring.*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *was born in Italy in 1894, was brought to America in 1905, and admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915. He is now practicing in Reno.*

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW's latest book is *"Blueberry Pie."* She is also the author of *"People Round the Corner," "Picture Frames,"* and *"Show Business."*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

HILTON BUTLER, author of "The Racket on Capitol Hill" in this issue, is an old contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He has written the following articles: "Congressional Letters," December, 1924; "Congressional Pie," May, 1925; and "The Congressional Record," December, 1925. He sends in the following sketch of himself:

I am a Mississippian and was among the youngest of her male offerings to make the world safe for democracy. My particular



Hilton Butler

contribution was playing a French horn in an Army band before I quoted "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" one day and was rewarded with a commission in the Military Intelligence Section. The war over, I went back to college and wound up, alas, with a law course. My first client was a Mississippi farmer who had killed his step-father with a hoe. My share of the fee as one of the defense counsel was five gallons of sorghum and a country ham. On the day I saw my client hanged upon a crude Mississippi gallows at Mendenhall, I gave up the practice of law.

For the past ten years I have been a newspaper man, with occasional interruptions for service as a congressional secretary, the softest job in the Union except that of a Congressman. By the usual notches, I degenerated into a Washington correspondent. Before entering that senile phase of journalism, I witnessed and reported two lynchings, in one of which I picked up a thumb that had been cut
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from the victim, pickled it in alcohol, and sold it later for \$5. I saw one burning at the stake.

In Washington on occasional active duty at the War Department, my peace-time military zeal misled Colonel John Callan O'Laughlin and he appointed me managing editor of his *Army and Navy Journal*. I should have stayed. I didn't. A Mississippi Congressman promised me \$6,000 a year as his secretary if he won a race for the United States Senate. I fell for the offer, managed his campaign, and we both lost out at the hands of the people, albeit by a narrow margin.

He was the same Congressman who, by the way, had fired me once as his secretary for writing three articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY on the hilarious life of an American solon. Those articles, plus subsequent material and including the famous chase of the naked blonde episode, will appear soon, the Lord willing, in a book to bear the title of the article in this issue: "The Racket on Capitol Hill."

LEWIS RANDOLPH, who contributes "A Call to Aristocrats" to The Soap-Box, is a great-great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson. He supplies the following autobiographical lines:

I was born in Virginia on a plantation which has been in the family four or five generations. Educated at Hampden-Sidney College and the Virginia Polytechnic. Followed engineering work in Pittsburgh, Chicago and St. Louis for five years. Quit it in 1910 to enter industrial advertising in New York City, where I spent about eighteen years. For more than fifteen years I was in the advertising department of the McGraw-Hill Company there, who publish about thirty business and technical magazines. At another time I was advertising manager of the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, in Montreal, for nearly

Editorial NOTES

two years. Altogether, I spent about twenty-two years in advertising.

Martha Jefferson, the older of the two daughters of Thomas Jefferson, married my great-grandfather, Thomas Mann Randolph, who was Governor of Virginia. One of their sons, Dr. Benjamin Franklin Randolph, was my grandfather. His son, Dr. Lewis C. Randolph, was my father. Four Governors of Virginia have come from the Randolph family. I have written a volume of poems, not yet published. Benjamin DeCasseres has written a foreword for it.

H. W. SEAMAN, author of "It is Even Worse in England" in this issue, says of himself:



H. W. Seaman

I was born in England, in 1893, and on leaving high-school (*anglice*, municipal secondary school) at the age of seventeen asked for a trial as a junior reporter on the local newspaper, a bleak and forbidding sheet then and now.

Lack of short-hand saved me from that, and after six months in a wine-merchant's office, where I learned to rack rum, break down whiskey, and to distinguish good liquor from bad, I went to Canada, where my talents found instant recognition.

They were great days for an immigrant boy. I strolled down the streets of Wingham, Stratford, Brantford, London, and other Ontario towns, taking my pick of jobs. In the Summer of 1911 I worked as a blacksmith's striker, a ditch-digger, a sandpaperer of chair seats, an engine stripper in the Grand Trunk shops, and at other tasks.

In the Fall I got my first newspaper job—as a reporter on the *Welland Tribune*,

Continued on page xx

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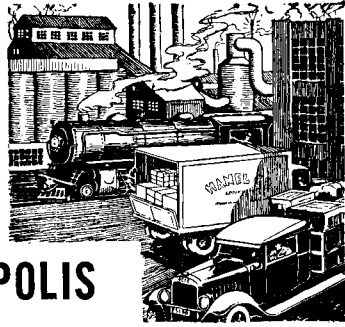
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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xix

a bi-weekly with a circulation of 3,000, and the only Liberal paper between St. Catharines and Port Colborne.

At the age of twenty, when I was in (I think) my sixth newspaper job, and earning \$14 a week, I wrote home that I was getting three times as much and persuaded my English sweetheart to come to America and marry me. The ceremony was hurried, the parson having arranged to go fishing, but effective. For five or six years I dragged her and the baby from town to town while I mopped up newspaper experience.

At twenty-four I was a copy-reader on the New York *Tribune* under Garett, to whom, although he fired me and does not remember my name, I owe a great debt. I worked as reporter and copy-reader on other New York papers, spent three years as a feature writer on the Boston *Sunday Post* and two in the Fox Film studios in New York, and returned to England in 1921 as Fox's advertising manager.

Six months later I was in Fleet street. For three years R. D. Blumenfeld endured me as a sub-editor on his *Daily* and *Sunday Express*. From 1924 to 1926 I was literary editor of the Liverpool *Evening Express* and from 1926 to 1930 editor of the Liverpool *Daily Courier*.

For the last two years I have contributed a weekly article to the *Sunday Chronicle* and occasional articles to other newspapers. It is a pleasant life, but I confess that at times I miss the roar, stench and sweat of the city-room; two or three hours of that, once a week, would do me a power of good. I am a newspaper man, and have done little work for the magazines.

I am one of the few genuine Englishmen left in England, which is largely governed, owned, and overrun by Irishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen. All my ancestors that I can discover were Eng-

lish. My parents and my three brothers are naturalised Americans and live in Massachusetts.

DR. WILLIAM BRAID WHITE, author of "The Decline of the American Piano Industry" in this issue, sends in the following account of himself:

I was born in 1878 at my father's house, Thursley Hall, Haslemere, England, on a hill above the village where Dolmetsch now lives and carries on his work in ancient music.

Tennyson the poet and Tyndall the physicist lived near by and I remember them both at the house when I was a child. My father was well known as a picture dealer and critic. Whistler, Ruskin, Millais, Leighton and Linnell were his friends.



Dr. Wm. B. White

I was educated in the usual manner. St. Paul's School (G. K. Chesterton and the present Archbishop of York were fellow school-boys), King's College, Cambridge—all had a share in the process. I came to the United States (purely in a spirit of adventure) thirty-two years ago and have been here ever since.

A deep interest in music, combined with scientific tastes, led me into piano-making. In 1910 I founded what is now the National Association of Piano-Tuners. Since 1905 my work has been the study of musical acoustics, applying the results to the design and construction of pianos, writing technical books, contributing technical papers to magazines, developing the photographing and recording of musical

Editorial NOTES

sound, the relation of touch to tone of the piano, and the whole question of the relation between the musician and the physical capacities of the instrument.

Since 1905 I have been technical editor of the *Music Trade Review*, and a sort of consulting engineer to the music industries. For the last five years research work as consulting acoustic engineer to the American Steel & Wire Company, subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, has been carried on in the study of noise control, and in the relation of metallurgy to acoustics.

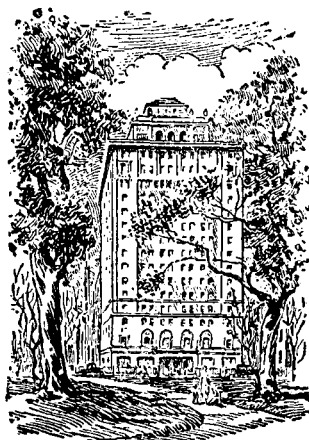
I am a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a fellow of the Acoustical Society of America, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, chairman of the last-named society's research committee on sound measurement, and now one of its representatives for the same subject before the American Standards Association. I also am a member of various other professional and scientific societies.

An agreeable feature of life has been to talk before universities, schools and societies on musical sound. In 1930 the Chicago Musical College conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Music for work in piano design and in the analysis of piano touch and tone.

I am married, and have a son of twenty-six and two cats. My hobbies are music, philosophy, amateur astronomy and the psychology of *felis domestica*.

By a blunder of the types Mr. Morrow Mayo was made to say of Mr. John S. Cravens of Pasadena ("Croesus at Home", *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, October, 1932, p. 233) that "gold and the local Community Chest are his hobbies". Mr. Mayo actually wrote golf, not gold. *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* offers its apologies to both Mr. Craven and Mr. Mayo. In the same article another error (p. 230) converted Mr. Harlan Hall into Harland Hall.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv*

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BOOK OF LIVING VERSE.

Edited by Louis Untermeyer.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.50 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{8}$; 647 pp. *New York*

Mr. Untermeyer begins with such traditional ballads as "Fair Margaret" and "True Thomas," and ends with pieces by Sacheverell Sitwell and E. E. Cummings. His aim is to cover the whole field of poetry in English, though he is forced to exclude, of course, all poems of more than a few pages in length. His selections are well made, and few things of any solid popularity and repute are omitted, at least until he comes down to the present day. Shakespeare is represented by thirty-one poems, Milton by eleven, Blake by sixteen, Wordsworth by seventeen, Keats by fourteen, and Shelley by the same number. Altogether, there are more than 600 pieces. In the latter part of the collection some of Mr. Untermeyer's selections will be challenged. It is hard to see any plausible reason for giving space to Humbert Wolfe, Charles Hamilton Sorley and Allen Tate, and excluding "The Spoon River Anthology." But anthologies always set up disputes. The book has a good index, and is beautifully designed by Robert S. Josephy.

POETRY OF THE TRANSITION. 1850-1914.

Edited by Thomas Marc Parrot & Willard Thorp.

The Oxford University Press

\$3.50 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$; 622 pp. *New York*

The aim of this book is "to trace the development of a new strain in English poetry from the middle of the last century to the outbreak of the World War." The thirty authors represented are the two Rossettis, Coventry Patmore, William Morris, Swinburne, James Thomson, Thomas Edward Brown, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Arthur Symons, Yeats, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, William Ernest Henley, R. L. Stevenson, Meredith, Hardy, Housman, Robert Bridges, Kipling, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, Davies, Walter de la Mare, Rupert Brooke, and James Elroy Flecker. The selections from each author, which are generally good, are introduced by brief critico-biographical notes. There is also a long general introduction. A bibliography, an index of authors, and an index of titles and first lines are appended.

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THE NEW POETRY. *An Anthology of Twentieth-Century Verse in English.*

Edited by Harriet Monroe & Alice Corbin Henderson.

The Macmillan Company

\$3 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{8}$; 775 pp. *New York*

The first edition of this massive collection appeared in 1917, at the height of the New Poetry movement. It was revised and amplified in 1923, and now there are further additions. Unfortunately, poetry is in a low state at the moment, and so the novelties are much less interesting than the pieces originating in the late Golden Age. But the collection as a whole is very impressive, and there are not a few pieces in it that will undoubtedly survive. Miss Monroe reprints her prefaces to the two earlier editions, and appends biographical and bibliographical notes on all of the 168 poets represented. There is no index, but the table of contents is sufficient for all practical purposes. The volume is well printed and stoutly bound. Relatively little verse in English of any consequence, written since 1900, is missing from it.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1932.

Selected by Thomas Moulton.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{8}$; 127 pp. *New York*

Mr. Moulton is a man of catholic tastes and is happily free from any concern with what may be called poetical politics. Thus his selections are both honest and intelligent, which is much more than may be said for those of many other anthologists. Unfortunately, his 1932 volume suffers from the fact that the poetry industry, for several years past, has been suffering from a Depression even worse than that which has afflicted the pants business. A great deal of facile and harmless verse is being written, but not much of any genuine power and dignity. But Mr. Moulton does the best he can with the materials at hand, and the result is at least a readable collection. All of the poems are from magazines, English or American. There are some capital decorations by Elizabeth Montgomery.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN PROSE.

Chosen & Edited by Mark van Doren.

The Oxford University Press

\$3 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{8}$; 662 pp. *New York*

Mr. van Doren has made his selections in a catholic and impartial spirit, and they range from Roger Williams and Cotton Mather to Ring Lardner and T. S. Eliot. The youngest writer included is Joseph

Continued on page xxiv

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Continued from page xxii

Wood Krutch. The only really important living American who does not appear is Theodore Dreiser, and Mr. van Doren explains his omission on the ground that while he is "one of the greatest American writers of prose, his is not by any means good prose." This seems reasonable enough, though a diligent search through "Jennie Gerhardt" might have discovered something worth reprinting. Altogether, forty-eight authors are represented. There is but one woman—Willa S. Cather. The book is admirably printed and charmingly bound, and at the end there is a register of authors, titles and sources.

THE BEST SHORT SHORTS OF 1932.

Edited by Paul Ernest Anderson & Lionel White.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2 5 x 7½; 272 pp. *New York*

This collection is of stories in the new so-called "short short" form, and includes examples by Dana Burnet, Erskine Caldwell, Lord Dunsany, Morley Callaghan, Margaret Fishback, Geoffrey Brereton, Marius Lyle, Rube Goldberg, Peter B. Kyne, and others. Most of them are undistinguished indeed, but there are better pieces by Nancy Hale, Joel Sayre, Zona Gale, M. C. Blackman, and Helena Glayton. There is a brief introduction by Paul Ernest Anderson.

REPRINTS

SELECTED ESSAYS. 1917-1932.

By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$3.50 5½ x 8¾; 415 pp. *New York*

There are thirty-three essays here in all. The first four deal with the subject of criticism, and are entitled "Tradition and the Individual Talent," "The Function of Criticism," "Rhetoric and the Poetic Drama," and "A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry." The remaining twenty-nine deal, in the main, with individual writers, including Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Massinger, Dante, Dryden, Blake, Baudelaire, Pater, and Arnold. There are also two essays on the defunct Humanistic movement of three or four years ago. Altogether, the essays leave a good impression. Mr. Eliot's strange theology and bizarre politics frequently becloud his critical eye, but when he forgets them he often reaches heights of insight that would have done honor to Coleridge. His discussions of Dante and Blake, for example, are brilliant performances. An index would have added to the usefulness of the volume.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY *And How the Bankers Use It.*

By Louis D. Brandeis.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company

\$2 5 x 7½; 223 pp. *New York*

This book was first printed in 1914, and the present is the eighth edition of it. Its influence on American politico-economic thinking has been slow but deep. Its contents, which are well known by now, contain a philosophy of society so brilliant and well informed that it can well stand beside those of the great English thinkers. Mr. Justice Brandeis's analyses of holding companies and interlocking directorates, and his devastating attacks upon unbridled competition and the stupidity and knavishness of the general run of bankers, are classics of contemporary economic writing. There is no nonsense in them about the divine origin of capitalism, but they also betray a sound understanding of the follies of the Socialists and Communists. Norman Hapgood, who contributed an introduction to the first edition, contributes a new one to the present one. The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

THE DIAMOND LENS *And Other Stories.*

By Fitz-James O'Brien. William Edwin Rudge

\$4 6¼ x 9¼; 275 pp. *New York*

In addition to the title story the following are included in the present volume: "The Wondersmith," "The Pot of Tulips," "The Golden Ingot," "What Was It?," "Duke Humphrey's Dinner," and "The Dragon Fang Possessed by the Conjuror Piou-Lu." They form a fairly representative collection of the prose work of one of the better known minor writers of the 1850's. There is an introduction by Gilbert Seldes, which says nothing. There are ten illustrations by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath.

ANTHROPOLOGY

THE ESKIMOS: *Their Environment & Folkways.*

By Edward Moffat Weyer, Jr.

The Yale University Press

\$5 6 x 9¼; 491 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Weyer went to Behring straits with the Stoll-McCracken expedition in 1928, and is thus familiar with the Eskimos at first hand. But in the present study he has supplemented his own observations by examining the reports of many other explorers, and the result is a volume that summarizes almost everything that is known about the arctic peoples. It begins with a survey of their habitat, and proceeds to

Continued on page xxvi

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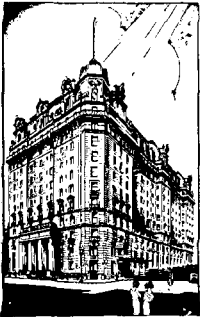
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Continued from page xxiv

chapters upon their hunting practises, their tribal organization, their ethical ideas, their concept of property, and their religion. More than half of the book is devoted to their religion, which is a simple animism supported by magic. The volume is not illustrated, but it has some useful maps. The documentation is extensive, and there is a good index.

ANTHROPOLOGY & MODERN LIFE.

By Franz Boas. W. W. Norton & Company
\$3 5 1/4 x 8 3/4; 255 pp. New York

This excellent book was first published in 1928, and is now reissued completely revised in the light of the anthropological and ethnological discoveries made in the last four years. As before, Dr. Boas devotes the greater part of his space to the problem of race, but he also has much to say about the stability and periodicity of culture, and about the phenomena of individual and racial growth and development. All that the more rabid patriots have been telling us about the superiority of the Nordic "race" over all other races is based upon faulty generalization and runs counter to the known facts. "The differences between races are so small that they lie within the narrow range in the limits of which all forms may function equally well. . . . Actually, the functions exhibited by a whole race can be defined as hereditary even less than its anatomical traits, because individually and in family lines the variations are so great that not all the members of the race react alike." There is a good bibliography, but no index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

DAWN IN RUSSIA. *The Record of a Journey.*

By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.25 5 1/4 x 7 7/8; 272 pp. New York

This book forms Mr. Frank's report of what he saw in the Soviet land on his recent visit there. He spent most of his time in the principal Western cities, including Leningrad and Moscow, and also traveled a bit in the neighboring country. Apparently he had a good time, but unfortunately he has very little to say that has not been said a thousand times before by a hundred other observers. Occasionally he strains the reader's intelligence or credulity, as when he delivers himself of this: "I see on the faces of the workers, despite their streets, the land's wideness; despite their rational order, the land's savagery"; or when he says categorically that "in all my stay in Russia I saw one prostitute, although relics of the profession, which once numbered scores of thousands

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in Petersburg and Moscow alone, still exist." His general conclusion is this: "Now the many can be free through the intelligent exploitation of the new slave—the machine. The world is in travail of a new culture that will be the first human culture (as contradistinguished from slave cultures)—the first world culture. . . . And in this paramount phase of the world travail the leader by right of achievement is Soviet Russia."

COUP D'ÉTAT: *The Technique of Revolution.*

By Curzio Malaparte. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.50 5 1/8 x 7 7/8; 251 pp. New York

Dr. Malaparte is one of Mussolini's closest personal friends and advisers, and he accompanied him on the famous march on Rome. He is an out and out Fascist, full of a great respect for dictators and their ways. In the present book he considers the high deeds of Lenin, Trotzky, Pilsudski, Mussolini, Bela Kun, Kapp, and Primo de Rivera. He merely reports the revolutions they engineered; he does not attempt to draw any generalizations from them. His discussion thus never rises above the level of journalism, but it is pretty good, if not brilliant, journalism. He is particularly happy in his account of the Stalin-Trotzky feud, and he shows very clearly why the former crushed the latter. Stalin's "cleverness lies in patience, will-power, and good-sense. . . . He is not overfed with sophistry and psychological fanaticism." Trotzky is "proud, violent, egoistic, impatient, governed by his ambition and his imagination." The translation is by Sylvia Saunders. An index is missing.

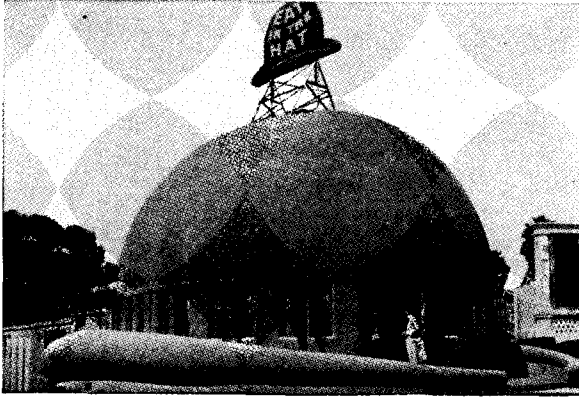
TO AMERICAN INTELLECTUALS.

By Maxim Gorky. The International Publishers
10 cents 5 x 7 7/8; 31 pp. (paper) New York

This is International Pamphlet No. 28. The function of the intellectual in the capitalistic world, says Gorky, "has always been confined, in the main, to embellishing the bored existence of the *bourgeoisie*," which, especially in America, "is every year becoming more ignorant, intellectually weaker, more barbarous. . . . [It] is doomed to ruin and just as fully deserves this ruin as any professional bandit or murderer." It is degrading for intellectuals to serve this class of "robbers and cutthroats." Communism is the only hope left for workers and writers alike. "The theory of Marx and Lenin is the highest pinnacle yet reached by scientific thought honestly investigating all social phenomena, and . . . only from the heights of this theory may the straight road leading toward social justice and new forms of culture be clearly seen." The name of the translator is not given.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

PARADISE

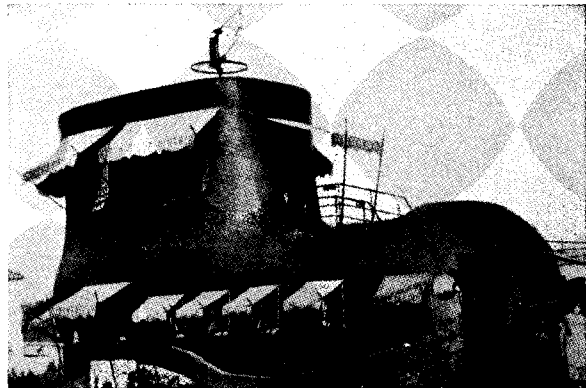


by
James M. Cain

The thought of James M. Cain genially reflecting on the civilization of Southern California is enough to make an habitu  of *The*

American MERCURY dance in the streets. ¶ Well, then, dance! In the March issue Mr. Cain reflects. After a year in Los Angeles he wonders what it's all about. He likes it. He calls it "Paradise." The climate suits him fine. He admires the Chamber of Commerce and compares it to the Communist Party of Russia! He gets along with the people, likes the way they talk, enjoys the swimming pools, recommends the schools, the roads, etc., etc. He certainly isn't going to move, because within a year it is going to be the wine center of the New World—and do you think he would walk out on that? ¶ But . . . "When I take off the first shoe at night, and wonder what I have to show for the day, I usually know that I have nothing to show for it. I can't take a schoolhouse to bed with me, or a State road, or a swimming pool; some can, and if you can you had better come here at once, as this is the place you were born for. But not I. . . ." ¶ That gives you an idea of what it's like. It's like James M. Cain. You had better read it. The March issue will be on sale on February 24th.

The American
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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a a k

as i see it

FOR several years past, Professor Jacob Zeitlin of the University of Illinois has been at work on a new edition of Montaigne's *Essays*. I am able at last to announce that the first volume—the *Essays* will appear complete in five volumes—will be published March 15th to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Montaigne's death.

The Zeitlin edition, while utilizing the Cotton-Hazlitt version as the norm for its style, will be to all intents and purposes an independent translation, aiming at fidelity to the original as its main objective. Professor Zeitlin has incorporated translations of the Latin quotations in the body of his text and rendered the verse quotations metrically.

The text follows strictly that of the Bordeaux copy, something which is not done consistently even by the most recent English translators. The text will be printed solidly without the intrusion of any editorial matter save indications of the three successive strata in the growth of the text of the *Essays* themselves. Mr. Elmer Adler, who graciously undertook to design the typography of these volumes, has here solved a singularly difficult problem in a brilliantly successful and original manner. He is also supervising their production by the Plimpton Press.

Professor Zeitlin's long Introduction and numerous Notes will make available the latest results of scholarship in the study of Montaigne.

The Introduction will consist of a sketch of Montaigne's life, a study of his character and the development of his thought, and a consideration of the development and significance of the essay form.

The Notes will supply an analysis of each essay, with a view to indicating, when desirable and possible, its relation to the whole body of Montaigne's thought. There will be included, as well, detailed notes on the sources and the meaning of specific passages, explanations of allusions, cross references, etc. This material is mostly derived from previous editions, but Professor Zeitlin has spared no pains in revising or adapting it to the requirements of American and English readers of our time. In particular, the references to the classics are

as i see it

given to editions that are accessible to English and American readers.

All in all, I have good reason to hope that the Zeitlin *Montaigne* will be accepted as the most satisfactory edition that has yet been placed before the general reader. Subsequent volumes will appear as rapidly as Professor Zeitlin can prepare them for and Mr. Adler see them through the press. The type will be Fournier, the paper will be specially made by S. D. Warren Co., the binding will be of cloth, stamped from designs by Mr. Adler, and each volume of approximately 300 pages will retail at \$5.00 per copy. It would be of the greatest assistance to me if readers interested in securing this edition would notify their booksellers to this effect at an early date.



I RECENTLY signed a contract for the future novels of Elizabeth Bowen, whose very distinguished *The Hotel* will be remembered by discriminating readers. Her first novel to appear over my imprint is called *To the North* and it is coming in February, which month will also see in the bookstores, or at least a few of them, the third volume of René Grousset's monumental *The Civilizations of the East*, dealing this time with China; *The Opening Gate*, a novel by a young Englishwoman, Anne Allardice, of whom much is expected by Newman Flower, her English publisher, himself a discriminating man of letters; *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow*, a further volume of stories by L. A. G. Strong; and Alexander Goldenweiser's long postponed *History, Psychology and Culture*.



THE other day a well-known New York musical critic came to lunch at the office. "How do you publishers ever succeed in making authors write books?" he asked, as he sat down. He had in mind obviously the small sale and the still smaller royalties that most books produce. (His own latest fared far better than the average—but he didn't realize that.) "Our difficulty," I replied to him, "is not to make authors write books, but to try to keep them from writing them." And I told him the following:

During the first eleven months of 1932, seventeen hundred and forty-eight manuscripts were submitted to me for publication. Of

as i see it

these I accepted only fifty-two. Twenty-three of these came from authors already on my list; another twenty-three came from agents of one kind and another, i.e., literary agents or foreign publishers representing the authors, and our own London office. Six of the manuscripts accepted for publication came direct from authors not previously published by me nor represented by an agent. But in all six cases the authors were already known personally or by reputation to me or Mrs. Knopf and in one case the book was written at our suggestion.



I HAVE long thought that a book dealing with German literature during the past fifty years or so would be very useful to American readers. The difficulty was to find the man to write it. I discussed the matter some years ago with Ludwig Lewisohn, and he recommended Arthur Eloesser, a Berlin critic with whom I got in touch. Due to one delay and another, it was only some time later that a contract was finally signed. A year ago Dr. Eloesser delivered his manuscript to Mrs. Catherine Alison Phillips, who has made her usual excellent English version and the book under the title *Modern German Literature* will be published February 1st. It is an octavo of 416 pages + index, priced \$3.50.



ABOUT one hundred poets represented by as many publishers are listed in the new edition of Monroe and Henderson's anthology *The New Poetry* as the most important books of poetry published in the last thirty years. Of the five hundred volumes, approximately three hundred were issued by a dozen publishers. The Macmillan Company leads the list with sixty-two. I come next with forty-four, followed by Houghton Mifflin Company with forty-two. I confess I had no idea that poetry bulked so large on my list during the past fifteen years. It would be interesting, but I fear depressing, to discover which of the forty-four volumes proved profitable. Off hand I can think only of those by Elinor Wylie, John V. A. Weaver, and Arthur Waley's *170 Chinese Poems*.



as i see it

I recently received the following letter from J. S. Fletcher, the well-known mystery story writer:

7 Nov: 32

My dear Knopf—

Here's a bibliographical note which may interest you. Some controversy having arisen in a literary journal as to whether I hadn't written as many books as Edgar Wallace, I asked the British Museum people to tell me how many books I *have* published. I have just had their reply—233.

Awful!

Sincerely,
(signed) J. S. Fletcher.

I have just published Mr. Fletcher's latest mystery story, *Murder of the Lawyer's Clerk*.

Robert Nathan's new novel entitled *One More Spring* will be published February 1st. It is a characteristic Nathan book, a gentle satire rich in humorous fantasy. The scene is for the most part Central Park. The leading characters are Otkar, a New York antique dealer; Rosenberg, a violinist; Sweeney, a street cleaner; Mary, his wife; an attractive, idealistic New England prostitute; and a prominent New York banker.



There is a special, signed edition of Joseph Hergesheimer's Palm Beach book, *Tropical Winter*, consisting of two hundred numbered copies. These are printed on Marlowe all-rag orange colored paper and bound in black polished cloth, stamped in green and gold. The price is \$7.50. If you want one I advise early application at your bookseller's.

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Admirers who are interested in Mr. Hergesheimer's other works should write to the publisher for complete information concerning his many novels and stories.

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